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FIGURE OUT YOUR OWN PERSONALITY

•

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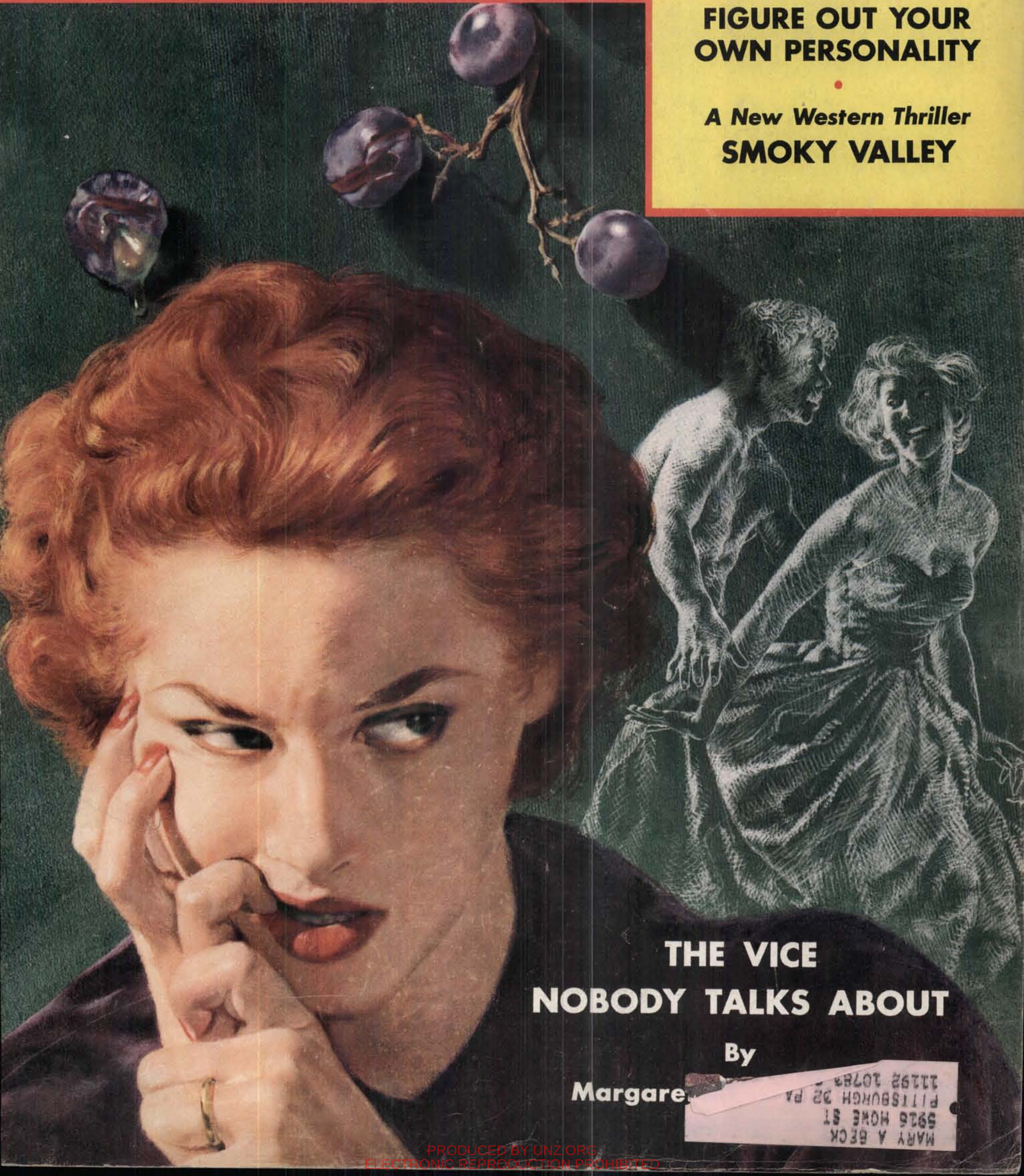
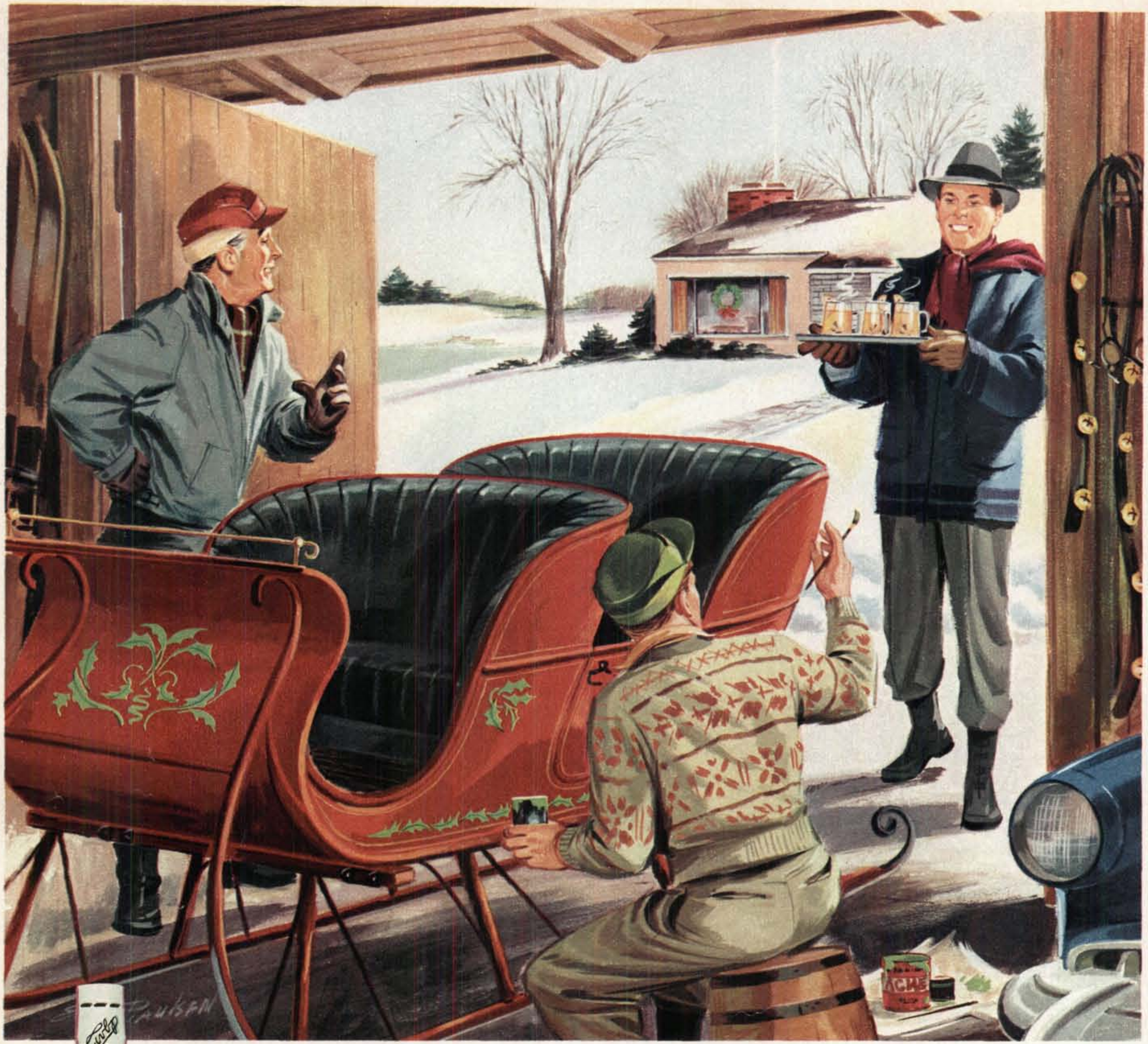


THE VICE NOBODY TALKS ABOUT

By

Margare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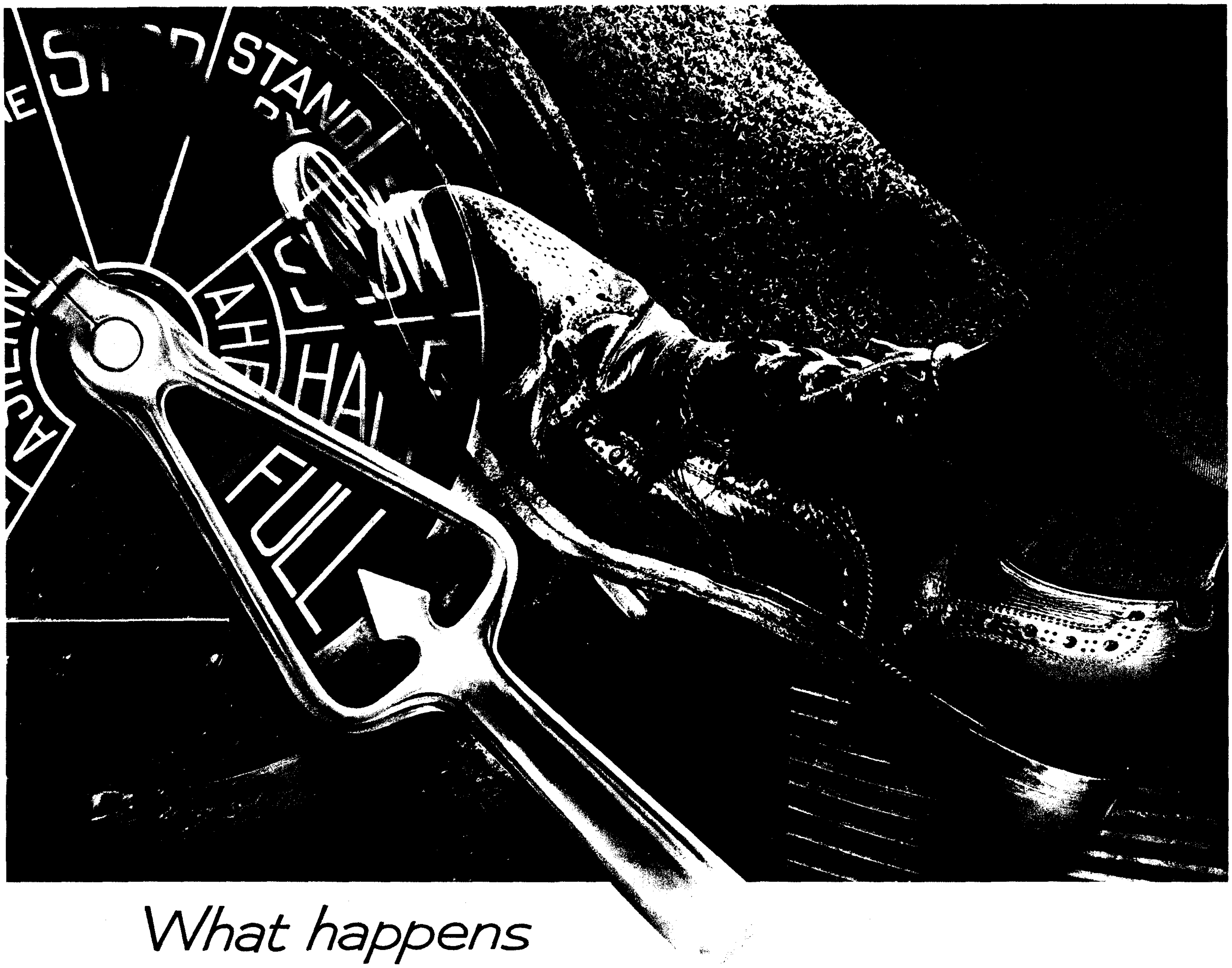
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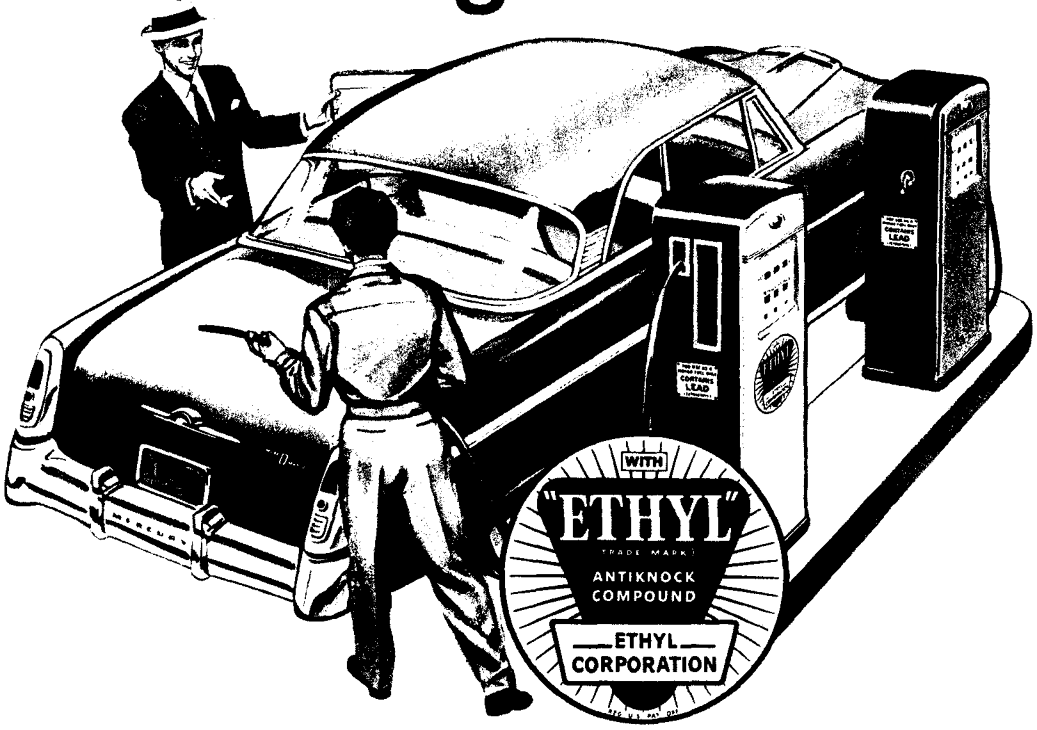
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Picture OF THE MONTH

This month's big "Bravo!" goes to "Escape From Fort Bravo". It's M-G-M's tale of love and flight and fight. And it held us so decidedly spellbound that we feel delightedly duty-bound to recommend it.

"Escape From Fort Bravo" really covers ground! Not only across a vast colored canvas of the legendary West's wide open spaces – but also across the deepest, inmost places of the heart.

Churning with violent incident, and charged throughout with a sense of peril, this story may well be the movie that brings William Holden his long-overdue Academy Award. His portrayal of Capt. Roper – brooding, fierce, smoldering with every passion known to the fighting man – bears the brand of greatness.

And it is certain to be the movie that brings a new acclaim to Eleanor Parker, the bright beauty of "Above and Beyond" . . . and a new fame to the Broadway stage sensation, John Forsythe. Miss Parker is cast as a sultry Southern sympathizer who engineers the escape from the Union-held Fort Bravo of a brave band of captive Confederates. They are all held not only in the blazing fury of Death Valley, where the ominous Mescalero Indians close in from every side, but in the blinding force of Capt. Roper's hate – and love!

For it is Capt. Roper, the martinet more feared than the terror-taut Indian bow, who goes after them. The pursuit is climaxed when the Curtain of Arrows closes around hunter and hunted, an inescapable and ingenious ambush never filmed before that makes for a spectacular finish to a story stinging with reality and power. And it is in these precious, perilous moments that the love between the valiant Captain and his lovely captive come to thrilling realization.

If you seek escape, make a point of seeing "Escape From Fort Bravo". For sheer suspense and surefire excitement, there are few movies that have ever matched it.

★ ★ ★

M-G-M presents WILLIAM HOLDEN, ELEANOR PARKER and JOHN FORSYTHE in "ESCAPE FROM FORT BRAVO" with William Demarest, Richard Anderson and Polly Bergen. Screen play by Frank Fenton. Story by Phillip Rock and Michael Pate. Photographed in Ansco color. Directed by John Sturges. Produced by Nicholas Nayfack.

Watch for "Knights Of The Round Table", M-G-M's first CinemaScope production. In Color! A great entertainment event!

Collier's

DECEMBER 11, 1953

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The cover painting, with its elements of imagined infidelity, sour grapes and self-harassment, is a symbolic representation of a subject dealt with in more specific terms by minister-marriage counselor Margaret Blair Johnstone on page 30 of this issue, in her article The Vice Nobody Talks About

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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When did your telephone last need fixing?

Bet you'll say, "Can't remember"—or, "Years ago."

Truth is, the rugged telephone instrument itself doesn't need fixing oftener than once in about 9 years. Even when you add in *all* the complex things—relays, vacuum tubes, switches, wire, cable—which make Bell telephones work, service interruptions average only one in two years and two months.

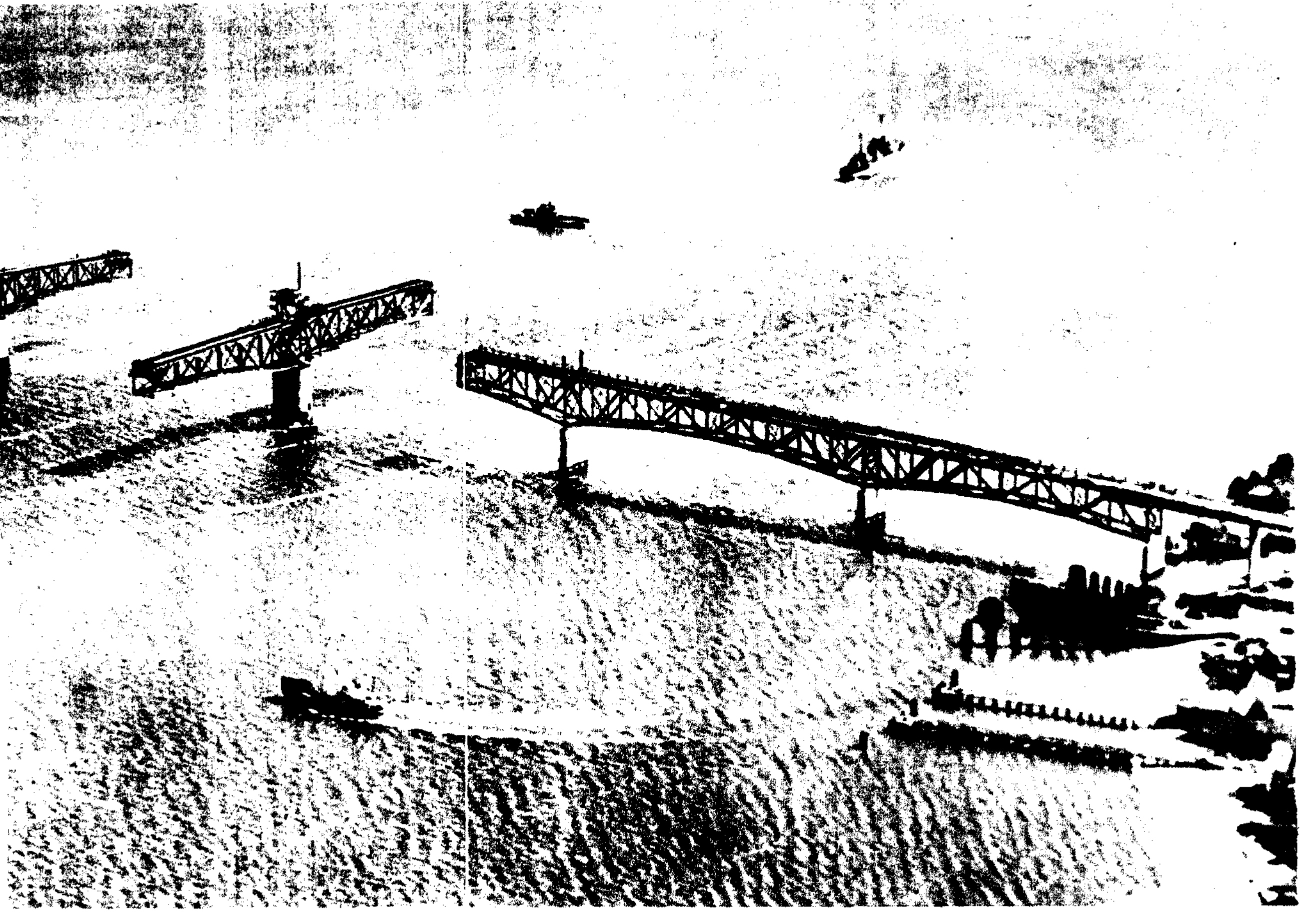
With all the chances for breakdown, how come your telephone is so reliable?

Part of the answer is: every wire, every piece, every part is made by Western Electric with the idea of long life and as little maintenance as possible. This helps your Bell telephone company give you the most dependable service at the lowest possible cost . . . a goal we share because we're a part of the Bell System.

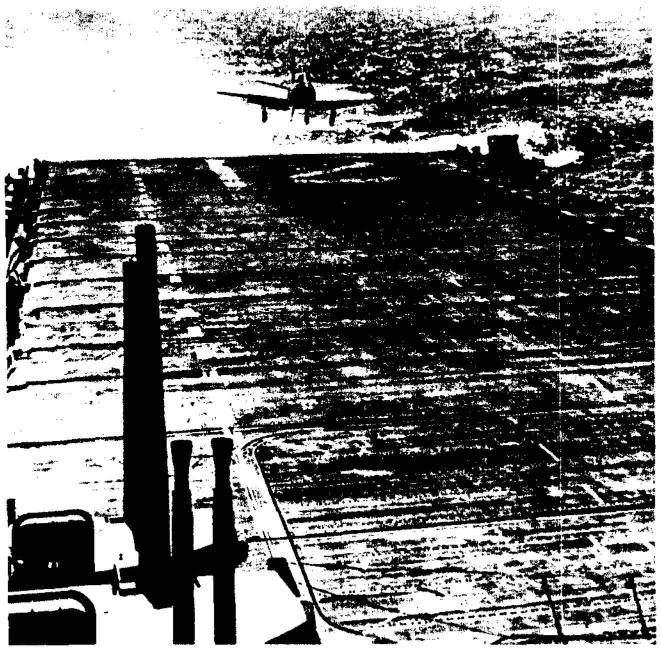
Western Electric

A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882

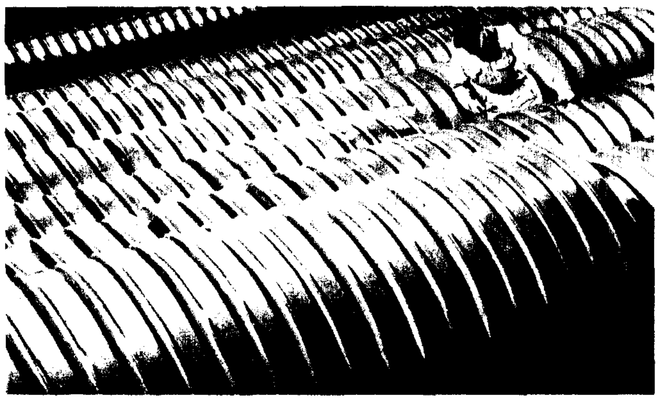
Only STEEL can do so many jobs so well



World's Largest Double Swing-Span Bridge. The George P. Coleman Memorial Bridge spans the deep swift York River between historic Yorktown and Gloucester Point, Va. Two 500-foot swing spans, each weighing 1,300 tons, pivot horizontally on piers 44 feet in diameter, swinging open simultaneously to provide a 450-foot freeway that can accommodate the passage of even the largest vessel. This 3,750-foot-long bridge was fabricated and erected by U.S. Steel.



Landing at Sea. When a fighter pilot lands his plane on a flattop, one of his biggest problems is *stopping* the plane. To help him, a hook attached near the plane's tail engages one of the galvanized wire cables, mounted on spring brackets, that stretch across the carrier's deck. The resiliency of the cable, plus the action of the spring bracket, helps the plane to stop promptly and safely. Only steel can do so many jobs so well.



Ready to Roll. Trains move faster today than ever before, they carry heavier loads, they cover longer distances. This puts a premium on durability and safety in the *wheels* they roll on. U.S. Steel has been making wrought steel wheels for railroads for 47 years, has helped to bring the art of wheel-making to its present high level. Here you see some U·S·S Wrought Steel Wheels being carefully checked for essential dimensions before shipment.

Business-like Beauty. That's a short description of stainless steel and the young lady. U·S·S Stainless Steel is certainly beautiful with its bright, silvery, modern look . . . but it is also exceptionally practical and business-like in its strength, corrosion-resistance and general all-around usefulness. Here, its beauty and its practical qualities combine to make it the ideal metal for the hardware of these window jalousies and for the door knob "escutcheon" on the front door.

USS
MARY KAY
&
JOHNNY

Have You Met these two new members of the U. S. Steel Family? Mary Kay and Johnny are the engaging young couple who give you the inside story of our steel products on the United States Steel Hour — the new, every-other-Tuesday-evening, dramatic TV Show produced by The Theatre Guild for U. S. Steel. ABC Network. See your local newspaper for time and station.

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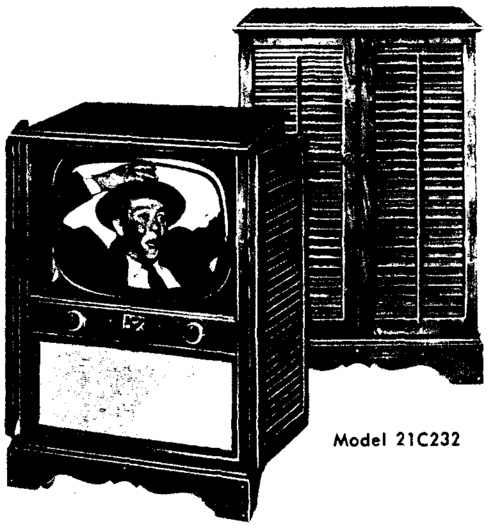

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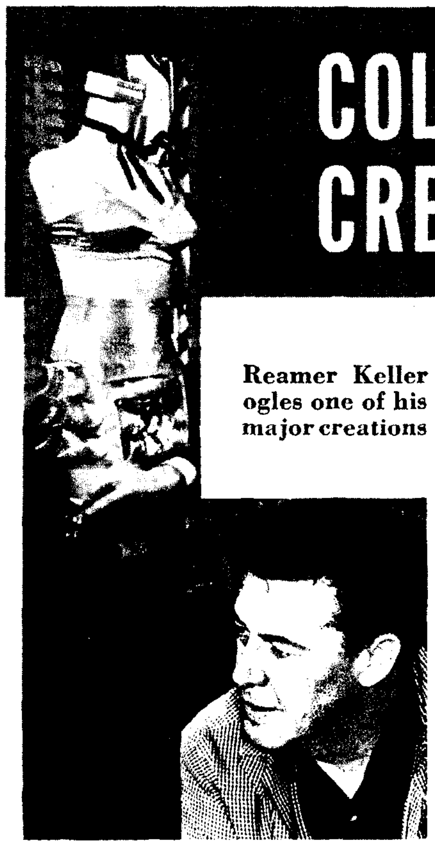
COLLIER'S CREDITS..



Reamer Keller ogles one of his major creations

THE onrushing Christmas season brings to mind some of the goofy gifts we've received from cartoonist Reamer Keller, whose newest wheeze is reproduced on page 66 and whose Collier's-born hillbilly feature, Kennesaw, will be released as a daily newspaper strip come December 7th.

One yuletide yak was a horseshoe equipped with six-inch stilts: "For ponies," Keller explained, "who want to be as tall as horses." There have been other Noel nifties of this ilk, but Keller rang the eight bell with his unhandy but decorative* Combination Lighter & Ash Tray, fashioned from a life-size lingerie-shop dummy. Glued atop the dummy's truncated torso is a box of kitchen matches; fastened just above her right knee is the ash tray. Still and all, as we keep saying, cartoonists aren't unhinged. Anyway, some of them aren't.

★ ★ ★

A SPECIAL Credit is always tendered those who make a first appearance in our fiction pages. In this instance the recipient is Mrs. France Malloy, who up to now has dealt strictly with facts, reporting same for papers in Fairbanks, Spokane and currently for the Sunday section of the Washington (D.C.) Times-Herald. Her initial venture in make-believe, originally titled Good Night, Rob, begins on page 84 as Please Take Care of Me, thanks to the congenital contrariness of magazine editors.

★ ★ ★

NOTICE, please, that the pictures of Ray Bolger on pages 68-69 were taken by Zinn Arthur, who has clicked a Collier's Color Camera on several previous occasions. Unlike the triple-threat man who "never used any of them," Mr. Arthur has excelled in three talents: band leading, singing and photography. He waved his first baton at a country club near Bridgeport, Connecticut, after which he took over the musical direction of Manhattan's Roseland ballroom for three years. When War II came along, his draft board cried, "He's Zinn!" (note to Research Dept.: don't try to verify), and our hero's first GI assignment was to organize a band at Camp Upton, Long Island. Irving Berlin later tapped him for a singing role in This Is the Army, with which he trouped the world for 42 months. Professional photography came next; but recently, just to vary the routine, Zinn Arthur became director of Milwaukee's TV station WOKY and is now learning, he says, what work really means.

★ ★ ★

CONSIDERING some of the classic monickers attached to All-America gridmen, past and present, it hardly seems cricket that the tackles on our 64th All-America team are named Smith (Baylor) and Jones (Maryland). Baylor's coach, George Sauer, called the turn early in the season by predicting Smith would be the best all-around tackle in the Southwest, much to the present embarrassment of Baylor's publicity man, Dub King, who freely confesses he gave Smith scanty preseason build-up and now regrets it. "Smith," says Coach Sauer, "never has to be stirred up for a game. Stays about 105 per cent ready to play all the time. Quiet type. If he were to get hurt, we'd have to X-ray him to find out."

★ ★ ★

NOWHERE in his Car Clouting article does Robert De Roos tell you precisely how to start the engine of a locked automobile; but at parties our reporter takes unpardonable pride in demonstrating what he learned about the art from the Los Angeles Police Department. This new parlor trick, he admits, has three drawbacks: (1) everybody has to file out to a frigid garage to watch; (2) nobody can see his fingers fumbling with the instrument panel wires; (3) he rarely succeeds in starting the engine before his fellow guests, underwhelmed with amazement, have sneaked back into the house for another drink.

"The method, however," Mr. De Roos confides to this column, "is simple. You merely connect the wristan point to the sonoric rudometer. Be careful, though; the worst shock I ever got was when I started a host's convertible in 18 seconds. It happened to be in reverse gear at the time."

—GURNEY WILLIAMS

HANS KNOPF

Robert De Roos learned a new trick

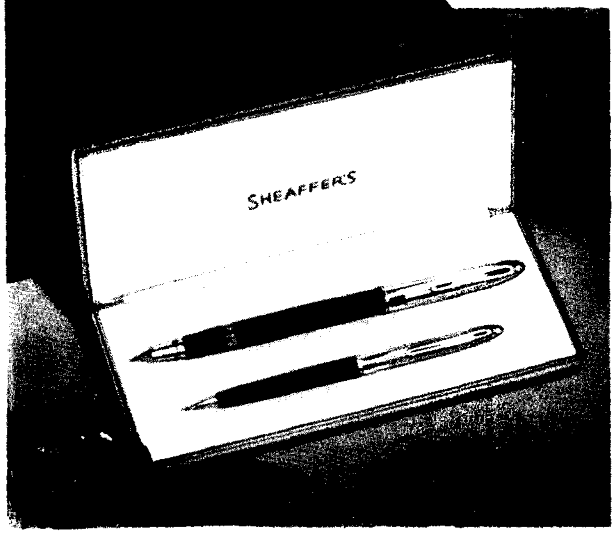
Jackie Gleason

M-M-M-BOY!

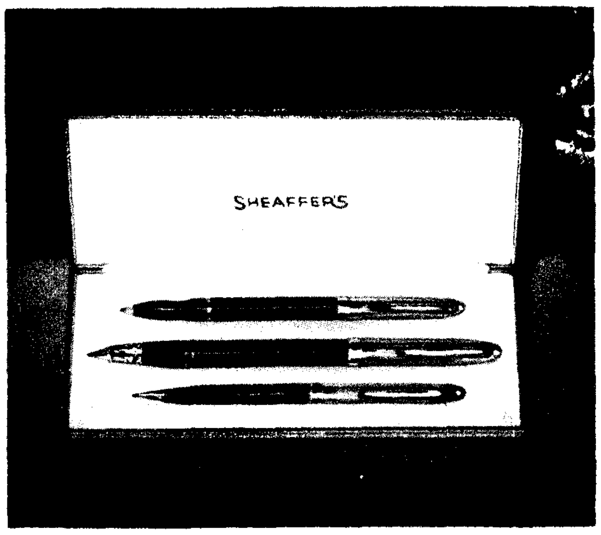
WHAT A
GIFT!

Sheaffer's

new SNORKEL® pen



Crest Ensemble $34.00
Snorkel Pen $25.00 Pencil $9.00



Sentinel Threesome $35.00
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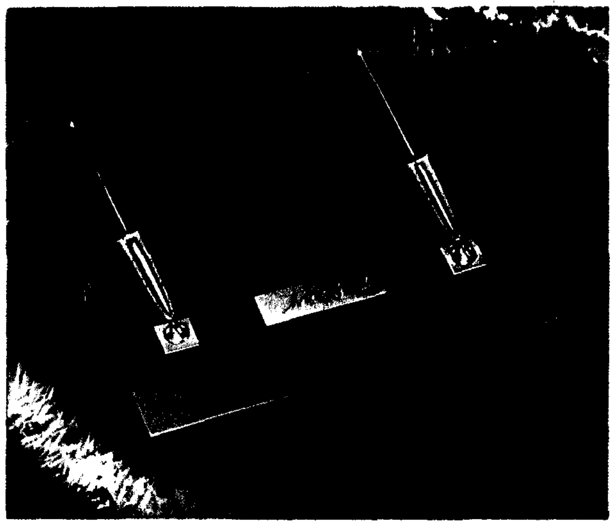

Jet Crystal Base
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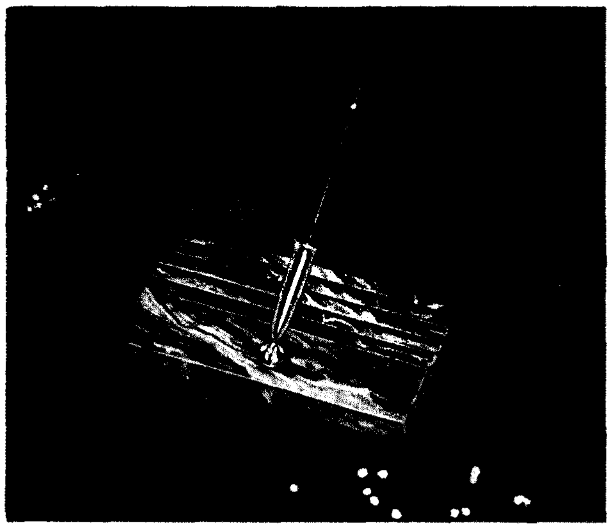

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M-m-m-m-Boy, indeed, Jackie! Our TV star's favorite phrase will be echoed over and over when you give Sheaffer's Snorkel Pen. Everyone knows it's the finest writing instrument made. The only clean-filling pen in the world, with the smoothest points that ever put your personality on paper. Best of all, you can give one at just the price you have in mind. Do all your shopping at your Sheaffer dealer's.

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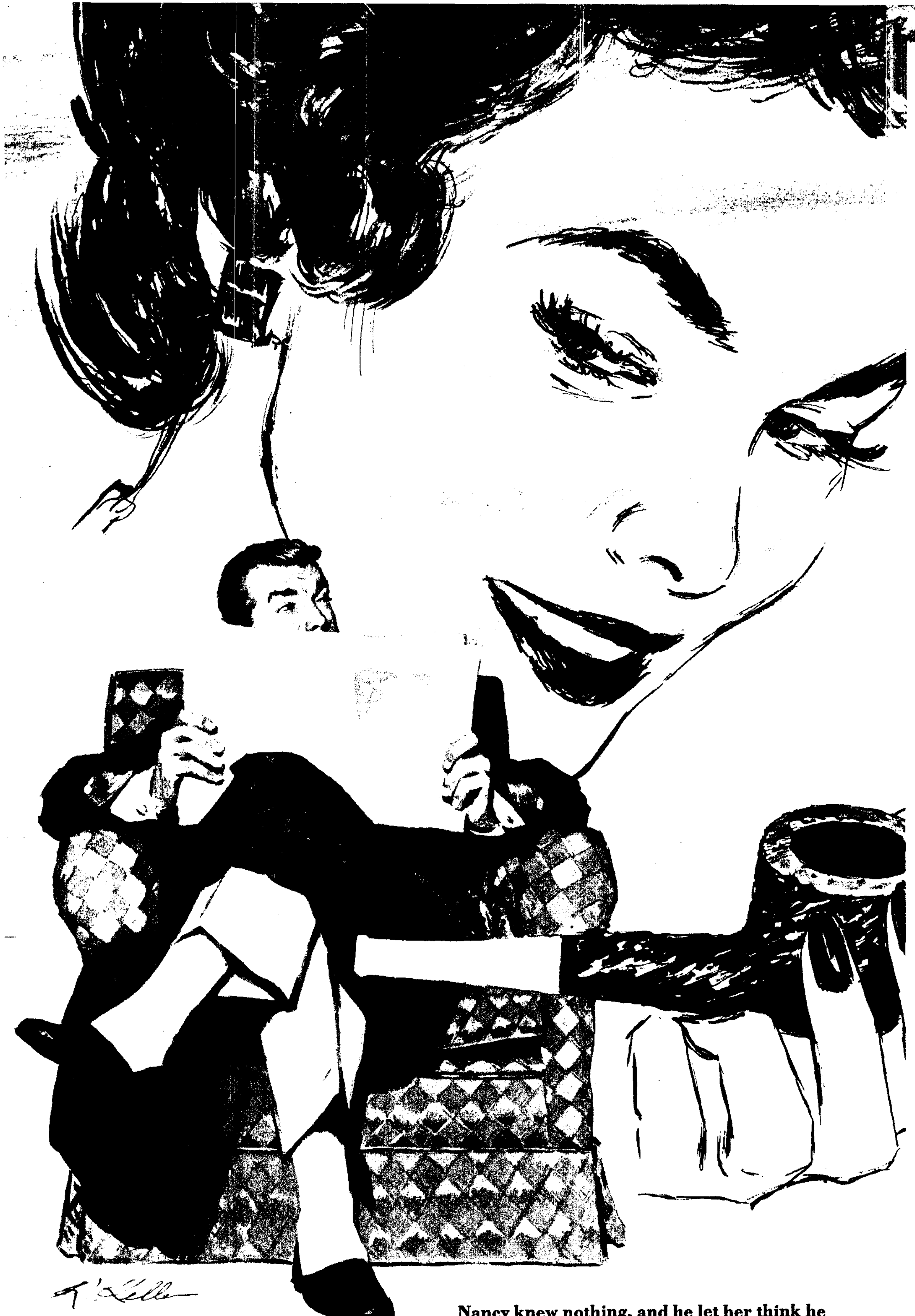


Nancy knew nothing, and he let her think he was busy. She even got a job to support him

The Perfect Wife

By ERNEST A. JACOBI

COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT

AS SO often happens when a group of men are having a reunion, we started to discuss the friends who couldn't be with us. "George Fisher certainly keeps the home fires burning these days," Ned remarked. "If he isn't working on one of his paintings, he's fussing over that invalid wife of his."

"You sound bitter, even for a bachelor," our host, Professor Zoondergard, said. It was the first time any of us had seen him in years, since he'd been in some kind of professional seclusion for a while, and we hadn't even heard from him until we'd received our invitations for tonight's reunion. "There's a good reason for George to be devoted to his wife," Zoondergard continued. "First, because he loves her, and second, because he will always feel guilty about his greatest masterpiece."

The professor tapped his pipe on the edge of the ash tray, and we all settled back in our chairs as though it were a signal—as indeed it was. It meant he had a story to tell, probably about one of his patients.

"George's masterpiece is tied up with my own work in such a strange way that I think you ought to know about it," he said. "It's a painting that was seen by only two pairs of eyes—George Fisher's and my own. I would not hesitate to call it the greatest painting he ever created, something to rank with Renoir's The Bathers or Manet's Olympia."

Eric couldn't help interrupting. "Hold on, Professor," he said. "You know George has never gone in for nudes. . . ."

Our host smiled briefly, but ignored a direct answer. "I'll have to go back thirty—nearly thirty-one—years," he continued. "As you may recall, The Rearing Stallion, which George actually painted *after* his masterpiece, was his first to attract international attention. In a modest way, I honestly believe I had a lot to do with that success.

"We met in nineteen twenty-two. Having finished my internship in Vienna, I was about to return to my native Amsterdam to begin practice when I decided to spend more time in Vienna studying under Dr. Freud. Once I had wanted to be a painter, but my family insisted I follow a more practical profession. Well—I have no regrets. I realize now that mine was only a mediocre painting talent, but at that time I devoted what little spare time I had to painting. One of my many artist friends introduced me to George Fisher, suggesting I might help him medically.

"Ten years before, while still in his teens, George had shown great promise as a student at the Vienna Academy of Fine Arts. But then came the war. George served for two years as a private in the Austrian army stationed in Russia, and was captured in nineteen seventeen. Afterward, he returned home and plunged into work with renewed fury."

"Strange," Eric remarked. "I didn't know any of his works dated from that period."

"None do," the professor replied. "Something had happened to George. Try as he might, he couldn't finish a single canvas.

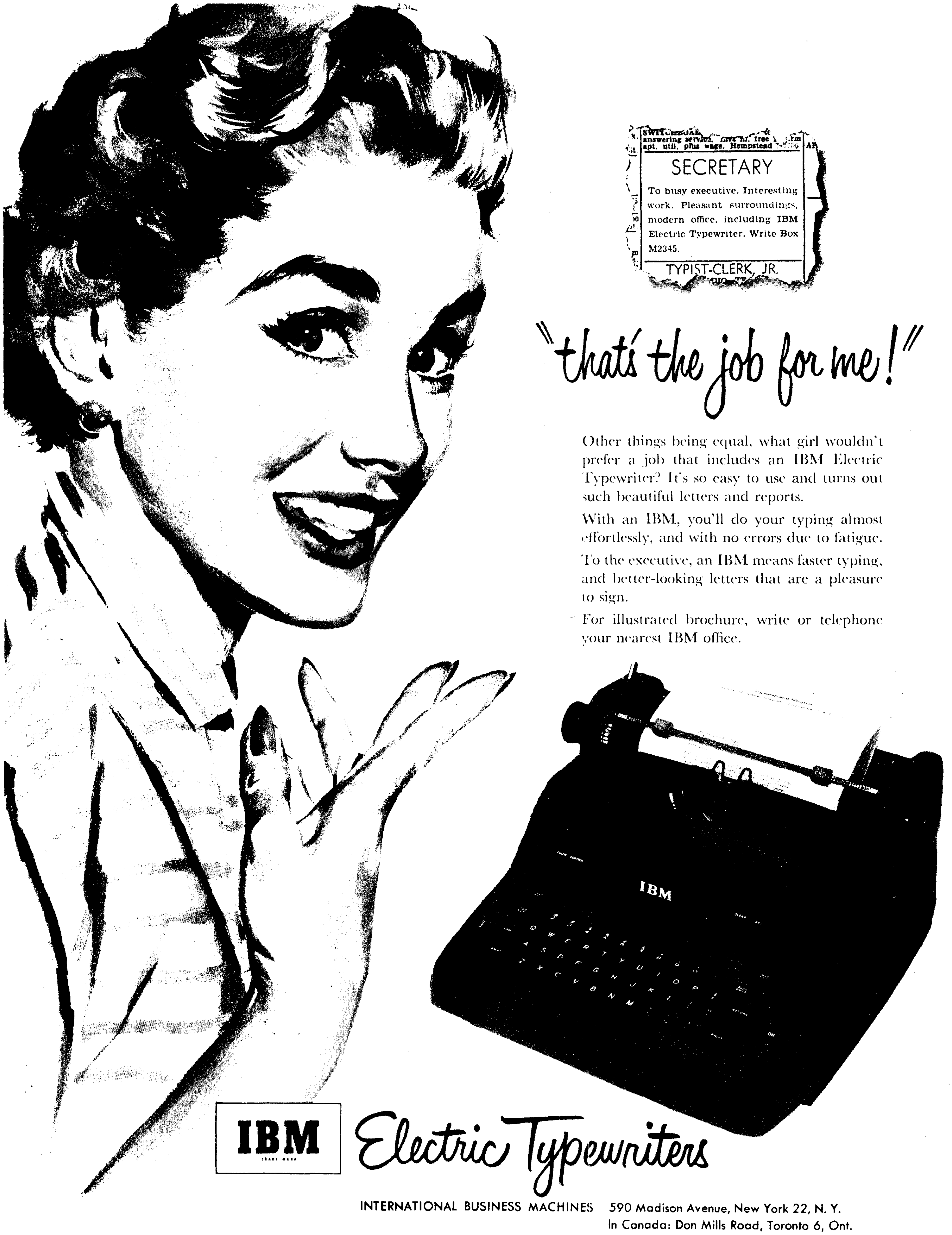
"This is as good a time as any to say that while George was poor after the war, he had more of the world's goods than most men. He not only had a beautiful and loving wife, but one who doted on him enough to take over every worry and care he might have had on his mind, hoping to leave him free for his art.

"He told me all about her goodness, her constant concern for him, how she came from a good American family, was in Vienna visiting friends and met him the afternoon he came back from the war. They fell instantly in love, but instead of forcing him to take on the ordinary obligations of a husband, Nancy put aside her birthright to a comfortable, middle-class life and worked, freeing him to paint.

"When we were introduced, George had been struggling at his painting for three years, shutting himself up in his studio for weeks on end but unable to draw even the first line.

"His wife knew nothing about this; he let her think he was busy. She went out to work all day and modeled for him at odd hours, not knowing

ILLUSTRATED BY ROSWELL KELLER



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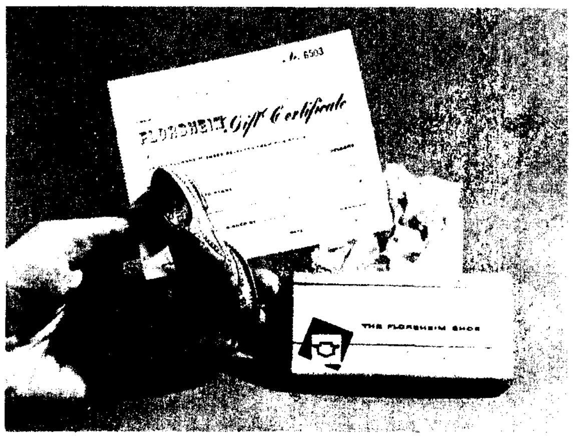

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that his movements were empty gestures. She even woke up during the night to feed him hot soups because she thought he was wearing himself out on his creations.

"Because he had no money of his own, and knew of my own frustrations as a painter, he offered me his technical and critical help in return for my services on his problem. If this mutual exchange did nothing else, it made me realize the futility of my ambition to become a painter.

"And after three months of daily psychoanalysis, we had made no progress whatsoever in his case. Possibly it was my inexperience, but I just couldn't relax George to the point where he would talk and associate freely—except about his wife's many virtues and perfections."

THE professor continued: "He would spend hours lying on my couch in the semidarkened studio, telling of his deep sense of gratitude and obligation toward her. A woman so perfect repelled me a bit, yet I must confess that I was intrigued by the thought of her and hoped someday he would make it possible for us to meet.

"I finally decided to ask George if he would go along with me on an experiment in hypnosis, and told him about the small group I belonged to which tried to duplicate many of Professor James's experiments with automatic writing. If I could induce in him a state of hypnotic trance wherein I could command him to paint, there was no telling what results would be obtained. George agreed with me that it was worth a last try.

"He was an excellent subject, slipping easily into a deep hypnotic trance. Whether out of my own shameless curiosity about the paragon he had married, or merely because she seemed the most logical subject matter for him, I commanded George to paint a picture of his wife.

"Without the slightest hesitation," the professor went on, "he began to outline the painting with the complete assurance of one who is working from a live model. Then he mixed his colors and began to paint.

"He painted with what seemed to be total visual recall. There was nothing feverish about the speed with which he worked, yet he never made a false brush stroke, never changed a value, never once erred.

"At each day's end I would command him to stop and I would put away the unfinished painting. Then I would bring him out of his trance, and he would have no recollection of what he had been doing.

"Each day, as I watched the painting develop," the professor added, "I felt myself filled not only with admiration for his skill but with growing amazement and horror. How could I have been so blind to the obvious reason for George's illness!"

The professor paused in deep reflection for a moment. Eric, as usual, was the first to break the silence. "I can imagine what she was like," he ventured. "Some horrible-looking fiend, once he could see her without the censorship his id imposed. A vampire with the face of an angel— What about it? Am I right?"

"No," the professor said. "When the painting was finished, there was no question that it was a masterpiece, a work of genius. My problem was what it might do to George, once he saw it free from the hypnotic spell.

"The next time he came to my studio, I had the painting on an easel, covered with a cloth. First I explained to George that he must remember we are not responsible for what we think or feel—only for what we actually do. Then I lifted the cloth.

"I had expected some reaction, but not the horror that flashed over his face. He grabbed the palette knife and slashed wildly at the painting until it hung in shreds. He had destroyed what I knew as his masterpiece, the first painting he had completed in over seven years, but he had also destroyed the psychological block that had kept him from working.

"From then on, George was able to paint again. He's given the world hundreds of other great works that might never have been painted if he hadn't destroyed that one."

"But what about his wife?" "What was so horrible about the painting?" "What happened after that?" We all asked our questions at the same time.

"That's simple," our host explained. "Like many true artists, George was weak and resented the strength of others. Hypersensitive, with violent emotions, he had refused to admit to himself that he hated Nancy for martyring herself for him, for wrapping him in so much cotton wool that he couldn't think or create for himself. She had smothered him with her love, her open sacrifices, yet he couldn't rid himself of his need of her.

"He would have laughed if I had tried to tell him this. I might not have known it if it had not been for the evidence he had painted. His wife was posed reclining on a bed, with loving attention to every detail of her beauty. There was the exquisite blending of shades—which is why I was reminded of Renoir and Manet. The white of her body blended with the white of the sheets and that of a bear rug at the side of the bed. That is why the eye, looking at the painting, was quickly drawn to a pool of crimson on the floor, where, half hidden in the shadow, blood spurted from a livid gash in her throat."

HAL BOGAN broke through the pause that followed. "A good story," he said, "but aren't you romanticizing it a bit? His wife couldn't have been that much of a terror!"

"That's exactly how I felt," the professor said, "when she received so calmly my suggestion that she get a divorce from George. And it worked out well for him too. Even though his second wife is an invalid, I have every reason to believe their years together have been happy ones.

"As for Nancy, since you seem so eager to know, she really was an angel —a saint. The day their divorce became final, we were married." He smiled wryly. "But I had no psychologist to tell *me* to paint her portrait," he continued, "and just before I came back for this reunion, and to start working again, I was acquitted of involuntary manslaughter in accidentally shooting her on a recent hunting trip we took together."

He stood up to show us to the door. "You never can tell where a shoe hurts," he said, "until you wear it . . ."

—ERNEST A. JACOBI

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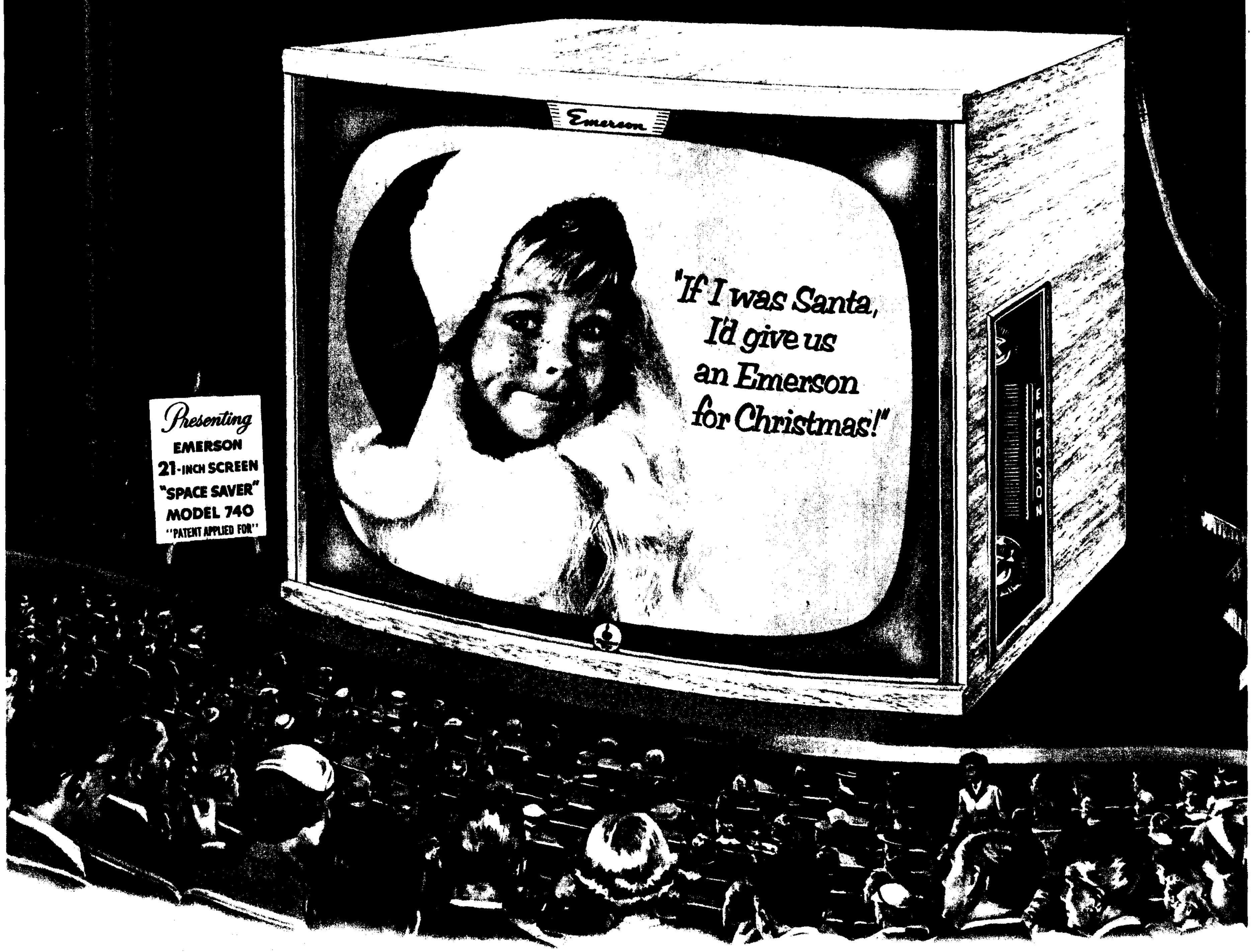
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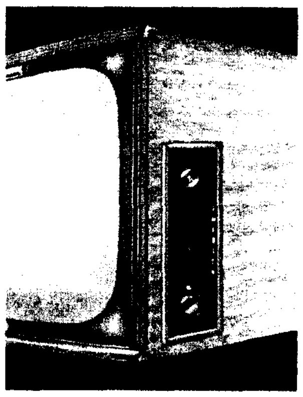

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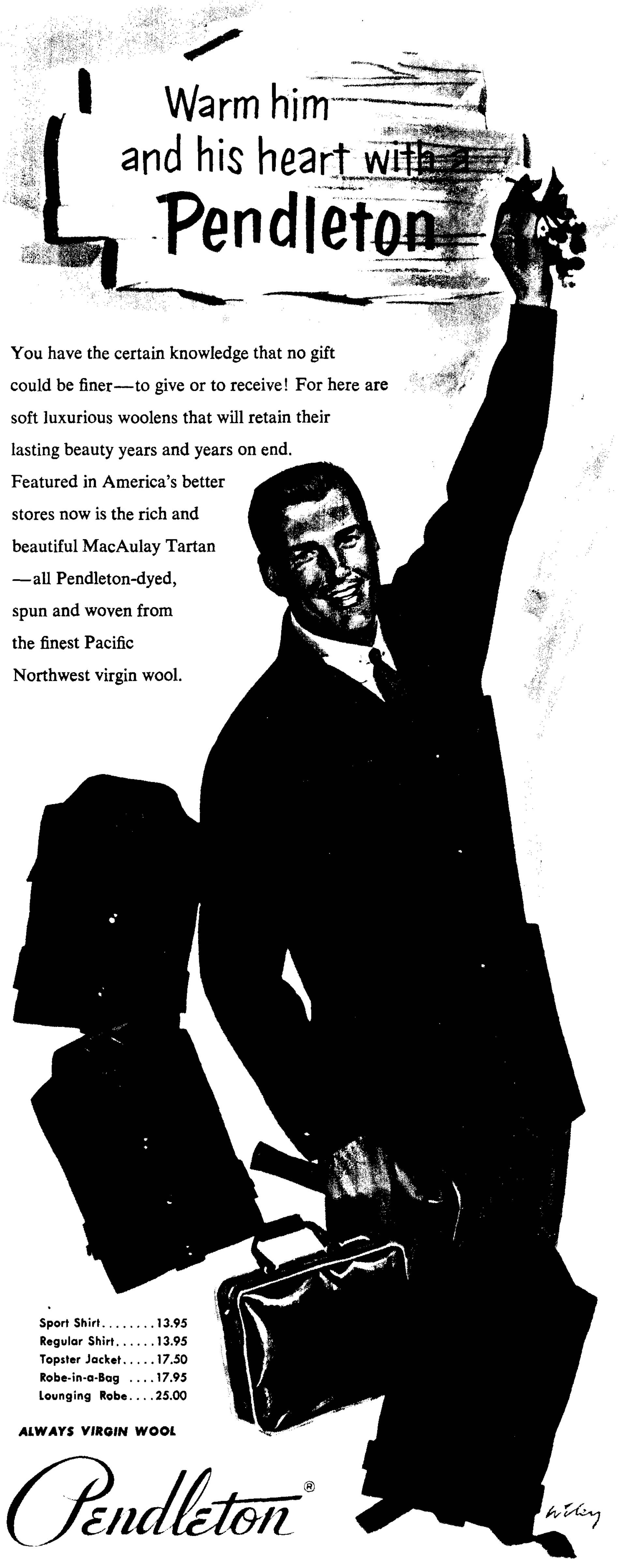

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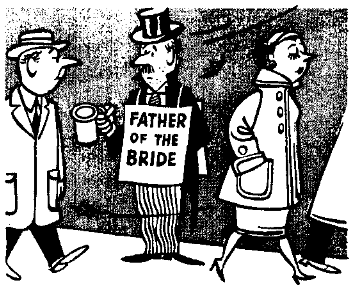
48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

The season for publicly giving thanks being here, old 48 hereby prorates his gratitude to 287 readers who sent us their nominations for the most beautiful American geographic names. A lack of space confines us to mentioning the choice of but one, from Mr. C. W. Davison, of Hollywood, California. His pick: Lake Char-gogg-agogg, man-chaugg-agogg, chaubun-agun-ga-maugg. It's near Webster, Massachusetts. Mr. Davison says that if the name is pronounced rapidly, with the accent on the thirteenth syllable, it's pure melody.

★ ★ ★

From Lillian Clifford of the Rib Lake (Wisconsin) Herald we hear that a friend notified her of his daughter's approaching wedding. "The wedding dress is bought," he explained sadly. "Five bridesmaids have been arranged for. In general, the stage is set for one of the most thoroughgoing bankruptcies ever heard of."



★ ★ ★

We are assured by Mr. Fred (Ike) Winesworth that the most beautiful girl in America is Miss Spirits of Turpentine, chosen not long ago in Georgia. Neither the lady's name nor photograph accompanies Mr. Winesworth's letter. He says, too, that she is even better-looking than Miss Fireproof Roofing. It is untrue, however, that either is related to Miss Improved Plumbing Fixtures.

★ ★ ★

The worst example of time squandering we've heard of in several aeons comes from Michigan. A group of psychologists there has been teaching fish how to avoid the well-baited hook. So far as we're concerned, there's not one that isn't a born expert.

★ ★ ★

A coolness has sprung up in this Cincinnati home. She said she was tired of her domestic chores. He swept an eloquent hand toward automatic washers, driers, ironers, sweepers, floor polishers, batter mixers, toasters, juicers, cookers and half a dozen more labor savers. Didn't she know that she had more than 65 horsepower in electric appliances to help her? Didn't she realize that this meant the equivalent of nearly 1,500 male assistants? And can you imagine what the ungrateful, unscientific spouse said to that? She said: "Ah, shut up."

★ ★ ★

Ask him to multiply 87,209 by 94,583. In a trice, maybe sooner, he'll give you the proper answer. No pencil. No paper. No mechanical gadget. Doesn't even count on his fingers. A Creighton University math instructor tried to stump him by asking how much 8,731 times 5,810 is—a truly tough one. This fellow smiled and said 50,727,110. Correct. He can do things like that and answer the telephone at the same time. His name is Harry M. Conner. His job, a calculating-machine operator for an Omaha, Nebraska, business house. He says he operates the machine merely to please his boss, who paid a lot of money for it and hates to see it lying around idle.

★ ★ ★

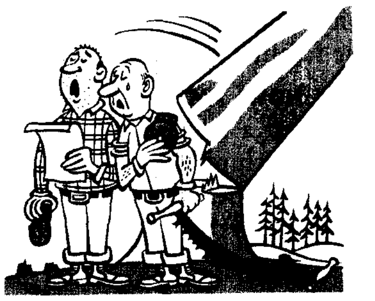
The Census Bureau, doubt less bidding for front-page publicity, has come out with the startling fact that fewer Texans move to Vermont than to any other state. Which makes a nice opening to tell you that Mr. Jake Snypes, a Kansas fellow, had the nerve to ask a Houston stationer for a small map of Texas. With some hauteur the stationer informed him: "Sir, there could be no small map of Texas."

★ ★ ★

The real reason not much came of the plans for a baseball players' union is that the hitters served notice they'd never agree to a called strike. A sports-minded gentleman in Dorchester, Massachusetts, told this to Jerry Nason of the Boston Globe. Personally we wouldn't think of perpetrating a terrible gag like that on you nice people.

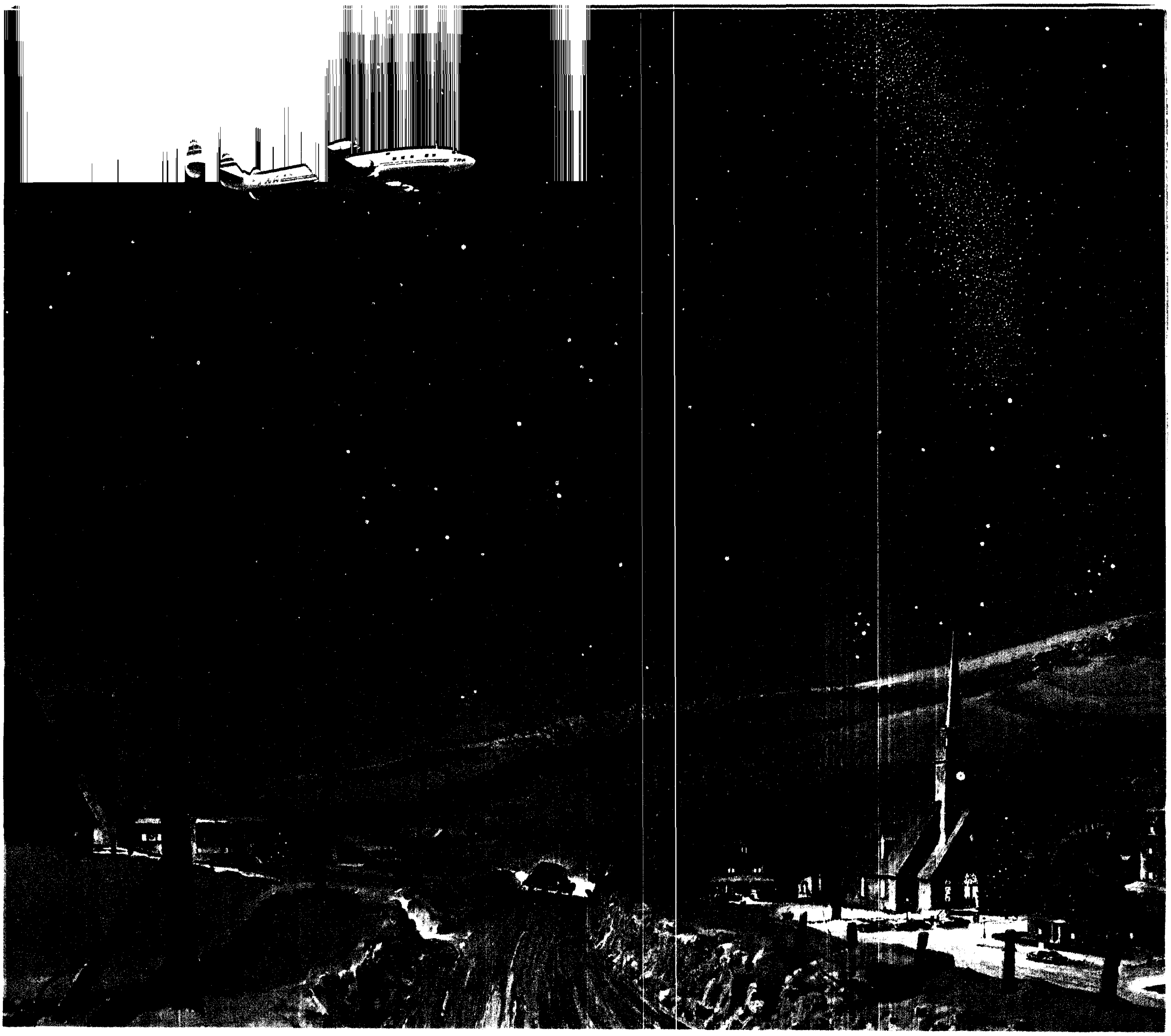
★ ★ ★

Tradition mortality rising like crazy. We've just heard from a lady in Salem, Oregon, who knows lots of lumberjacks who neither smoke, drink, play cards, use profanity, fight nor run around with women. Most of them go to church three or four times a week and are very fond of homemade fudge.



IRWIN CAPLAN

Next thing you know, the lads will be removing their caps and intoning Joyce Kilmer's Trees instead of hollering "Timber!" as another great fir comes crashing down. ▲▲▲



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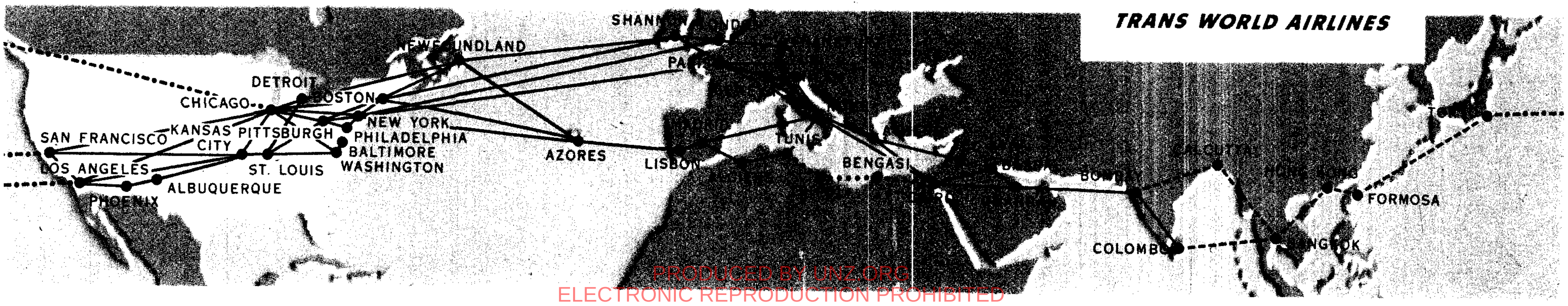
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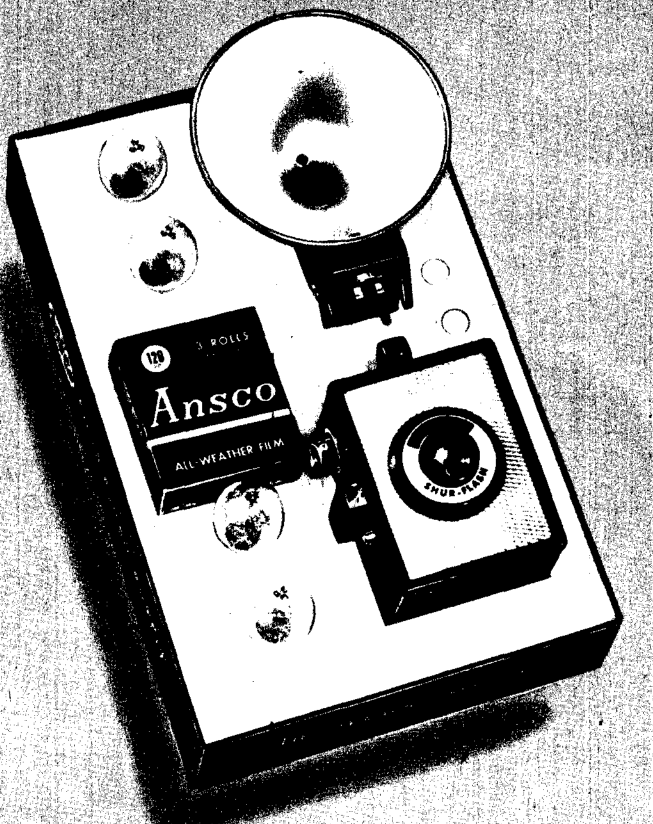

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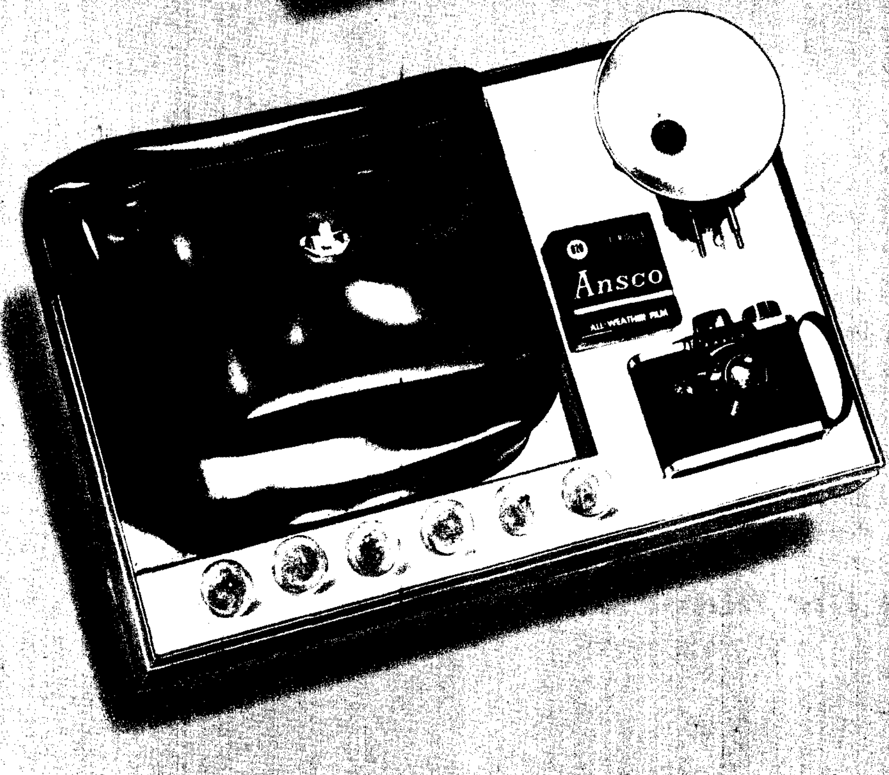

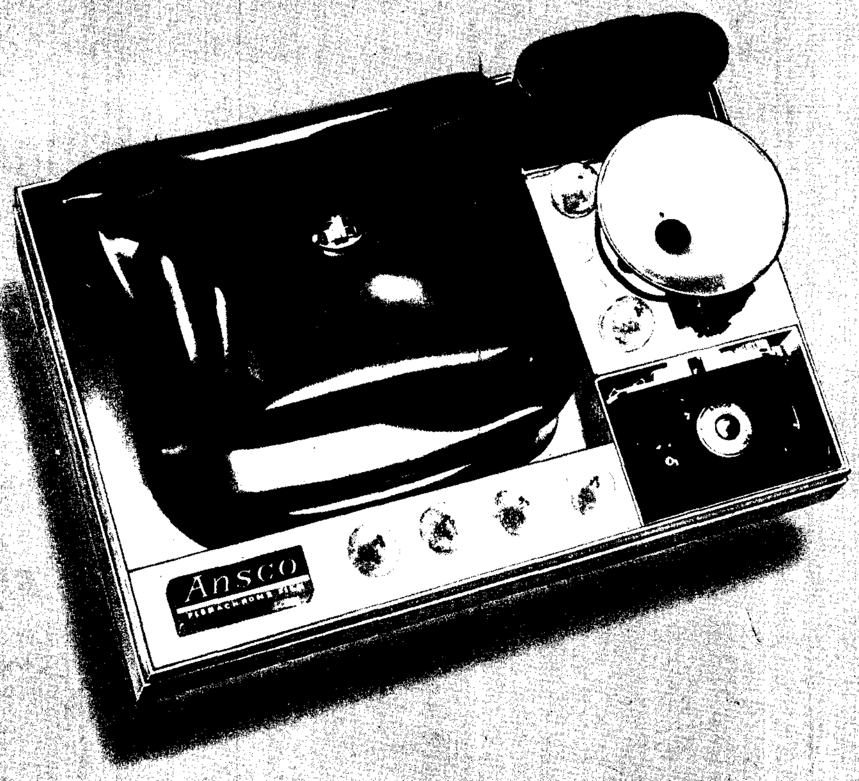

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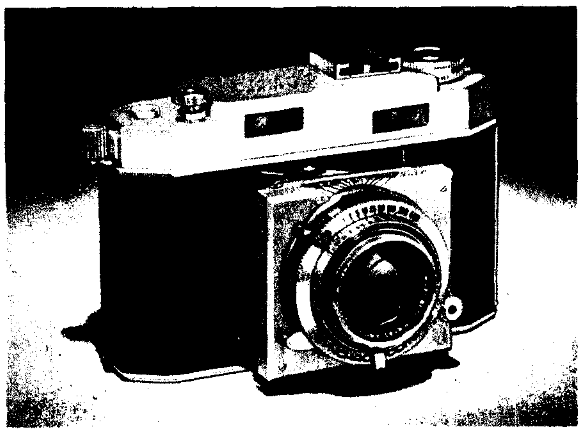

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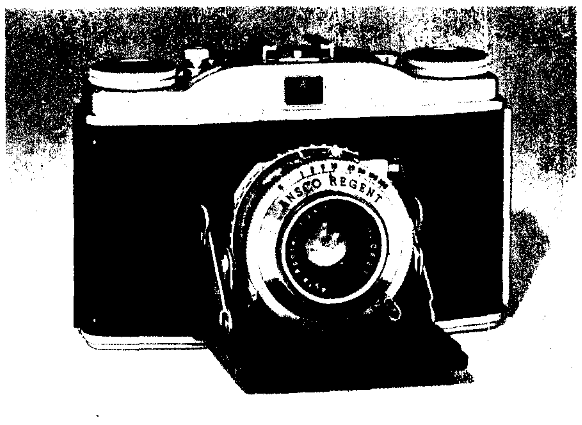

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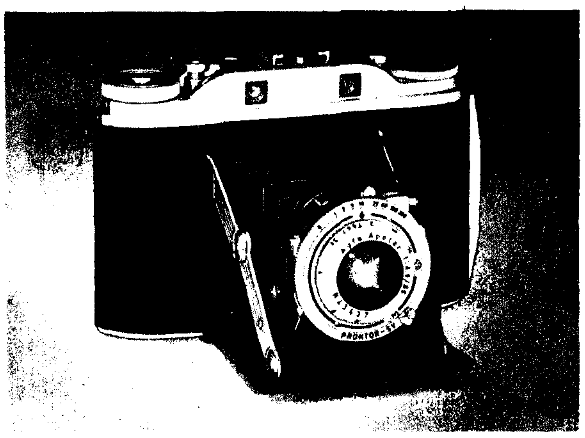

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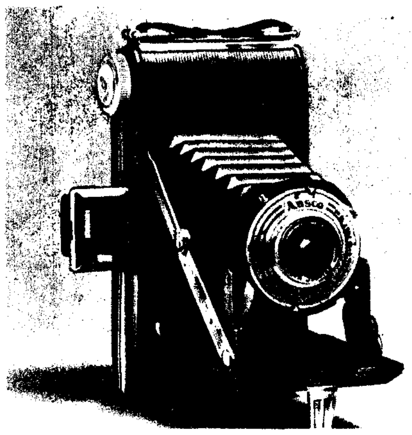

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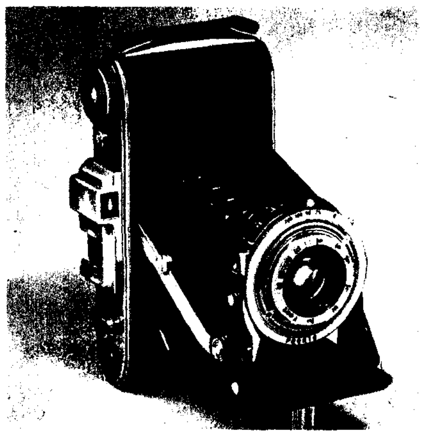

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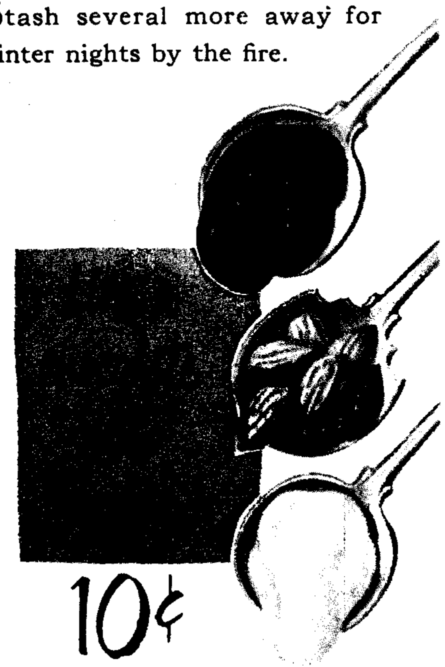

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Letters . . .

Fee-Splitting

EDITOR: I want to congratulate you on the excellent article Why Some Doctors Should Be in Jail, by Howard Whitman (Oct. 30th). As the wife of a young ethical surgeon I was most interested. You are right in saying that a young surgeon can "either split, starve or move." We chose the latter. My husband is now associated with a group. It is the only way an ethical surgeon can make a living without splitting fees or doing unnecessary surgery.

MRS. C. P. ADDISON, Waterloo, Iowa

. . . Why doesn't the A.M.A. publish a list of accepted average fees for specific operations? Then if your doctor asks for considerably much more, you will know it's time to change doctors.

MRS. J. R. GRAHAM, Omaha, Nebr.

. . . The evil practice of fee-splitting is a cancer; it needed surgery and you performed a timely operation with no kickback.

BARTHÉLEMY G. LACHELIER,
Greenwich, Conn.

. . . Fee-splitting among American physicians involves only a very small fraction of those practicing. Your recent article devotes a few sentences indicating this fact. However, the overall impression conveyed to the reader is that we doctors are a pack of mercenary wolves and any potential surgical candidates had better watch out.

I believe your publication has dealt a fine profession an unnecessary injustice.

JOE SPRINGER, M.D., Elmwood, Wis.

. . . I am in need of surgery but, having no so-called family doctor, I thought I would try to find out the name of one of the doctors listed as having pledged himself to do no fee-splitting. Calling the Wayne County Medical Society, I was referred to one of the officers of the Surgical Society. I was told that, for ethical reasons, names could not be given out, but that all members who join get a certificate to display on their walls. So prospective patients must travel from one doctor's office to another to search for a piece of paper on a wall before feeling safe to submit to surgery.

Now, I ask you, is the code of ethics in the medical profession such that the welfare of the doctors comes before that of the person seeking medical help? If it is, then it is time to overhaul the whole code.

(Name Withheld on Request),
Detroit, Mich.

. . . Great tragedy has been visited on many who must daily torture themselves with the question: "Was the operation really necessary?" Collier's has sounded a mighty note in the dirge of unethical medicine.

Somewhere at this very moment a life may be saved because an awakened doctor thought better of a senseless operation.

MRS. P. BODNARCZUK, Passaic, N.J.

. . . Your article concerning unethical practice was personally most opportune. It explained so concisely to our friends, my husband's patients and his medical contemporaries the reason for our pulling some mighty thick stakes and heading for ground comparatively unpolluted by un-Hippocratic methods.

MRS. JAMES D. BRADLEY,
Omaha, Nebr.

Found "Lost's" Lost Lass

EDITOR: We realize Walt Grove's story Lost (Sept. 18th) was fiction, but even fiction usually has some semblance of truth to it. We've tried in vain to find an Air Force-type nurse on the order of Lieutenant Mary Beth Ross in Mr. Grove's story, but we couldn't even find a reasonable facsimile.

Enclosed is a picture of the one and only female on this base who is ever present at the Thule officers' mess. To be truthful, we're not really positive that Shirley, the stuffed polar bear cub, is—or perhaps we should say was—a femme.

LT. ARTHUR S. RAGEN,
Thule Air Base, Thule, Greenland

Lieut. Gene Bascom and reader Ragen (seated) and Lieut. Jim Pasman, Capt. Larry Lackey and Lieut. Dwight Cook (left to right, standing) show Collier's story to Shirley, the stuffed polar cub

Old Bluenose Commended

EDITOR: May I commend you for your editorial Old Bluenose Rides Again (Oct. 30th). It highlights the question "How silly can we get?" when it comes to alcoholic beverages.

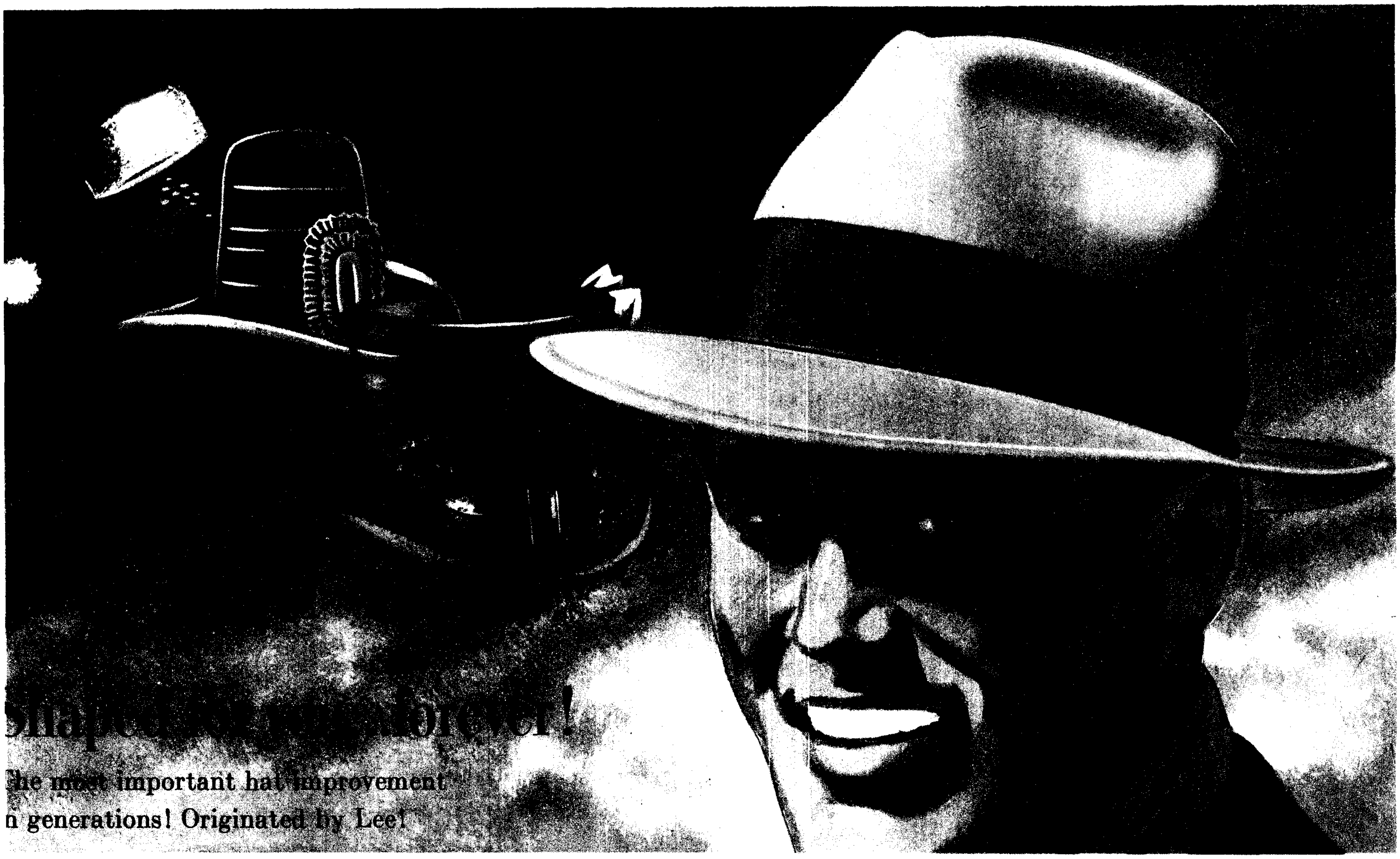
MORRIS O. ALPRIN, New York, N.Y.

Cops Praise "Cop"

EDITOR: The board of directors of the National Conference of Police Associations (representing over 100,000 policemen in the United States) meeting at Minneapolis, Minnesota, October 5th and 6th, were unanimous in the conclusion that Mr. Albert Deutsch did a whopping good job in the story of the honest and sincere cop (The Plight of

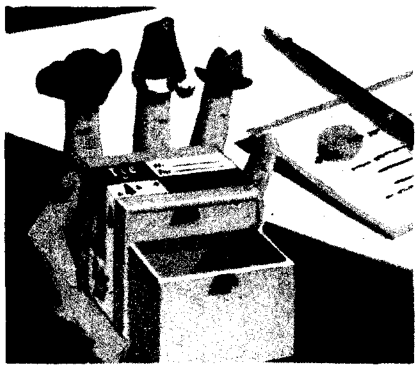
Why give a new hat that's already "old hat"

When only Lee is so new...all the way through!



Shaped [illegible] forever!

he most important hat improvement
n generations! Originated by Lee!



he *Thimble-Lee Treasure Chest* is a merry ift indeed! Three tiny hats that fit on your ngers—make great fun for small fry. Two iny drawers to hold his jewelry. Given free ith the purchase of a Lee Hats Gift Certificate for a handsome hat he'll choose himself! rom $7.50 to $20.

You're bringing wonderful news this Christmas when you give a man a Lee. For Lee made *big news* for men in '53—with a hat that keeps its shape *forever!*

Lee-shaped is pre-shaped! Come mauling or mayhem, a Lee pops back into shape with a finger-flick!

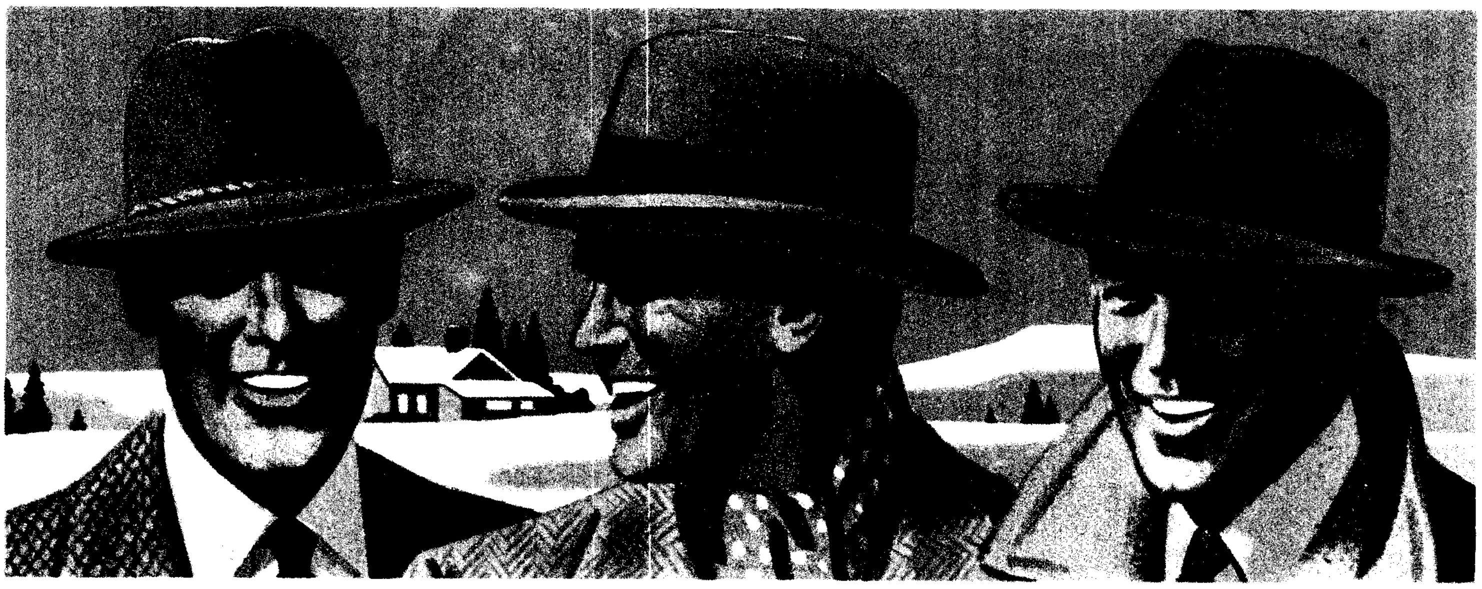
Don't let a Lee's soft suppleness fool you. Its tough fur fibres, imported from Australian bush country, are interlocked so tightly two fullbacks couldn't pull them apart. Once Lee molds in the shape, these stubborn fibres hold it—*for life!*

And a special DuPont process makes a Lee water-repellent. Nylon stitching makes it strong. Exclusive Leeco finish makes it supple.

Visit one of the fine stores featuring *really-new* hats by Lee . . . handsome to wear, grand to give!

***Edgelee** (above) has the "edge" in luxury and looks. Its costly handfelted edge adds to its expensive look. Yet you can own it for $12.50—much less than any other hat of comparable quality.*

Don't give less than the best . . . don't give less than a Lee!



New Lee Zurich—Lee's exclusive *new* Tyrolean with a continental "flavor"! $10.00

Lee Homburg. Now for the *young* career man too—the key to self-assurance! $15.00

Lee Camel's Hair. Luxurious camel's hair plus finest imported furs—exclusive! $20.00

Lee Hats

Frank H. [illegible] Company, Dan[illegible] Conn., makers [illegible] Famous Wate[illegible]oc Hat

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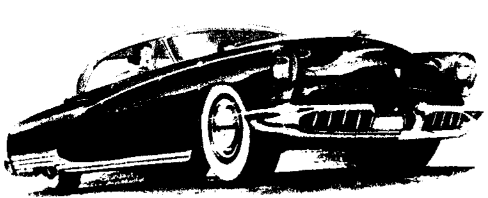


Seal in All Your Horse-power

with the
Veedol High-Detergency
"Film of Protection"

Don't lose *any* of the horsepower the makers built into your powerful engine! Seal in *all* the fine performance of your car . . . with the famous VEEDOL High-Detergency "Film of Protection."

New VEEDOL High-Detergency motor oil is "100% Pennsylvania." By resisting blow-by, it seals in horsepower. By holding contaminants in suspension, it assures a cleaner engine after draining. And by forming a protective anti-corrosion film on metal surfaces, it fights the ravages of acid "engine sweat." So . . .

KEEP all your horsepower! *Use* all the power your car can deliver . . . by draining and refilling your crankcase every thousand miles with fresh VEEDOL High-Detergency motor oil!

TYDOL
TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED OIL COMPANY
New York Tulsa San Francisco
FEDERAL FLYING A TIRES

the Honest Cop, Sept. 18th, Oct. 2d and 16th).

The NCPA wishes to extend to Mr. Deutsch and Collier's our most sincere thanks for placing the problem before the public in such an intelligent and efficient manner. We policemen have been preaching these things for many moons and will continue to do so until our legislators and city fathers realize the need to change the conditions which inspired your words, "We hire men to protect us . . . then we underpay them, undertrain them, underequip them. The usual result: police inefficiency and corruption—and a whopping crime bill."

ROYCE L. GIVENS, Secretary-Treasurer, National Conference of Police Associations, Washington, D.C.

. . . Collier's is to be commended on the factual article re honesty of our sworn law defenders. Angelenos are proud of this good police force, which stresses intelligence, emotional balance, continuing training and due respect to the public.

C. J. RUBEN, Los Angeles, Cal.

. . . As a former British police officer I was most interested in your articles. They have proved to be absorbing and Mr. Deutsch is to be commended for the most able and lucid manner in which he has reported his findings.

Alas, it is a sad reflection of the times we live in when an honest man is unable to discharge the duties of his office without fear of all the consequences. After 30 years of professional experience, I sympathize with the decent type of American police officer in the difficulties which beset him. If only the community would appreciate his immense task and try to assist rather than hinder the execution of his duties. In marked contrast I found the policeman's job in Britain is made fairly easy due to the co-operation and good will of the public. J. C. BROADBENT, Wallasey, Cheshire, England

Pro College Football

EDITOR: AS COLLEGE PRESIDENT, I BELIEVE THAT IN THE INTERESTS OF FAIR PLAY YOU SHOULD RUN ARTICLE ON WHAT IS RIGHT WITH FOOTBALL, TO REBUT YOUR ARTICLE ON THE HYPOCRISY OF COLLEGE FOOTBALL (OCT. 30TH).

ROBERT E. BURNS, President, College of the Pacific, Stockton, Cal.

. . . Congratulations on your October 30th issue in which you present an honest and straightforward piece of reporting—of which we need more in this country—giving the public the necessary facts in the exposé of the graft and corruption and plain old dishonesty that takes place in college football.

R. S. JAGGARD, M.D., Oelwein, Iowa

Soldiers Defended

EDITOR: Michela Robbins, in The Inside Story of a Girls Reformatory (Oct. 30th), states: "It's for kicks that girls use dope, run away from home, or take up with a soldier." May she receive a battered, decrepit, 1899 typewriter for the most tactless, biased and completely nauseating statement of 1953.

Being a soldier and therefore classed by this writer with a mass of individuals who lead poor innocent girls into reform schools, I would like to point out, contrary to general consensus, that every serviceman is a human being. They all had parents. Most of them have feelings, such as sorrow and joy, humility and pride. And—would you believe it?—one or two are even polite.

The majority of us would much rather be back in school or on the job, preparing for the adult responsibilities of citizenship. In cataloguing all men who wear the uniform along with dope and delinquent girls, I believe you have shown a lack of understanding in the poorest taste.

LESLIE MARTIN, JR., USAF, Lockport, N.Y.

. . . A great magazine like Collier's owes soldiers an apology. Where would our country be without soldiers? Our finest young men are soldiers. . . .

MRS. BERTHA REID, Osage City, Kans.

Collier's meant no slight. Some of us have been soldiers ourselves.

Eggs & Enzymes

EDITOR: We have read with great interest You'll Be Hearing About Enzymes by J. D. Ratcliff (Oct. 16th). Our particular interest lies in the fact that another outstanding recent discovery for the use of enzymes is in the processing of fresh-shell eggs into egg solids—a use which was not mentioned in the story.

Scientists have discovered that the addition of enzymes to liquid egg before drying inactivates the natural glucose in the egg and produces a fine-quality, stable product. As a matter of fact, the enzymes-treated egg solids retain the nutritional and functional properties of fresh-shell eggs.

EDNA CARSON, Institute of American Poultry Industries, Chicago, Ill.

On the Rocks

EDITOR: In your article Marilyn on the Rocks (Oct. 16th), how could you put the Bow River in Jasper National Park? John Florea writes: "High in Jasper National Park, Marilyn plunged into the rising, glacier-fed Bow River . . ." The Bow flows through Banff, but a high range of mountains, which the Bow does not penetrate, separates Jasper from Banff.

JASPER N. BELLINGER, Newberg, Ore.

. . . Really, does La Marilyn upset Mr. Florea this way? Or, was it simply a figment of his DiMaggionation?

DWIGHT W. LOTT, Cleveland Heights, Ohio

Re the Bow: Collier's bows to readers Bellinger and Lott. Although most of the scenes were shot on the Bow River in Banff, Marilyn's disasters took place elsewhere. The river maligned: the Maligne in Jasper National Park.

Scientific Freedom

EDITOR: My warmest praise to you for your editorial entitled Truth Shall Set Us Free (Oct. 30th). Of the many words I have read in the press and magazines since Dr. Kinsey's book came out, yours, I believe, take the soundest, most liberal and courageous position. Your editorial says forthrightly that whether Kinsey's work is accurate or not is not as important as his right to pursue his study and for people to become acquainted with his results.

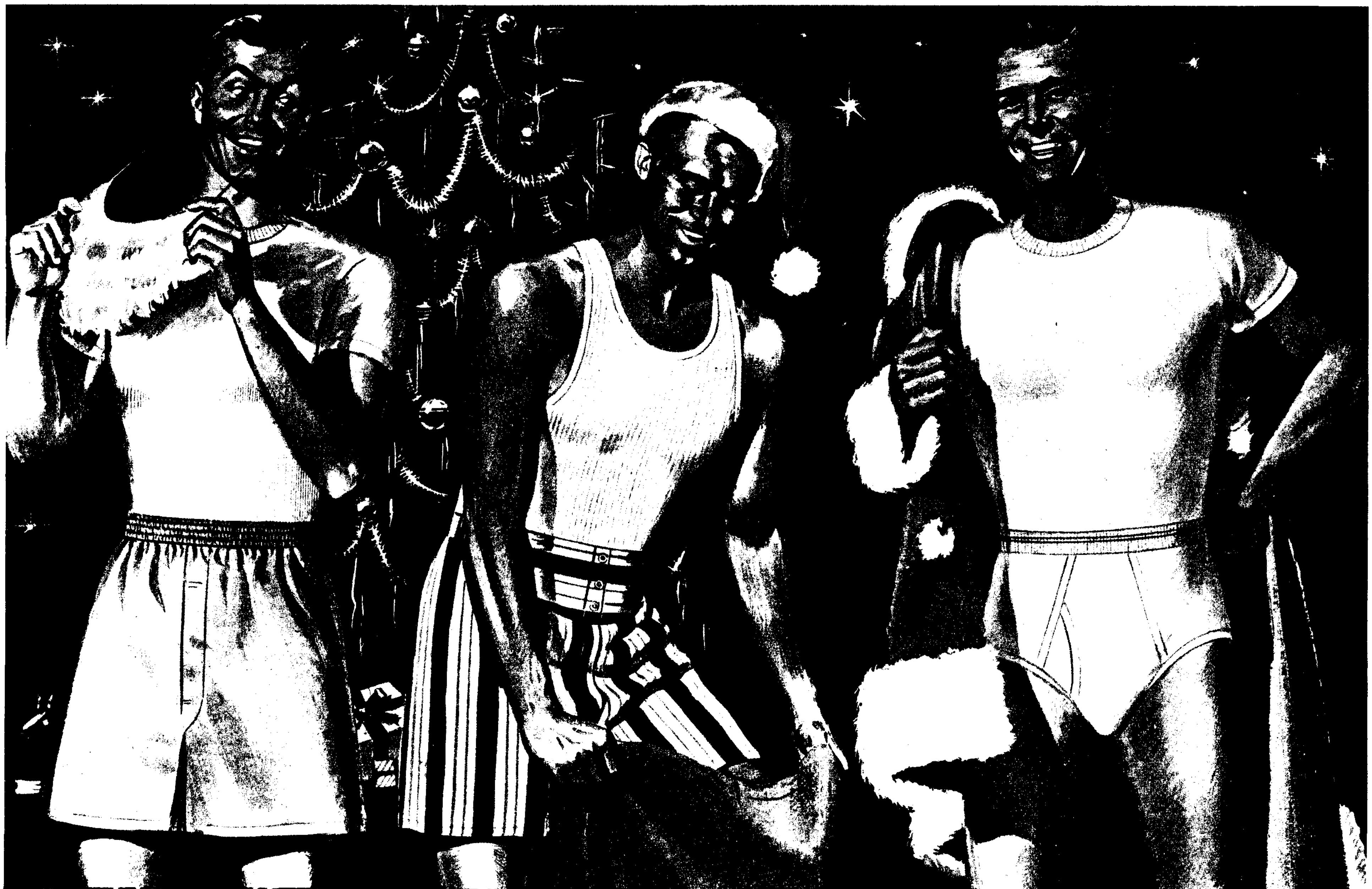
We should grant Dr. Kinsey the right to be wrong, but attacks on his work should be scientifically based and not emotionally surcharged.

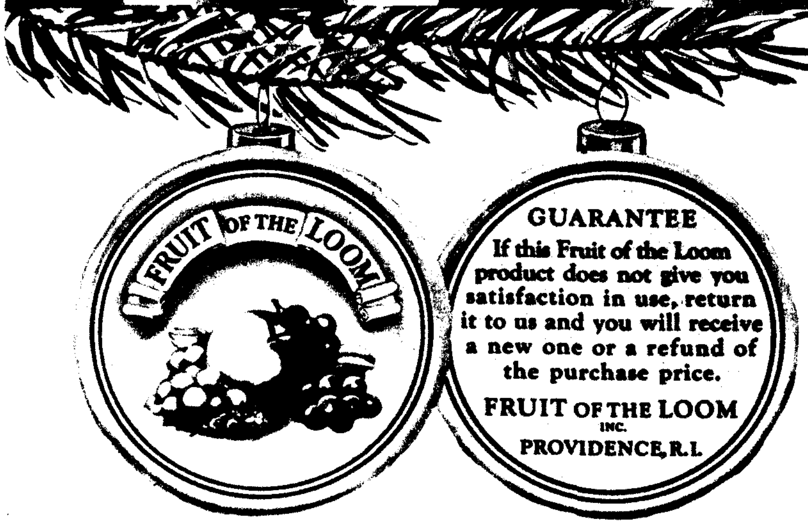
THOMAS HOOPER, Chicago, Ill.

More Santas want

FRUIT OF THE LOOM

guaranteed underwear than any other brand!





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Nash Presents for 1954 New Continental Dream Cars

One look at this page tells you something new and wonderful is waiting for you now at your Nash dealer.

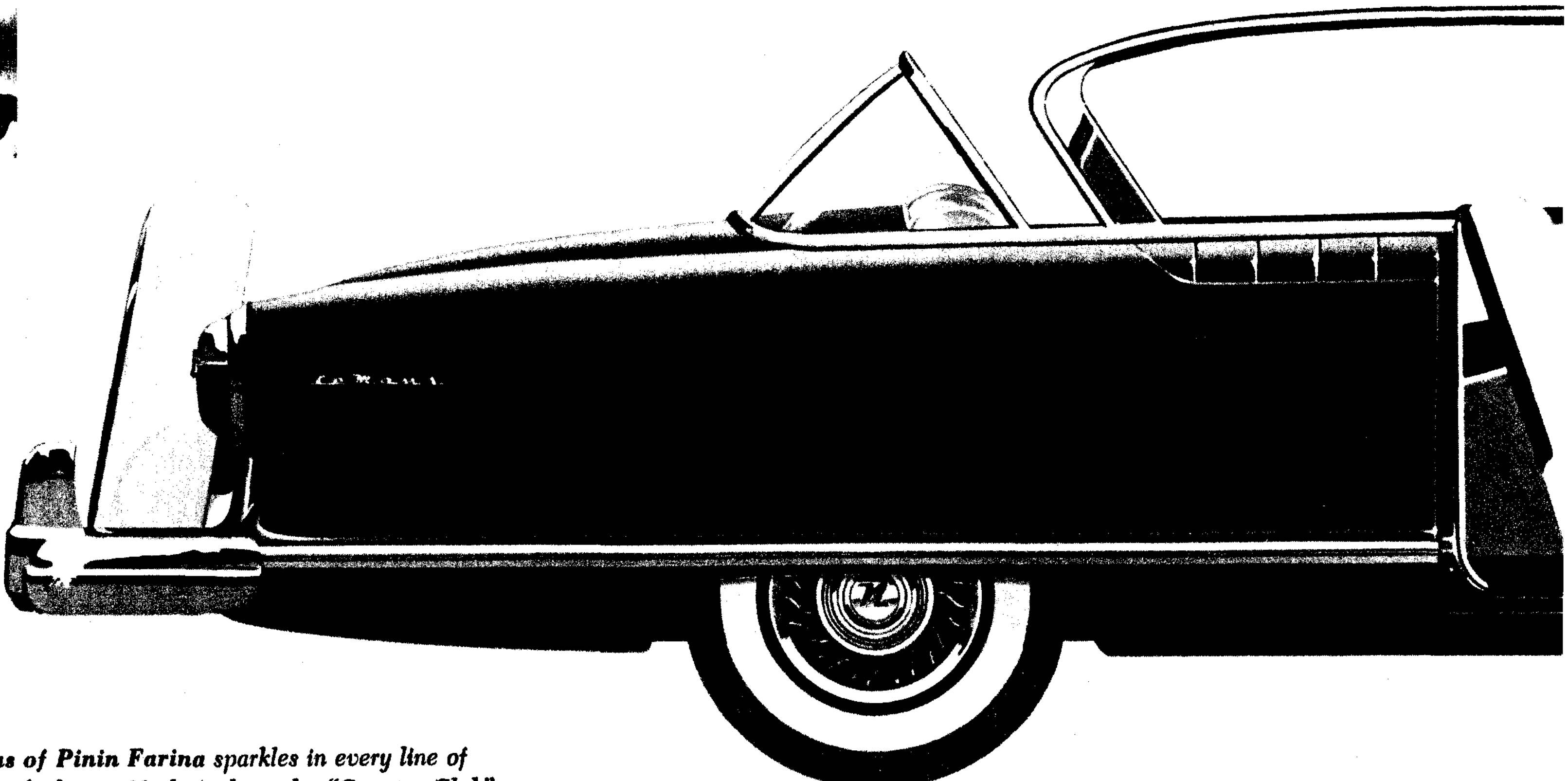
For Pinin Farina has done it again — sparked a new continental style that will be seen around the world.

Prepare yourself . . . for never in all your life have you seen such beauty in cars! Such sleek racing lines . . . such brilliant interiors . . . such seating space, such sky-wide visibility!

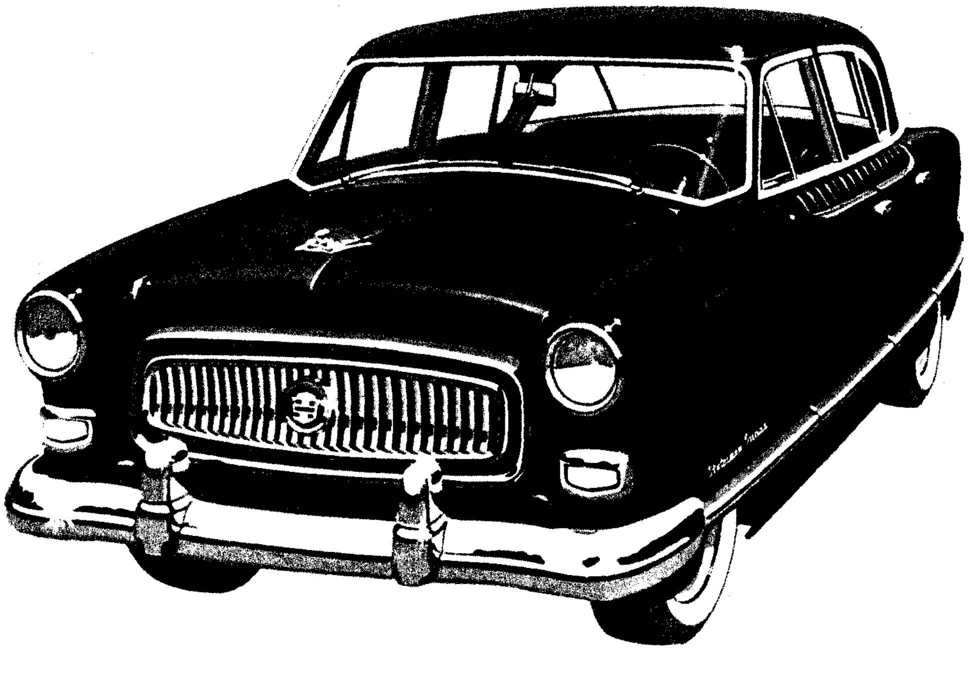
Come try everything! New Nash Power Brakes that stop at tip-toe touch. New Power Steering that parks you with a wave of the finger. New Power-Lift Windows! New wonders in high-compression dual-carburetor power! New travel comfort, in Airliner Reclining Seats!

Yes, come and try a new way of life on wheels. Choose from eighteen new 1954 Nash Airflytes, each a "dream car", each one a Pinin Farina masterpiece. Spend an hour with the one you like best. You will never want to give it back!

Styled by Pinin Farina

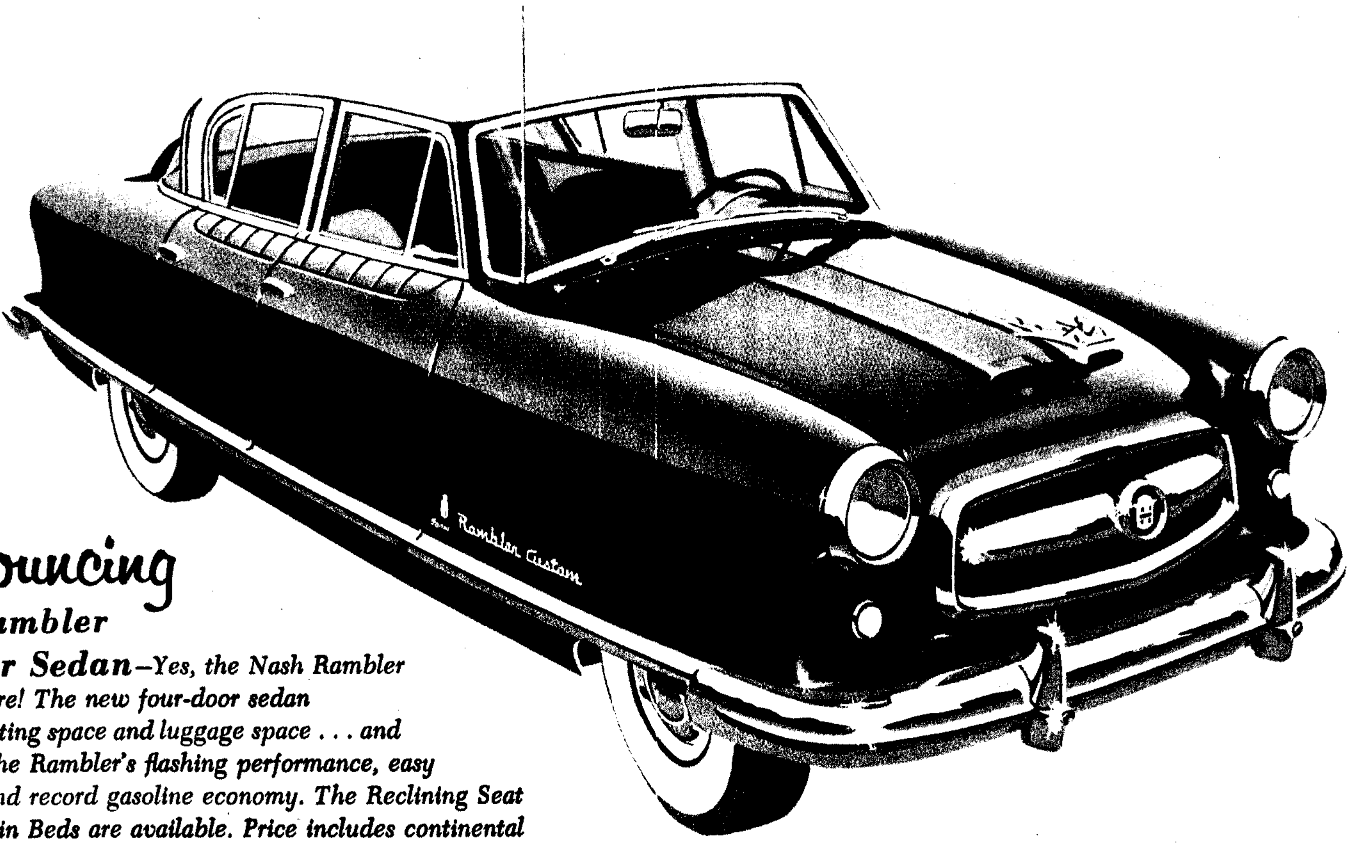


The genius of Pinin Farina *sparkles in every line of this sleek new Nash Ambassador "Country Club" pictured above. Interior by Madame Hélène Rother of Paris. Available with the "Le Mans" Dual Jetfire engine of international racing fame, for performance that owns the road.*



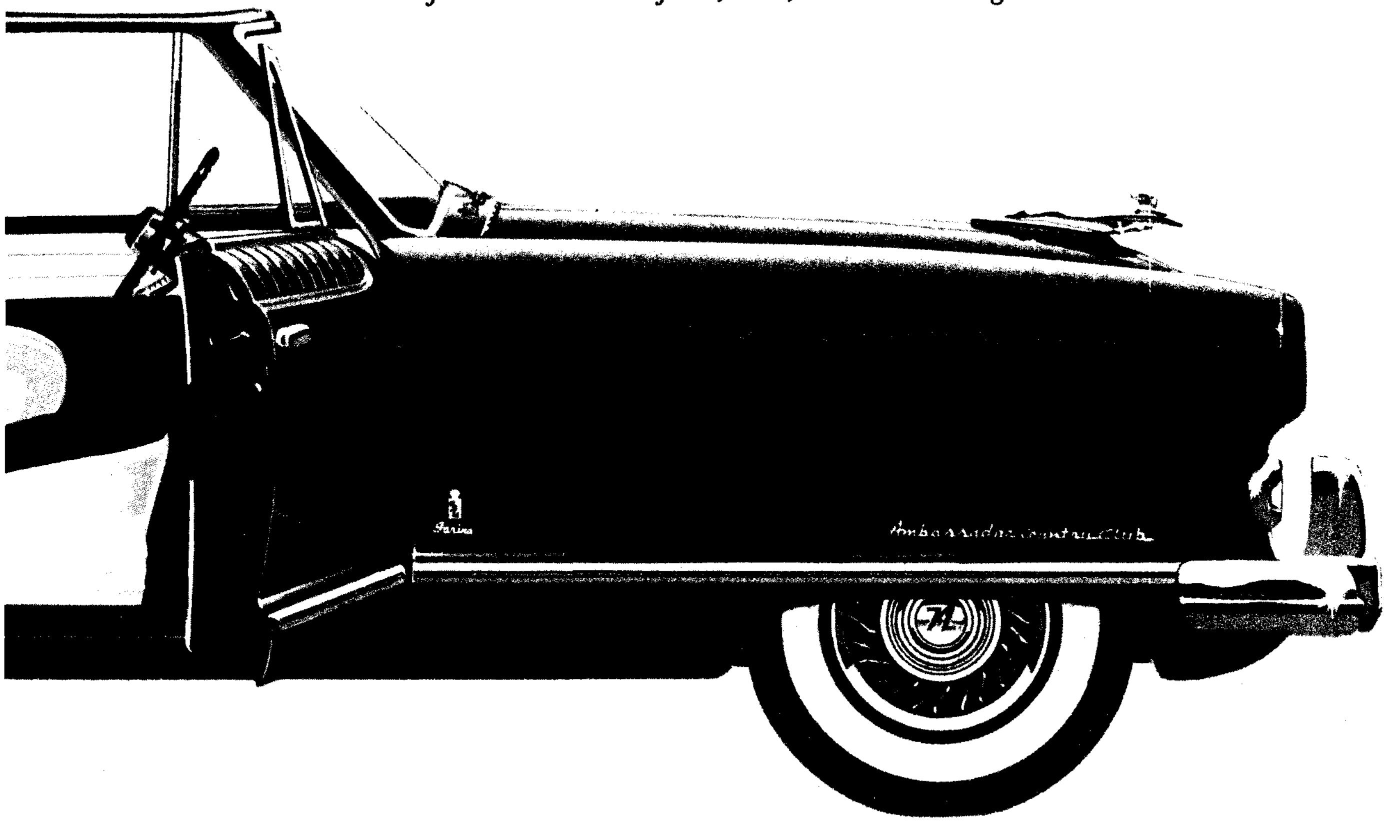
Terrific new power *for the Nash Statesman. Yet the new "Dual-Powerflyte" engine delivers famous Statesman economy. In all Nash Airflytes you have a choice of three transmissions, including Dual-Range Hydra-Matic Drive.*

Wire wheel trim, hood ornament, white sidewall tires optional at extra cost.

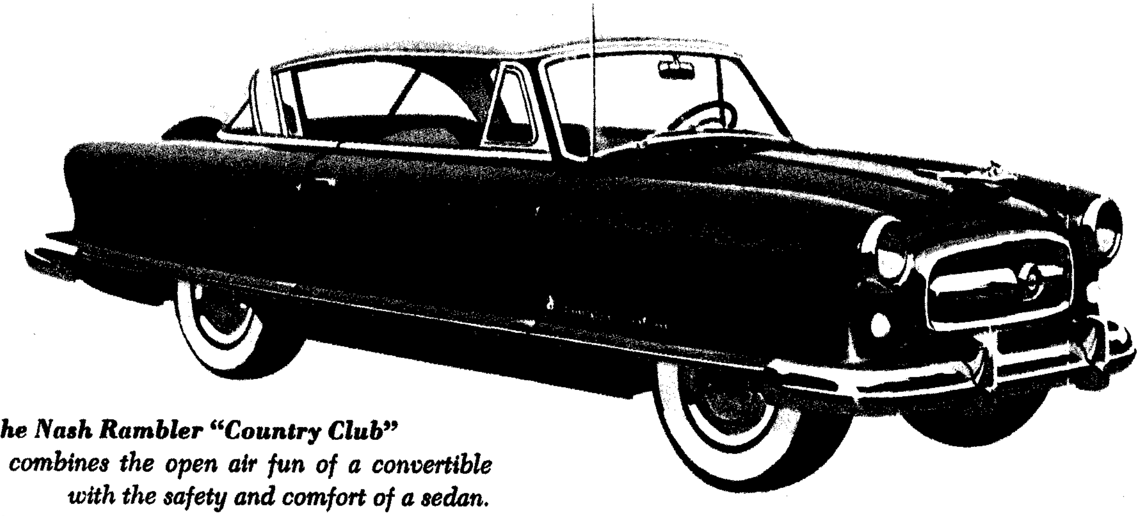


Announcing
The All-New Rambler Four-Door Sedan

—Yes, the Nash Rambler you asked for is here! The new four-door sedan . . . new in seating space and luggage space . . . and offering the Rambler's flashing performance, easy handling and record gasoline economy. The Reclining Seat and Twin Beds are available. Price includes continental rear tire mount and, as in other Rambler custom models, a host of custom accessories such as Weather Eye Conditioned Air System, radio, and directional signals.



***At your Nash dealer's now** you'll see the greatest advances of the past 10 years . . . developments that make Nash your safest investment today, your soundest resale value tomorrow!*



***The Nash Rambler "Country Club"** combines the open air fun of a convertible with the safety and comfort of a sedan. It's America's smartest compact custom car . . . designed for today's driving needs.*

1954

Nash
Airflytes

Built with the "Double Lifetime"
. . . Your Safest Investment Today
. . . Your Soundest Resale Value Tomorrow

AMBASSADOR • STATESMAN
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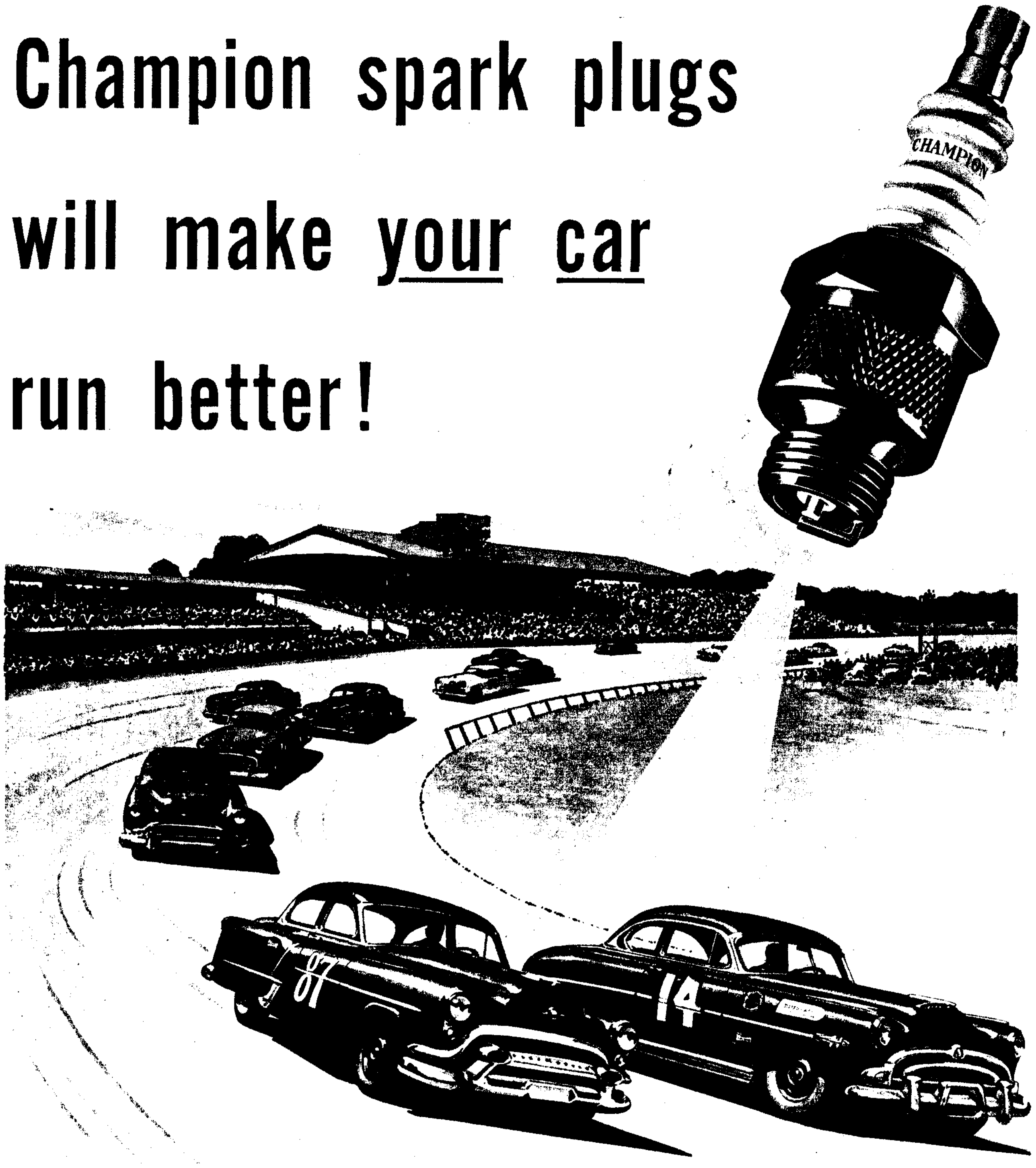
Nash Motors, Division Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit, Mich.

Stock-car racing proves Champion spark plugs will make your car run better!



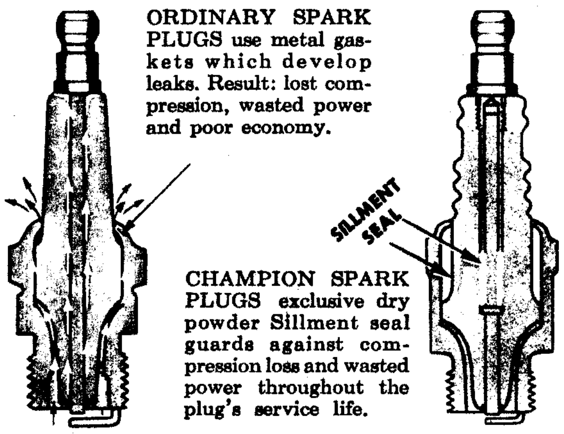
Stock cars are standard automobiles, just like yours. But no family sedan ever took the beating they take in the Big Four of stock-car racing: Daytona Beach, Fla., Langhorne, Pa., Raleigh, N. C. and Darlington, S. C.

That's why Champions' complete success in these top NASCAR races again in 1953 should make it plain to all motorists: Champion Spark Plugs bring any car to its performance peak—and keep it there—regardless of make or model or how you drive it! See your Champion dealer—soon!

AMERICA'S FAVORITE
CHAMPION
SPARK PLUGS

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO

ANOTHER CHAMPION FEATURE

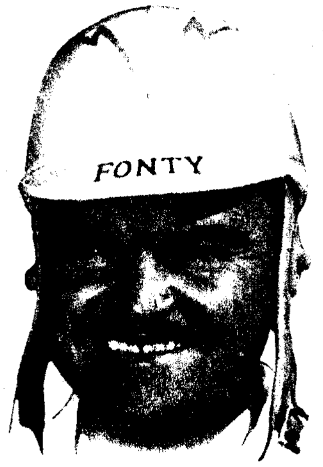


ORDINARY SPARK PLUGS use metal gaskets which develop leaks. Result: lost compression, wasted power and poor economy.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS exclusive dry powder Sillment seal guards against compression loss and wasted power throughout the plug's service life.

BILL BLAIR, WINNER—
Daytona Beach, '53 Oldsmobile
with **CHAMPIONS!**

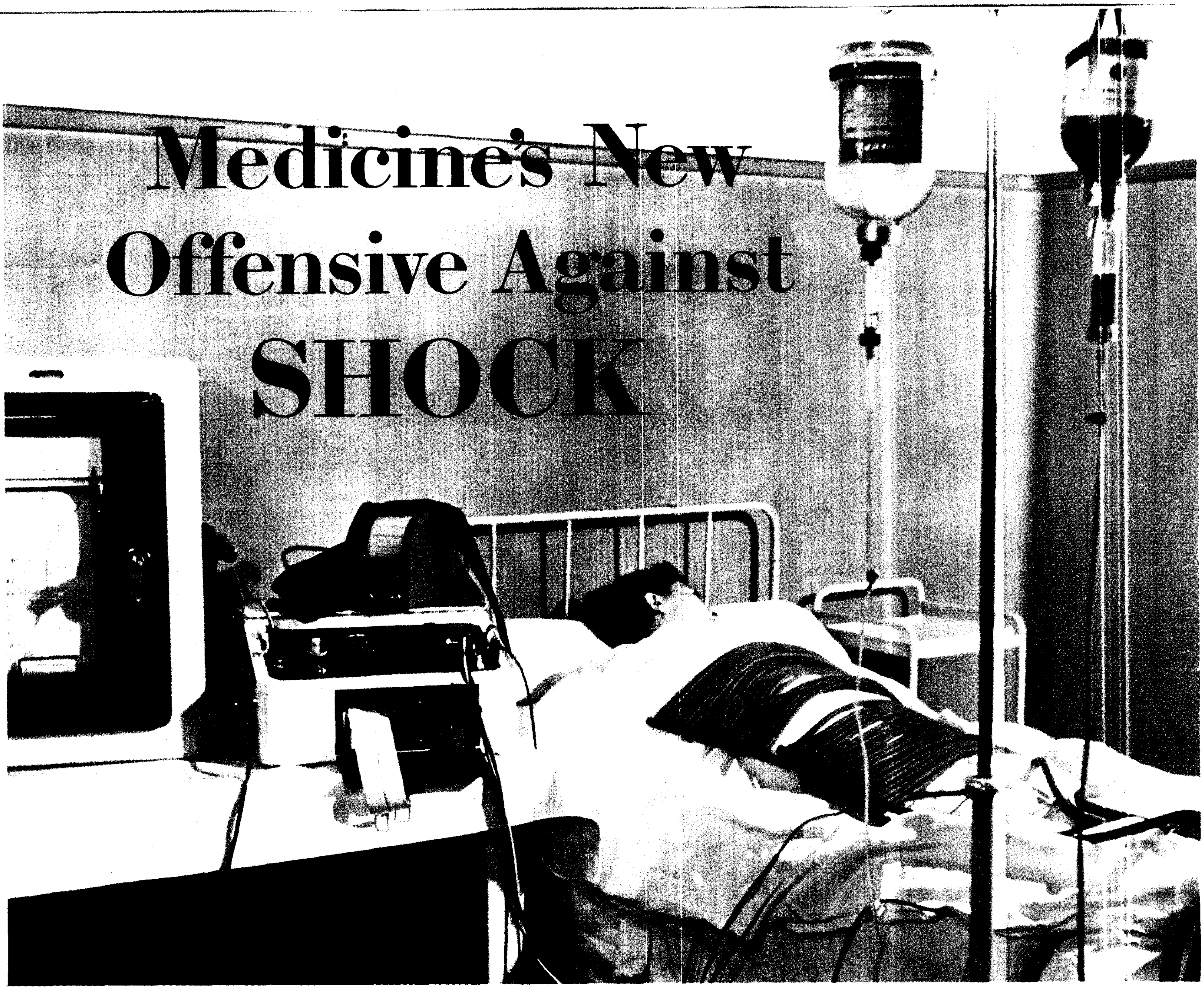
DICK RATHMAN, WINNER—
Langhorne, Pa., '53 Hudson
with **CHAMPIONS!**



FONTY FLOCK, WINNER—
Raleigh, N. C., '53 Hudson
with **CHAMPIONS!**

BUCK BAKER, WINNER—
Darlington, S. C., '53 Oldsmobile
with **CHAMPIONS!**

Medicine's New Offensive Against SHOCK



Artificial hibernation in Vaugirard Hospital, Paris: refrigerating equipment chills body after drugs have been injected

The inspiration came from the hibernating woodchuck. The main weapon is a new drug that slows down the body processes. Developed in France and cautiously acclaimed by American doctors, the treatment is saving hundreds of persons—from war wounded to newborn babies

By J. D. RATCLIFF

A STORM whips the North Atlantic coast, kills a hundred or more people and makes headlines for days. Another kind of storm kills tens of thousands of people every year and gets almost no notice—except from research men. These storms rage unseen, unheard *inside* the human body; they are nervous storms.

They exhaust our body's natural defense mechanisms and pave the way for collapse and death. They strike at old people undergoing drastic surgery; at the newborn, too frail to face the stresses of life; at the woman injured in an automobile accident and at the man wounded in battle.

A new method of controlling this internal strife, recently developed in France and now being tested in the United States, may prove to be the biggest medical news in a decade.

The body has two nervous systems. One, the cerebral-spinal, controls such voluntary actions as walking, talking, lifting and other conscious actions. The other, the autonomic nervous system, is pretty much its own master. Without direction, it controls the heartbeat, operation of the digestive tract, dilation of the pupil, activity of the sweat glands, and dozens of other body functions.

The autonomic nervous system is a miracle of checks and balances. One portion—the sympathetic nervous system—stimulates body functions and acts much like the accelerator on a car. When we climb a flight of stairs on a hot day, it activates the sweat glands to produce perspiration and thus cool our body. In moments of danger, it speeds up our heartbeat—to provide quick energy to escape the danger. The parasympathetic nervous system works in precisely the opposite manner. It acts as a brake. But for its calming action, an overstimulated heart might race itself to death. The two systems thus exactly counterbalance each other.

This magnificent control system works so beautifully and so automatically that we are unaware of its existence—until some really severe stress confronts us: a major operation, a leg crushed in an accident, a severe burn, a skull-crushing fall.

Faced with such disasters, the autonomic nervous system strives valiantly to keep our body functioning normally. It tries to make instant adjustments to preserve life. But if the stresses are severe, the burden becomes too great. The systems wear themselves out. Then there is the general collapse called shock. Blood vessels go flabby and blood fluids leak into tissues—leaving the heart

Dr. Henri Laborit (right), French researcher who developed artificial hibernation, and an associate perform heart operation on hibernated dog at the Val de Grâce Hospital in Paris

Doctors held little hope fo

with nothing to pump. Blood pressure nose-dives and pulse disappears. Unless this catastrophic series of events can be controlled, death follows.

The new French method of combating shock deaths is called artificial hibernation. In effect, French researchers say, it dampens the action of *both* the accelerating and braking nervous systems. It lays a calming hand on the war of nerves—and thus preserves the body's mechanism of protection.

Artificial hibernation has been used with signal success for more than two years in France and has been undergoing clinical tests in the United States for a year. American doctors taking part in the tests are cautiously optimistic. Drs. Charles Ripstein and Charles Friedgood, surgeons at the Brooklyn, New York, Maimonides Hospital, say: "It has worked successfully in several cases, but we haven't enough experience yet to determine its many possibilities and its limitations."

Success With an Octogenarian Woman

French doctors report they have used the new treatment successfully on several hundred patients of all ages. One was an infant just delivered by Caesarean section two months prematurely. Another was a woman of eighty-five whose breast was being removed; weak, undernourished, debilitated, she would have had only the slimmest chance of surviving such extensive surgery without the aid of artificial hibernation.

The French concept of artificial hibernation is mainly the work of Dr. Henri Laborit, a researcher on the staff of Val de Grâce Hospital in Paris, a military hospital built by Napoleon I. It is the French equivalent of the U.S. Army's Walter Reed Hospital in Washington.

The thirty-eight-year-old Laborit is a wiry, high-strung researcher with a freewheeling investigative mind. He completed his medical education on the eve of World War II, joined the French navy and was assigned as ship's doctor to the destroyer Siroco. After his ship was sunk under him at Dunkerque, he escaped to England and was assigned to North Africa.

While working as a surgeon in various military hospitals, Dr. Laborit saw scores of badly wounded men die. Wasn't there *any* way to control the nervous storms that preceded such deaths? The question plagued him. He thought of hibernating animals. In winter the woodchuck burrows into the ground and all body activity comes to a virtual standstill. Heartbeat slows, temperature drops, elimination ceases. With only the faintest flicker of life burning, the little animal conserves its slender hoard of energy—and survives the aggressions of a foodless winter.

If something of the sort could be achieved with human beings in times of stress, if some way could be found to quiet the nervous storms that lead to disaster, Dr. Laborit thought, human beings might survive the gravest crises.

The problem, as Dr. Laborit saw it, was to find drugs which would dampen activity of the autonomic nervous system—both branches, the accelerator portion and the braking portion. Dr. Laborit began experiments on animals at the Naval Hospital at Toulon, where he was stationed after the war, and continued them at Val de Grace Hospital in Paris, where he moved in 1950.

There are dozens of nerve-blocking drugs: procaine used in dentistry; curare, the arrow poison of South American Indians; Banthine, Pro-Banthine and Prantal, which block the vagus nerve, cut acid secretion in the stomach and thus help cure gastric ulcers; belladonna, used by oculists to dilate the pupil of the eye. Dr. Laborit tried them all—and found them wanting. They were too limited in action; each worked on only one portion of the body.

By 1950, it looked as though he had reached a dead end. Apparently no drugs had the all-pervasive action he was seeking. It was at this point that Rhône-Poulenc-Spécia, France's largest pharma-

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JEAN MARQUIS

he 50 patients. But with artificial hibernation 70 per cent survived surgery

ceutical house, sent Dr. Laborit a new drug for testing. It was labeled simply No. 4560—its laboratory designation. Company chemists thought the new drug might have some value as an antihistamine in the treatment of colds and hay fever.

As a starter, Dr. Laborit ran toxicity trials—to see if the drug would be safe to use. Experiments on rats and guinea pigs showed that it slowed heart action, reduced respiration and drove body temperatures to subnormal levels. These effects would have prompted most researchers to send the drug back with a curt note: "Forget this one."

But Dr. Laborit thought of the woodchucks. Here was a drug which achieved artificially exactly what woodchucks achieved naturally. It produced all the effects of hibernation.

Dr. Laborit needed help, lots of it. He enlisted the aid of Colonel Charles Jaulmes, who heads France's research in military medicine, and Dr. Pierre Huguenard, one of France's most gifted anesthesiologists. The three men began investigating the full possibilities of No. 4560—later called chlorpromazine and given the trade name Largactil. Used alone, they found, the drug wouldn't accomplish the complete dampening effect Laborit was seeking. They added other drugs: pethidine, a blocking agent for the vagus nerve, which is the main trunk of the parasympathetic nervous system; phenergan, to suppress shock and respiratory depression; antibiotics to control infection; vitamins to build up the patient.

In the end, the three doctors produced a "lytic"—blocking-out—mixture, designed to be administered by injection. In early experiments with animals, the mixture contained as many as 12 components—but chlorpromazine was the cornerstone on which all activity rested.

Dr. Laborit had another idea. These drugs would effectively calm nervous storms. Might not even deeper hibernation be achieved by chilling the patient—using ice packs to drive body temperature down from a normal 98.6 to, say, below 90? Such cooling had been tried in the United States with good results. The cooled body used less oxygen. And less oxygen meant a lower expenditure of energy and a storing of strength.

A Girl Who Was in Predeath Agony

By the spring of 1951, the researchers felt they had enough facts on hand to test their theories on a human patient. On Easter Sunday that year they got their chance. A pretty twenty-year-old girl arrived at Vaugirard Hospital by ambulance. Her appendix had burst and generalized peritonitis had spread through the abdominal cavity. She had a flaming temperature—106—and a pulse so weak it could barely be detected. Her body had turned blue because her feeble circulation could not carry enough oxygen to nourish the blood cells. It was impossible to get a blood-pressure reading. In medical parlance, she was in the "preagonal"—predeath agony—stage. Here was the ideal patient for testing Dr. Laborit's lytic mixture. If the patient died, the researchers would not have the death on their consciences; she would die anyway without the treatment.

Dr. Huguenard started dripping the mixed drugs into a vein, while other doctors applied ice bags to her abdomen, groin, chest, armpits. Her temperature began falling. Color came back to her skin; the cooled cells needed less oxygen. The patient went into a drowsy sleep. On the operating table, only the tiniest amount of the anesthetic nitrous oxide was needed to prepare her for surgery.

Almost miraculously, the girl survived. For three days, watchful doctors continued to drip the hibernating drugs into her veins. Meanwhile, antibiotics brought the infection under control. Then the gradual awakening process began. The girl's body temperature was permitted to rise to normal. Within a week, she was sitting up. After another week, she went home.

In the following months, Drs. Huguenard and Jean Sénèque, a French surgeon, used artificial hibernation on 50 patients. Most were older people; their average age was 60. They were suffering from cancer, heart disease, kidney trouble and similar ailments. The odds were about three to one that they would die during or shortly after surgery. With artificial hibernation, 70 per cent survived surgery.

Because of their grave condition, some of the elderly patients were hibernated as long as 12 days—to give worn, debilitated bodies a chance to recover from the assault of drastic surgery.

Study of the patients brought out another significant point: Hibernated patients needed only minute amounts of anesthetic to put them in deep, relaxing sleep—an important point since large amounts of anesthetic are dangerous for older people.

What were the patients' reactions to hibernation? I have talked with a number of them. One, a woman of sixty-three, had had an operation for gastric cancer. "The night I came into the hospital," she said, "I was given a sleeping pill. When I awakened, I felt a slight pain. I rang for a nurse and asked when they were going to operate. The nurse smiled and said I had been operated on two days before."

After these initial successes, more uses for artificial hibernation were sought. If it worked so well on older patients, might not it work equally well on the newborn? In asking themselves this question, Drs. George David and Maurice Lacomme, of Port Royal Hospital in Paris, had a particular group of patients in mind: infants born in poor condition as result of their mother's prolonged labor. Because difficult labor may deprive an infant of needed oxygen, many come into the world in a state of shock. A high percentage perish at birth or in the first hours of life. Preliminary figures indicate that artificial hibernation may cut this death toll in half.

With the newborn, the most dramatic results have come in cases where the Rh blood factor is a problem. When a mother's blood is Rh negative and the father's Rh positive, the blood of the mother sometimes destroys red blood corpuscles in the infant she is carrying. Result: the baby may be born with hardly enough red blood cells to sustain life. In such cases, about the only hope of saving the infant lies in a drastic exsanguination operation—in which the baby's sickly blood is drained from its body immediately after birth and replaced with healthy blood.

Before artificial hibernation was used, about a third of such infants died during the blood exchange. Of the first 23 infants who got the protection of artificial hibernation, 19 survived.

Dr. Raymond Sorel, professor of pediatrics at the Toulouse (France) School of Medicine, saw another application. Newborn infants are sometimes swept away by severe infections: diarrheas, inflammations of the digestive tract and various bacterial ailments. Often they go downhill so rapidly, there isn't time for antibiotics to save lives. Why not, Dr. Sorel asked, try light hibernation on these gravely ill babies; try to keep them alive long enough for antibiotics and other drugs to bring infection under control? The method was tried on 39 desperately ill babies. On the average, their temperatures were dropped to 95 and held there for three days. Of the group, 32 made full recoveries.

The method has also been used in surgery on the newborn, mainly surgery to correct congenital malformations.

Artificial hibernation has even been applied *before* birth. In one striking case in Paris, a woman seven months pregnant was suffering from eclampsia, one of the worst toxemias of pregnancy. In eclampsia, blood pressure skyrockets. The patient may go into severe and frightening convulsions, followed by coma and complete collapse. Frequently the only hope of saving the mother's life is immediate delivery of the infant.

In the pregnant Frenchwoman, hibernation laid a calming hand on the convulsions and permitted surgeons to deliver the infant by Caesarean section. The doctors had little hope of saving the baby's life until they found it, too, had been hibernated—by drugs absorbed from the mother's blood!

In half a dozen Paris hospitals, artificial hibernation has been used with outstanding success on victims of automobile and other accidents. Wouldn't it be equally valuable in treating war wounds? Early last summer Drs. Laborit and Huguenard sought an answer in Indochina, where France is battling the Communist Viet Minh army.

Death Rate in Indochina Reduced

Dr. Laborit induced army doctors to include hypodermics of hibernating drugs in first-aid kits. The initial shot puts a man in a sleepy lethargy in which he feels no pain. As he is moved to the rear, he gets additional shots every few hours. By the time he is finally evacuated by plane to the big base hospital in Hanoi, he is in a state of light hibernation. At the front, doctors rely on the drugs alone to produce hibernation; ice packs are applied only after the patient has reached a hospital, to deepen the hibernation state. This treatment, now standard practice in Indochina, has cut deaths among the badly wounded by one third.

Laboratory work now in progress in both France and the United States indicates that only a bare start has been made toward realizing the full usefulness of artificial hibernation. Look at the problems facing heart surgeons. Their work has been severely limited by the fact that they could not interrupt the flow of blood to the brain for more than three or four minutes. Otherwise irreparable damage was done. Without oxygen, brain cells deteriorate rapidly.

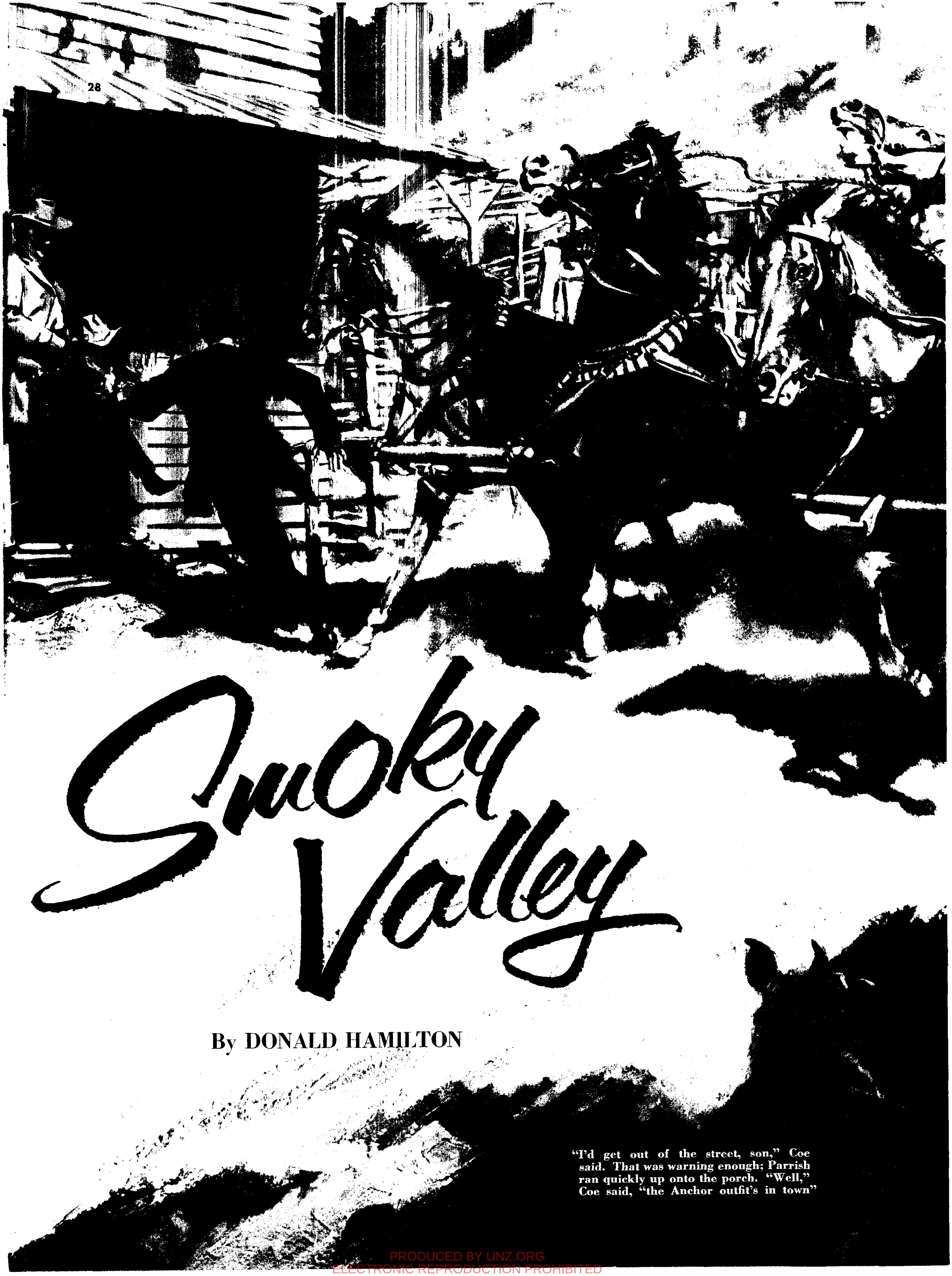
Artificial hibernation offers a way around this dilemma. Cells in the hibernated body—brain cells included—require less oxygen. Hence, they can go for longer periods with the blood supply cut off.

Using chlorpromazine and refrigerating apparatus, American surgeons have lowered patients' temperatures to 80 degrees and cut off the blood supply to the brain for as long as 15 minutes without ill effects. During the period the blood supply was interrupted, the surgeons successfully repaired defects in heart valves and chambers. In fact, artificial hibernation gives promise of enormously enlarging the field of heart surgery.

Artificial hibernation may be of value in dealing with extensive burns, too. Severely burned people who would have died in a few hours have been kept alive for two weeks or longer. In the end, they have died—a fact that appears to rob the accomplishment of its value. But it has meaning. Given this period of grace, doctors have time to determine *why* the patients die. And once they know this, new methods of saving badly burned people may become available.

Some American doctors taking part in tests of chlorpromazine, the key drug in artificial hibernation, believe its ability to dampen the autonomic nervous system will make it useful in almost all types of medicine. Dr. Robert Wallis, a specialist in internal medicine on the staff of New York City's Roosevelt Hospital, says: "It probably will, aside from its extensive surgical application, offer a new era in the fields of neurology, psychiatry, obstetrics and dermatology."

But chlorpromazine's most dramatic results are achieved when the body faces a catastrophic situation. By calming nervous storms and slowing all body activity, the drug gives *time:* time for antibiotics to bring infection under control; time for premature infants to adjust to the stresses of life; time for surgical patients to take the first critical steps toward recovery. At such moments, time is the most precious of all gifts—as precious as life itself. ▲▲▲



Smoky Valley

By DONALD HAMILTON

"I'd get out of the street, son," Coe said. That was warning enough; Parrish ran quickly up onto the porch. "Well," Coe said, "the Anchor outfit's in town"

A NEW FOUR-PART SERIAL

Parrish hated the West; only Caroline's love made it bearable. But now, when he was free to leave, an old and bloody feud had revived and Parrish was in the thick of it

I

AFTER leaving his horse at Bickford's Livery, John Parrish walked up Front Street. He had his hat pulled down against the bright Western sunshine that still sometimes seemed to him a little too hot and brilliant for a man to endure. The sky was a glaring blue overhead, and the dust was white and inches deep underfoot. John Parrish's search for health had, in ten years, brought him a long way from the red mud and the smoky skies that he remembered from the war that had almost cost him his life. He breathed deeply now of the thin, warm air. This is a luxury that other men do not appreciate, he thought, the simple joy of being able to breathe without pain or effort.

"Pleasant day, Mr. Parrish," someone said.

Parrish stopped. Preoccupied, he had not seen Martin Coe sitting on the front porch of the jail. Coe was a tall old man with a long, seamed face, a white mustache, and very pale blue eyes. His years in office had worn the silver plating from the star pinned to his shirt and had polished smooth the cedar grips of the revolver strapped to his side.

"Good afternoon, Sheriff," Parrish said, looking up. "I didn't see you there. Yes, it is indeed a fine day."

"I'd get out of the street, son," Coe said quietly.

Parrish had learned that out here in the Colorado Territory the most you could expect, even in an emergency, was a mild warning: a man was supposed to look out for himself. Suddenly aware of a sound behind him, he ran quickly up onto the porch. He looked around in time to see a buckboard, an old-fashioned carriage, and six horsemen thunder past at a dead run. The two vehicles were making a race for the stage depot up the street, the riders cheering them on.

The sheriff spat as the dust settled. "Well," he said flatly, "the Anchor outfit's in town."

"It would seem so," Parrish said. He tried to appear unconcerned as he brushed the dust from his clothes. The buckboard had deliberately swerved toward him as he had run; he had even heard the driver laugh. But there was nothing to be gained by dwelling on this, and he suppressed the small, cold stirring of temper inside him, reminding himself that as an Easterner and a tenderfoot—as the people here still considered him—he was fair game for such jokes. He had not come out here to pick fights with anybody; he had had enough fighting for one lifetime.

Watching the group up the street, the sheriff said, "I hear you're losing a neighbor, Mr. Parrish."

"That's right," Parrish said. "Jack Mahoney sold his place a few days ago."

"Fine people, the Mahoneys."

Parrish nodded and said, "They were very kind to me while I was ill."

"Yes," the sheriff said in an absent-minded way and glanced up at Parrish.

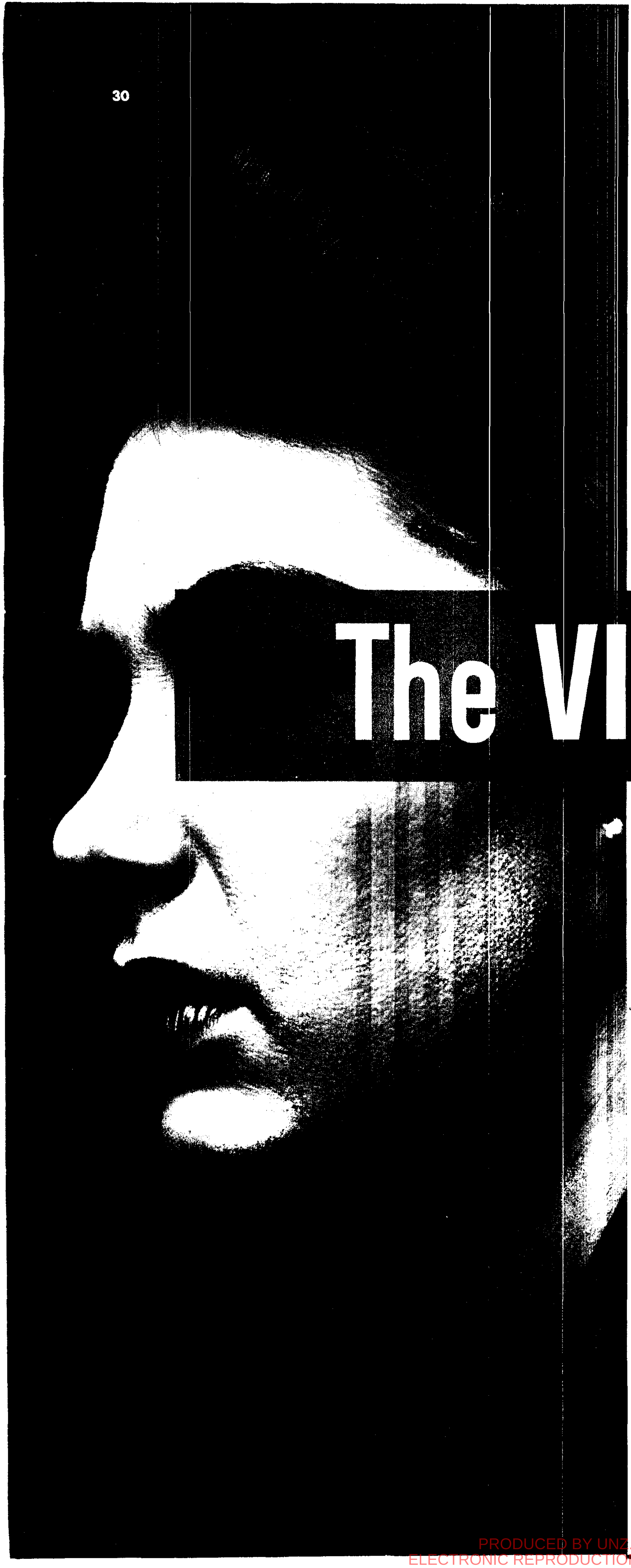
The younger man felt the pale blue eyes study him carefully, noting in particular, it seemed, his lack of height and the absence of a gun. Parrish endured the scrutiny without resentment. In the three years he had been here he had become used to the way these people tended to dismiss as insignificant any man who was not weighted down with firearms, unless he was at least six and a half feet tall and suitably broad-shouldered.

There had been a time in John Parrish's life when he had felt a need to compensate for his relatively slight build and pleasant, boyish appearance—he had been a belligerent youth when he joined the Union Army. But the war had taught him many things. Having learned his own capabilities thoroughly, he no longer had any urge to demonstrate them to others. He never disturbed himself nowadays over what impression he might be making here by not wearing a gun.

The sheriff looked away and said, "Well, I won't keep you, son. Give Miss Vail my regards, if you should happen to meet her." The last words were spoken in the tolerantly amused way in which older men referred to the romantic vagaries of youth.

Parrish touched his hatbrim and went on, vaguely puzzled as to why Martin Coe, who had never shown him any particular friendship before, had chosen to stop him on the street today. He felt the sheriff had been intending to say something, but for some reason had decided not to say it after all. As he walked on, Parrish thought of how the sheriff's motives in *(Continued on page 104)*

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK McCARTHY



By MARGARET BLAIR JOHNSTONE

Pastor, Union Congregational Church, Groton, Mass., and the Christian Union Church, West Groton

It's time to speak out about a vice that breeds fear and hatred, smashes careers, wrecks marriages, ruins reputations. It exercises its evil influence constantly, all around us. But still it remains . . .

The VICE Nobody

MORE and more, people nowadays are discussing human relationships frankly: marital and premarital difficulties, mental illness and psychological maladjustments, their fears and anxieties. It's a good practice; only by discussion can we even start to solve the emotional problems that beset us. But one area of human emotion is still curtained by darkness; one vice is permitted to eat away at us almost unhampered. It's jealousy.

Oh, of course we talk about jealousy—when we see it in others. Then we deplore it. We jeer at a sore loser in the world of sports. We were dismayed when petty bickering marred the accomplishment of the first men to scale Mount Everest. But we do not analyze the causes of jealousy, as we do with other common emotional problems—and we almost never see it in ourselves.

If you're a woman, you might ask yourself these questions: When my husband's work keeps him late at the office, am I irritable with him when he returns? Do I find reasons for avoiding Mrs. Jones, who boasts a fur coat or a piece of furniture I'd like very much to own? How do I feel—honestly—about the women my husband meets in the course of his working day?

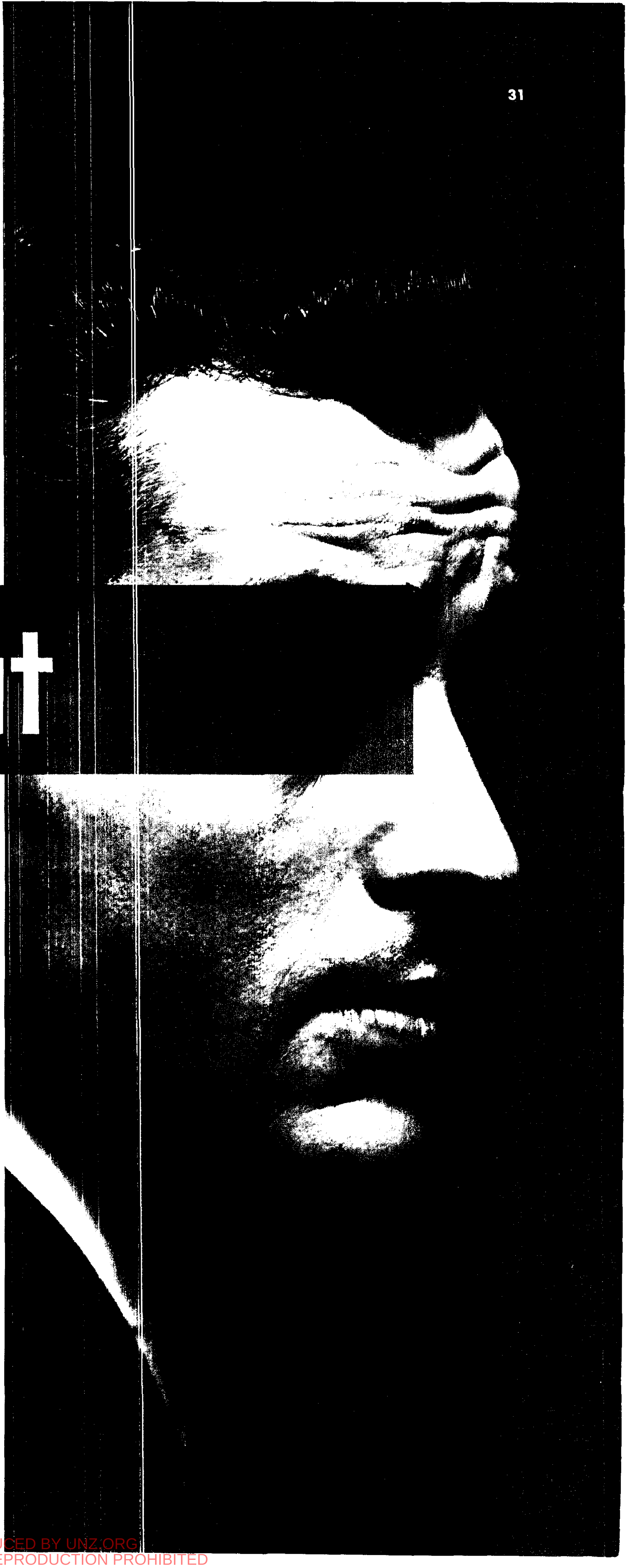
If you're a man, do you ridicule the fellow at the next desk when he gets a promotion, telling everyone else in the office that he's a fair-haired boy? Do you beg off playing cards or golf with Jones—who usually beats you? When Smith is elected chairman of the community project on which you've been working so hard, do you suddenly discover that you no longer have time for it?

All of us feel a twinge of jealousy occasionally. But why? Few of us know—nor do we have much chance of finding out.

During the last 60 years, popular magazines have carried fewer than 50 articles dealing with jealousy—and all but seven of those were mainly concerned with telling parents how to keep older children from being jealous of the new baby. Yet as far back as 1906, psychologist Arnold Gesell of the Yale Psycho-Clinic commented:

"Jealousy is not a transitory affair peculiar to infants, children and youth. It persists into old age . . . it is present or latent in all human beings . . . if not always as a conscious motive, nevertheless pervading little things and great, from the peanut stand to a continental railway system, from a sewing circle to the Congress . . ."

Talks About



Gesell reported his greatest difficulty in the 1906 study was getting people to discuss their negative traits. That's still true. Jealousy is the vice nobody talks about—or understands.

* * *

What is jealousy? What causes it? How do we detect it? What can we do about it, in ourselves or in others?

First, let's see what jealousy is *not.*

1. Jealousy is not envy.

Envy is bad enough, but it's excusable. Jealousy is not. It may be normal to feel some envy when we see others who have advantages we would like. Envy, however, stops with wanting things for ourselves; jealousy begrudges others having what we want.

Envy can look at the neighbor's new car and say, "I wish I had that," or even, "I sure wish we'd get the breaks they do." Jealousy cannot stop there. Jealousy says, "Going high-hat, aren't they? Who do they think they are?" Or even, "I could buy a new car too, if I padded my expense account and filed dishonest tax returns."

Envy comes out second best yet still hopes to gain its objective. Jealousy has lost all hope and turns for comfort to resentment and, sometimes, retaliation.

Jealousy, above all else, shows we have lost our own self-possession—our confidence in our ability to handle any situation which may arise. Though adult in years, when jealous we react emotionally like the child described by Gesell:

"A nice white apron is a glaring sign of superiority of Mary over Jane; but a daub of mud soon sets matters right for Jane. If we cannot exalt ourselves we humiliate others, and make ourselves worthy by making them feel cheap."

2. Jealousy is never proof of love for another person.

Many immature people are secretly delighted by jealousy in a so-called lover—at first. "I was flattered all through our engagement when Jack refused to double-date," a young wife said. "And for a while after we were married I thought it was a compliment when he still wanted everything just for the two of us alone. But now I wonder. Is it healthy not to have *any* friends? Jack says the fact he can't share me with anyone proves how great his love is. Does it?"

Actually, Jack was proving only his inability to love anyone but himself. When he said, "I love you so much I cannot bear to share you," he really meant, "I love myself so much that every thought and feeling of yours must serve my interests." Jealousy is emotional enslavement—and that's one reason it is a vice.

3. Jealousy is not a guarantee of possession.

The eternal triangle is the best illustration. Jed Barton was school principal in a small town. When the attractive new civics teacher flatly refused to serve on an important committee of which Jed was chairman, tongues wagged. "She's got a nerve," people said.

But the civics teacher had her reasons. "I've nothing against Jed Barton," she said. "But I'm not going to expose myself to Mrs. Jed. What she says if he so much as stops to talk to any woman is more than I will take."

A year later another teacher did work with Jed on committees and school activities. Only when Mrs. Barton made a scene on the school steps after a P.T.A. meeting did people understand how wise the first teacher had been. "Jed, you get right in this car with me!" she screamed. "I'll have no more of your driving with that . . . that . . ." Speechless, she hurled her knitting bag at the teacher.

The next semester, Jed Barton was looking for a new job. "We

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY PHILIPPE HALSMAN

We can do something about the silent vice—if we recognize it in ourselves and try

> *Yet he was jealous, though he did not*
> *show it,*
> *For jealousy dislikes the world to know it.*
>
> **LORD BYRON**

> *O! beware, my lord, of jealousy;*
> *It is the green-eyed monster which doth*
> *mock*
> *The meat it feeds on.*
>
> **SHAKESPEARE**

can't have that sort of thing," the community said. "What if his wife thought some other woman really had him? This time it was a knitting bag . . . next time it might be a gun."

Sometimes it takes a long time for the eternal triangle to show itself. A man and woman may divorce and congratulate themselves on civilized behavior for several years afterward. But the real test comes when one ex-partner plans remarriage. Then jealousy may appear in protest over the lost possession.

As attorney Morris L. Ernst and publicist David Loth say in their recent study on divorce: "Usually the jealous one wants a checkup on the spouse's new love life—and wants this checkup to prove the new beloved is a monster, a horrible person, most unworthy. This hardly matters. When John turns from his wife Mary to Mamie, it is seldom because the girl in the case has exercised devious wiles or used some sort of charm. She is the result, not the cause. The Mamies of this world do not enter the door until the magic of a marriage has flown out the window."

Most of us recognize that when an ex-wife in a love triangle derides her former husband's new mate she is merely boosting her own ego by indulging in jealous retaliation. But do we recognize the same process when it involves job triangles?

"I wish I could be God for a few days," a personnel manager said. "Three men are eligible to move up into Mike's place. Mike's genius was being able to handle people. How can I tell which man is big enough to fill his shoes?"

"Elementary," his counselor said. "Start a rumor that you're bringing in a man from the Coast to take Mike's job. Then keep your ears open."

Within two weeks the personnel manager *was* looking for a man in the Coast office to take over the job. The day after word got out, one local candidate's wife called up the boss and told him off for passing up her husband. Then several rumors involving everything from the new man's morals to his rank incompetence were traced to the second candidate. The third candidate almost got the promotion—but not quite. He quit before it could be offered.

If jealousy is not envy, and if it's not proof of love or a guarantee of possession, what is it?

Jealousy is the mark of the loser—the poor loser. It is the defense mechanism we hide behind to avoid facing up to the fact that we have lost. Jealousy is, essentially, thwarted pride.

* * *

What causes jealousy?

Much more research must be done before we can say with certainty. But we do know it's a learned behavior, one we can get rid of any time we are willing to take three steps: (1) understand what causes it; (2) learn how to detect it; (3) replace it with more mature emotional reactions.

The basic cause of jealousy has nothing to do with either lack of intelligence or social position. The man with the Ph.D. may be as jealous of his professional associates as the mechanic is of the grease monkey in a rival gas station. In fact, the more intelligent or better-established person tends to conceal jealousy more skillfully, and this suppression of hostile reactions causes the deep-seated sense of inferiority found in all jealousy.

The football player who hurls his helmet to the ground in chagrin at himself is far more likely to reclaim his temporary defeat on the next play than is the man who after a mistake sulks, makes excuses or stops trying. The first player, his anger and grief spent, will have another chance to rebuild his pride and get over his temporary feeling of inferiority. The other man cuts himself off from all chance to reclaim his losses, and instead nurses his false pride.

Jealousy is a mixed emotion—not straight anger or grief, but one or both of these reactions compounded by self-pity.

Jealousy is a normal reaction in children, a healthy sign of a growing personality. Some self-assertion is essential for them if they are not to become doormats or perpetual yes men. It is also normal for the two-year-old to be jealous of attention given the new baby, for the five-year-old to envy other children's toys, for the seven-year-old to resent the abilities of older children, for the eight-year-old to get his first feeling of power over others by playing jokes on them.

None of these stages is harmful if we grow through them. But jealousy becomes a vice when we let it stymie our growth. Married people who are jealous of a partner's friends or job, office workers who accuse the boss of favoritism, salesmen who gripe that other guys get all the breaks . . . they all might well ponder that the age at which this type of jealousy is normal begins at 18 months—and is supposed to end a couple of years later.

> *Can't I another's face commend,*
> *Or to her virtues be a friend,*
> *But instantly your forehead louers,*
> *As if her merit lessen'd yours?*
>
> **EDWARD MOORE**

> *Envy is a pain of mind which successful men cause their neighbors.*
>
> **FLORUIT**

> *Never love unless you can*
> *Bear with all the faults of man:*
> *Men will sometimes jealous be,*
> *Though but little cause they see;*
> *And hang the head, as discontent,*
> *And speak what straight they will repent.*
>
> **THOMAS CAMPION**

The cause of jealousy in adults is, essentially, their failure to grow up emotionally.

* * *

How do we detect jealousy?

People express jealousy in two ways; by attacking others and by attacking themselves. Sometimes the reaction is open, there for all to see. Sometimes not even the jealous person himself is aware of it. But almost always there are signs which offer a way of detecting jealousy—in yourself or in others.

Let's consider the two kinds of jealousy separately.

1. *Angry, attacking jealousy* takes three forms: (1) feigned disinterest; (2) depreciation; and (3) destruction.

Feigned disinterest reveals itself in many ways. A man who received an honor which brought him world-wide acclaim said, "I never knew how jealous my brother was until I found that, of the thousands of congratulations I received, not one came from him. He has never mentioned the matter." Jealous disinterest is found also in the casual attitude a businessman may show toward any idea not his own and for which someone else might get the credit—or in remarks that start, "Now, I don't give two hoots about this . . ." or, "Nothing could possibly matter less to me than . . ."

People who are proud of not having spoken to so-and-so for weeks are trying to prove disinterest. So is the parent whose lifelong jealousy of a child culminates in cutting him or her off without a cent.

If you can remember your childhood you need no introduction to the signs of depreciation, the second type of jealous aggression: belittling, mocking, bragging.

> *Most of us are half-awake. We feel paroxysms of contrition because we are haunted by impure dreams and yet are perfectly unconscious that our lives are one long expression of envy, malice, hatred and uncharitableness. Others are impure and yet are haunted with remorse for an unkind word. We try to make up for the sins we are inclined to by damning the sins we have no mind to.*
>
> **BURNETT H. STREETER**

Of course, we must distinguish between healthy, normal rivalry, without which progress would die and Texans would have no fun, and the abnormal, malicious jockeying for personal or group power which utterly destroys men and nations.

Sometimes the jealous aggressor launches a direct attack, using sarcasm or chronic criticism as his weapons. Many mothers would be horrified to realize they are proving themselves jealous of their own daughters when they tear down a sensitive adolescent's pride by saying she'll never be a raving beauty or by making thoughtless comparisons with other girls' looks, brains or popularity.

Far more often than direct attack, however, jealous aggression resorts to subversive methods—the knife-in-the-back. Sometimes we turn the blade with the words: "After all, I knew him when . . ." or, "If you knew what I knew about her . . ."

One other form of depreciation is common. When we cannot succeed in belittling someone, we may accomplish the same end by devaluating something which means a lot to that person. We find this trait in people who have quit school early and then forever after have derided education; in couples who lose at cards and decide bridge is a waste of time; in local golf champions who, when a better player joins the club, find walking after a silly ball is a childish activity for grown men.

Once aggression gets to this point, it is a short step to the most vicious act of all: actual destruction. The jealous destroyer is so torn by his own conflicts that he will destroy the happiness of others to compensate for his own unhappiness.

The destruction may be physical—and, sometimes, unconscious. Many a hostess has discovered the folly of letting a guest in whom she senses hostility help her wash her best china. More than one man has learned not to lend his best fishing rod to the neighbor who always claims the rod's owner catches twice as many fish as does anyone else.

Jealousy may lash out in destruction of what we might call the psychic atmosphere. "Good morning," we say to the chronic joy killer. "What's good

to understand it in others. "All of us retain the capacity to change," experts say

about it?" he growls, thus starting one more day dedicated to taking the fun out of life.

The last—and most dangerous—jealous destroyer is the person who gets satisfaction from tearing down the good name of another. Since character assassination is increasingly the routine procedure for headline-grabbers, all of us need to recognize it for what it is.

In a town library there is a special shelf for works of authors who are or were town residents. When the book of a well-known historian was published, the library committee decided against putting it on the shelf. Their reason? They had it on good authority that someone else had written the book for him. "But it's his work and research," a friend defended him.

"They say even that is debatable," the committee answered. "It seems logical. After all, we know him—and certainly nobody we know could be brilliant enough to write that book!"

2. *Self-attacking jealousy* usually catches us unawares; we don't even realize we're victimizing ourselves. And it almost always shows as a process of regression—going back to the ways of an earlier age. An older child may never strike the baby of whom he's jealous; he may even show great concern for its welfare. But unconsciously he tries to become a baby again. He reverts to untrained toilet habits; he refuses to dress himself—anything to bring him more attention from his parents.

Jealous adults do much the same—especially when they have such a horror of jealousy that they fight against expressing it consciously.

"There isn't an ounce of jealousy in Jean, thank heavens," Tom told me. "I'd be sunk if there were, since I have to be on the road so much. I've often told her how grateful I am that she's not like other wives, always throwing tantrums." But something was bothering Tom, or he wouldn't have been visiting a marriage counselor. I asked what it was.

"Well, she goes to pieces over the least little thing. I never have an easy moment while I'm away. Lately she can't make any kind of decision—even where to hang the new towel rack. . ."

Knowing that Jean had never been a girl who couldn't make up her own mind, I asked Tom further questions, then talked to Jean.

It turned out that Jean was hurt because Tom's job so often took him from her. She felt cheated out of all the social, community and even at-home activities they missed. She felt she was saddled with all the humdrum aspects of their marriage while he had all the fun.

At the same time, Jean firmly believed nagging was the unforgivable sin. She delighted that Tom was proud of her because she did not complain. Neither she nor Tom realized gripes openly expressed do far less damage than repressed resentment. Nor did they know that indecision and going to pieces over trifles are mere attention-getters.

Jean, in short, was jealous and didn't know it.

One man I know, who would never admit to himself that he is jealous of the time and affection his wife gives their children, reacts each time a new baby comes. He suddenly claims the laundry does not do his shirts properly. He tries several laundries, then dumps the job on his wife. Then, as each child grows older and his wife is able to give more time to him, he starts taking his shirts back to a laundry.

Other men regress when they are jealous of a wife's job. One of the most skilled women teachers I know never teaches for a long stretch. Each time she gets a new position, her husband sees to it that she is soon asking for maternity leave. Men whose wives earn more than they do sometimes coddle their hurt egos in far more self-devastating ways—by gambling, or drinking or eating to excess.

Regression due to jealousy is not confined to the marriage conflict. A farmer develops heart trouble when his son, on whom he has leaned heavily, goes away to college. An executive comes close to a breakdown soon after he notices his secretary, the first who has ever done her job right, wearing a diamond on her engagement finger. Countless young couples have little opportunity to build their own family traditions, because if they don't rotate holidays between their respective childhood homes one set of in-laws or the other "will be perfectly miserable and not eat a thing."

* * *

We *can* do something about jealousy.

"Human personality can change," said the late Dr. Karen Horney, a psychiatrist who helped thousands of people whose lives were being crippled by their own neurotic feelings of hostility. "It is not only the young child who is pliable. All of us retain the capacity to change, even to change in fundamental ways, as long as we live."

How, then, do you control your jealousy?

- *First, you must be willing to recognize jealousy in yourself.*

As you read this article did you think at any time, "I'd better not let *that* reaction show again!"? Or have you said to yourself, "I hope so-and-so does not read this and think of what I said or did the other night"?

If so, recognize that reaction for what it means. Say it: I *could* be jealous.

- *Admit the inner conflict to someone who can help discover the reason for it.*

Deep-seated hostilities, of course, cannot be uncovered without the help of a trained counselor. However, lesser ones can be discovered by facing our reactions with a good friend who cares enough about us to tell us the truth. Have someone who really knows you read the portion of this article telling how to detect jealousy. Then ask him, "Do you think I am jealous?"

If you cannot do that much, you need to go to a counselor. But if you can merely bring yourself to ask the question, there is a good chance you can begin to work out your problem on your own. By asking, you are putting your doubts into words—and much of the vice is removed from jealousy once you admit in words what is bothering you.

- *Find out if the grass is really greener on the other side of the fence.*

An old Indian proverb says: "I will condemn no brave until I have walked for at least six moons in his moccasins." We might make it read: "I will begrudge no man his achievements or his possessions until I have kept his schedule for at least six weeks." Six days or six hours may be more than enough to make us grateful to be ourselves.

Many a man who secretly envies his wife "all that time sitting around home while I'm slaving at the office" changes his tune after a week end of child care, meal getting, phone answering, shopping, cleaning, and stacking dishes, while his wife is visiting a sick relative. He then begins to appreciate the green spots on his own side of the fence.

- *Talk to the person who has made you jealous—and pay him the honest compliment his achievement or acquisition deserves.*

Most of us shut up like clams when we are jealous. We keep the injury out of sight, where it can't be treated. It actually would be far better to say, "You might as well know I am resentful of this situation. I do not think it fair and this is why . . ." or even, "I'm envious and that's that . . ."

Consistent jealousy indicates a deficiency in capacity to love. It is always a sign of weakness, never of strength of affection.

ERNEST JONES

But through the heart
Should Jealousy its venom once diffuse,
'Tis then delightful misery no more,
But agony unmix'd, incessant gall,
Corroding every thought, and blasting all
Love's paradise.

JAMES THOMSON

Antisthenes used to say that envious people were devoured by their own disposition, just as iron is by rust.

DIOGENES LAERTIUS

The jealous person wants everything for himself—all the love, the glances, the interest. He does not himself reach out generously, give of himself, give freely to the other. He is always afraid of losing what he wants, so he holds it tightly to himself, until it is often crushed in the holding.

HARRY OVERSTREET

But best of all is the compliment. You can actually have fun at it if you adopt the wry-but-honest backhand method many celebrities use. One gossip column reports that when Grace Downs, who runs a well-known modeling school, was asked what she thought of Marilyn Monroe, she said, "Marilyn is strictly passé. She'll be forgotten—the moment men are out of style." And someone told me that Ethel Merman said of Mary Martin, "Oh, she's okay, I guess, if you like talent."

- *Stop fretting about what you don't have and develop something at which you can excel.*

You may not be the president of your local organization, but if you can write legibly you can fill an important function by addressing the cards which get people out to the meetings. Perhaps you are not of executive caliber, but yours may be the ability to handle the drop-in callers who slow down the whole staff. If you can't afford the country club, that doesn't mean you can't throw a party your teen-agers will remember to their dying day.

* * *

Now you know the rules for conquering your own jealousy. But is there anything you can do to help others afflicted with the same vice? There is—but first a word of warning: don't try to play psychologist with people who are abnormally, or psychotically, jealous. They need professional help, not amateur meddling.

But normal jealousy will respond if you:

First, allow others some way to express their hostility; if they aren't permitted to blow off steam they may say, "All right, then, I'll be quiet—but I'll get even later." Second, always build others up instead of tearing them down; denunciations, while they may shore up your thwarted pride, cause deep resentment in the victims. Third, set a good example ("My goodness," one exasperated mother said to me, "aren't children awful nowadays? You teach them and teach them not to swear, but it just does no damn' good!"). Fourth, show the jealous person you have faith in him; he's suffering from a lack of confidence and you can help cure that.

Finally, heed the ancient wisdom which can be found in the sayings of Roman emperor-philosopher Marcus Aurelius. Several of them can be joined together for our purpose into a single, salient gem:

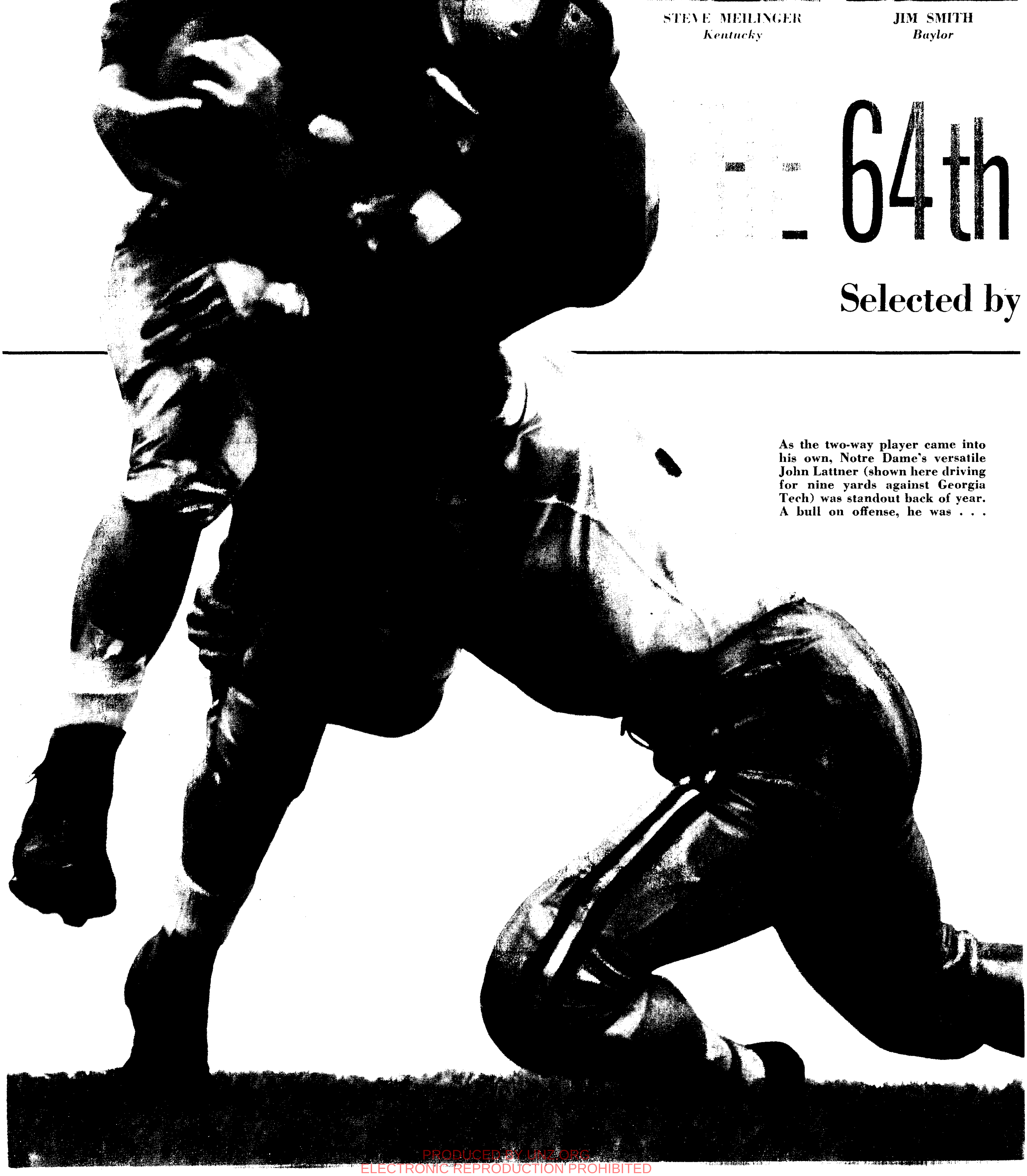
"We are made for co-operation, like feet, like hands. To act against one another, then, is contrary to nature; and it is acting against one another to be vexed and to turn away. The best way of avenging thyself is not to become like the wrong-doer. Men exist for the sake of one another. *Teach them, then, or bear with them.*" ▲▲▲

STEVE MEILINGER
Kentucky

JIM SMITH
Baylor

64th

Selected by



As the two-way player came into his own, Notre Dame's versatile John Lattner (shown here driving for nine yards against Georgia Tech) was standout back of year. A bull on offense, he was . . .

CRAWFORD MIMS
Mississippi

LARRY MORRIS
Georgia Tech

BOB FLECK
Syracuse

STAN JONES
Maryland

DON DOHONEY
Michigan State

ALL-AMERICA

The American Football Coaches Association

By BILL FAY

COLLEGE football, 1953 style, was tremendously exciting and utterly unpredictable. The controversial rules change banning unlimited substitutions killed the two-platoon system and cut the major gridiron powers down to upsettable size. Tiny Mississippi Southern keynoted the topsy-turvy season by beating mighty Alabama; and College of the Pacific compounded the opening-game confusion by whipping Stanford. The big teams with the big winning streaks—Georgia Tech (31 games without defeat) and Michigan State (28 straight triumphs)—were knocked off before the season reached the halfway mark. And Navy shattered Princeton's dominance of Eastern football.

In addition to tightening competition in all sections, the end of the two-platoon era provided the nation's top college players with an opportunity to prove their All-America ability on both offense and defense. As a result, Collier's 64th All-America, selected by The American Football Coaches Association, features a line-up of rugged, two-way performers, the like of which hasn't been seen since 1941, when enactment of the unlimited-substitution rule transformed college football into a game played by hordes of defensive and offensive specialists.

Halfback Johnny Lattner of Notre Dame was an overwhelming choice for Player of the Year. The outstanding lineman in college football, according to the coaches' ballots, was tackle Stan Jones of Maryland.

A total of 527 coaches took part in the All-America balloting. Their votes reflected on-the-field observations, scouting reports and exhaustive studies of game movies. The balloting was supervised by Collier's All-America board of famous coaches, including Don Faurot of Missouri, president of the coaches association; Lou Little of Columbia; Tuss McLaughry, Dartmouth; Bobby Dodd, Georgia Tech; Dutch Meyer, Texas Christian; Biggie Munn, Michigan State; Ray Eliot, Illinois; Bud Wilkinson, Oklahoma; and Lynn Waldorf of California.

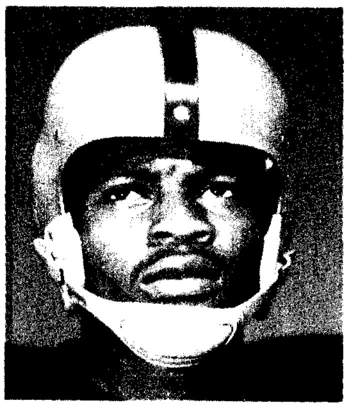
The big change in college football during '53 took place in offensive strategy. Most teams used more running plays and threw fewer passes. Commenting on this trend toward power football, Coach Faurot remarked: "Statistics reveal a decrease of about 18 per cent in the number of forward passes attempted this past season as compared with 1952. This substantial reduction can be traced to the fact that many offensive specialists—particularly T-formation passers

. . . equally adept on defense. Here, he eludes a blocker to maneuver Navy ball carrier Phil Monahan out of bounds as Middies return kickoff

PAUL GIEL
Minnesota

JOHNNY LATTNER
Notre Dame

PAUL CAMERON
UCLA



J. C. CAROLINE
Illinois

Power? The All-America line averages an awesome 219 pounds

THE 64th ALL-AMERICA

End	**STEVE MEILINGER**	**Kentucky**	**Bethlehem, Pa.**
End	**DON DOHONEY**	**Michigan State**	**Ann Arbor, Mich.**
Tackle	**STAN JONES**	**Maryland**	**Lemoyne, Pa.**
Tackle	**JIM SMITH**	**Baylor**	**West Columbia, Texas**
Guard	**BOB FLECK**	**Syracuse**	**Coatesville, Pa.**
Guard	**CRAWFORD MIMS**	**Mississippi**	**Greenwood, Miss.**
Center	**LARRY MORRIS**	**Georgia Tech**	**Decatur, Ga.**
Back	**PAUL GIEL**	**Minnesota**	**Winona, Minn.**
Back	**PAUL CAMERON**	**UCLA**	**Burbank, Cal.**
Back	**JOHNNY LATTNER**	**Notre Dame**	**Chicago, Ill.**
Back	**J. C. CAROLINE**	**Illinois**	**Columbia, S.C.**

and receivers—couldn't play well enough on defense to make the first team."

This pronounced trend toward power is reflected in the 1953 All-America line-up. The line averages 219 pounds from end to end; and the heavy-duty backfield averages 186 pounds.

So much for selection methods and statistics. Now, let's take a closer look at this season's greatest college players, starting with halfback Johnny Lattner (six feet one, 190 pounds) of Notre Dame, the only holdover from Collier's 1952 All-America.

As usual, Lattner was Johnny on the spot for the Irish. In the make-or-break opener against Oklahoma, he played 50 minutes on a bruised right heel with the temperature at 94 degrees.

Despite the injured heel, Lattner punted six times for a brilliant 39-yard average; he picked up vital first-down yardage with powerful smashes at the middle of the Sooners' line; and he set up a touchdown with a leaping catch of a 29-yard aerial from quarterback Ralph Guglielmi.

Defensively, Lattner was equally destructive of Oklahoma hopes. With only about a minute left to play, Johnny intercepted a pass thrown by Buddy Leake on the Irish 30. After making this vital catch, which halted Oklahoma's final drive and preserved Notre Dame's hard-earned 28-21 triumph, Johnny was knocked unconscious by a savage tackle, but he held on to the football.

"It was characteristic of the lad," Leahy commented, "that he held on until he got the job done. Johnny is truly remarkable. You may find a boy who is a better runner than Johnny, another boy who is a better blocker, another boy who is a better tackler, and perhaps still another boy who is a better passer. But you will find no back on the Notre Dame squad—or on any other college squad—who has the ability to do all of these things as well as Johnny Lattner."

Lattner, a two-way star in 1952, was the only member of Notre Dame's starting backfield with any real defensive experience at the outset of the '53 season. Under Lattner's steadying influence, Notre Dame's offensive specialists—Ralph Guglielmi, Neil Worden and Joe Heap—quickly developed into skilled operators on defense. Many veteran observers of Notre Dame football went so far as to rate the Lattner-Worden-Heap-Guglielmi quartet on a par with Notre Dame's famed Four Horsemen unit of 1922-'24, which starred Elmer Layden, Jim Crowley, Harry Stuhldreher and Don Miller.

Offensively, Lattner's greatest asset was his jet-like start which enabled him to smash for four- and five-yard gains on quick-openers aimed anywhere between the opposing team's tackles. Against Georgia Tech, for example, Johnny celebrated his twenty-first birthday by churning 101 yards on 20 attempts, as Notre Dame terminated Tech's streak of 31 games without defeat with a decisive 27 to 14 triumph. Lattner, a senior majoring in accounting, maintains an excellent 82.6 academic average. He is an ROTC enrollee and will be commissioned a second lieutenant in the U.S. Air Force on graduation next June.

Lattner's ruggedness and versatility are gridiron traits which characterize the whole 1953 All-America line-up. Take the ends, Steve Meilinger of Kentucky and Don Dohoney of Michigan State, for example. Meilinger (six two, 220 pounds) started his football career at Kentucky by winning All-Southeastern Conference honors as a sophomore flanker in 1951. When Kentucky suddenly needed a split-T quarterback midway through the '52 campaign, Meilinger (who'd never played in the backfield before) stepped into the job on two days' notice and piloted coach Paul Bryant's Wildcats to an unanticipated steamroller triumph over Miami (Florida). Still later in the '52 campaign, Meilinger moved to halfback and stacked up 110 yards in 17 carries—a handsome 6.5-yard average—against Florida's tough line.

During 1953, Coach Bryant divided Meilinger's playing time among the end, quarterback and halfback positions. "Usually," Bryant commented, "when Steve was listed as a halfback, we used him as a flanker-receiver, split wide outside the end and about one yard behind the line of scrimmage. In effect, this gave us three ends, and placed Meilinger in the best possible position to capitalize on his remarkable pass catching and ball carrying."

Defensively, Meilinger's heft and speed (he runs the hundred in 10.3 seconds) made him a tremendous tackler, while his height and sure-handedness made him an outstanding defender against passes. At various times, Coach Bryant employed Meilinger as a defensive end, as a line-backer when Kentucky shifted into an unorthodox 4-4-3 pattern, and as a defensive halfback. "Steve could play anywhere," Bryant commented. "My only problem was figuring out where he was likely to do the team the most good. Steve was a fine punter, too. Against Louisiana State, he rolled a 49-yarder dead on State's 2-yard line. Prettiest thing I ever saw."

Collier's other All-America end, Don Dohoney of Michigan State, was a devastating defensive wingman last season as the Spartans marched to the national championship. This fall, Dohoney (six one and 191 pounds) quickly adapted to two-way duties. His blocking was a vital factor in Michigan State's attack—both on running plays and as protection for Tom Yewcic, the Spartans' ace passer.

"On pass plays," reported Spartan coach Biggie Munn, "Dohoney frequently dropped back of his end post to help our fullback with the blocking. Often, it was Don's protective efforts which gave our scatbacks—Billy Wells and LeRoy Bolden—time to get clear as receivers.

"Under our system," Munn said, "we throw more to the halfbacks than to the ends, but Dohoney was a fine receiver. He picked off some mighty important first-down passes for us—those eight- and nine-yarders that keep a touchdown drive rolling."

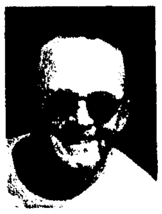
On defense, Dohoney was the most deadly tackler among the nation's top ends, according to the coaches' ratings. He stopped his All-America teammate, Minnesota's Paul Giel, three times with solo tackles as Giel maneuvered in open field.

The middle-of-the-line muscle in the 1953 All-America is supplied by five large and talented operators: tackles Stan Jones of Maryland and Jim Smith of Baylor, guards Bob Fleck of Syracuse and Crawford Mims of Mississippi, and center Larry Morris of Georgia Tech.

Jones (six feet and 245 pounds) is rated the most powerful lineman in college football. Stan

THE ALL-AMERICA BOARD

DON FAUROT
MISSOURI

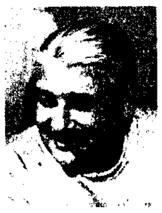

DUTCH MEYER
TEXAS CHRISTIAN

LOU LITTLE
COLUMBIA

BOBBY DODD
GEORGIA TECH

RAY ELIOT
ILLINOIS

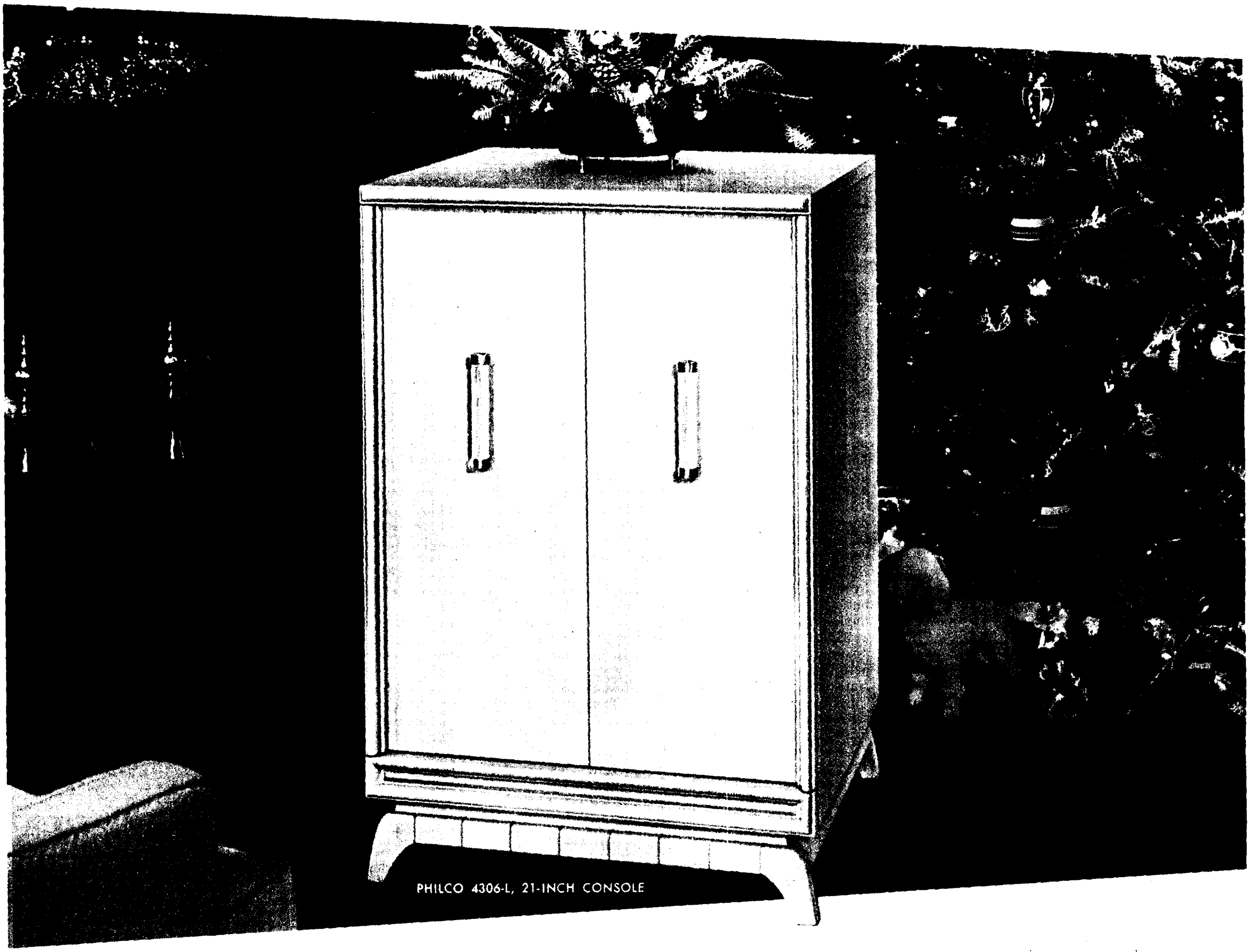
BIGGIE MUNN
MICHIGAN STATE


LYNN WALDORF
CALIFORNIA

TUSS MC LAUGHRY
DARTMOUTH

BUD WILKINSON
OKLAHOMA

"... and best of all, a PHILCO"



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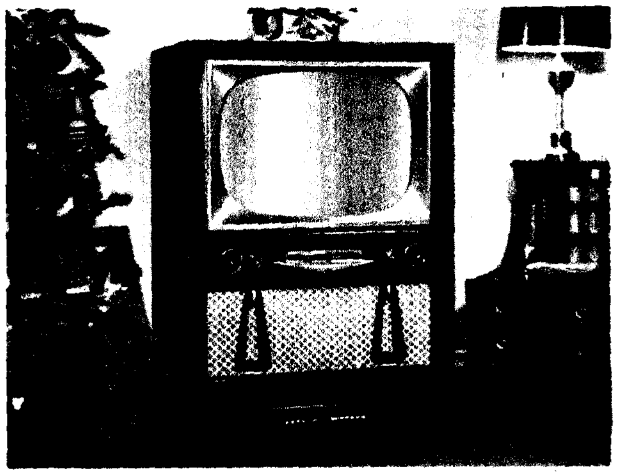
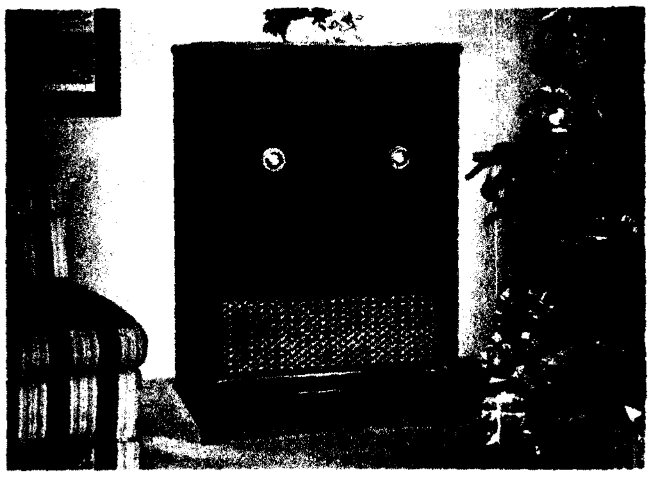


PHILCO 4110, 21-inch console, with HF-200 high fidelity chassis and deep dimension picture, in a handsome mahogany veneer cabinet equipped with casters.



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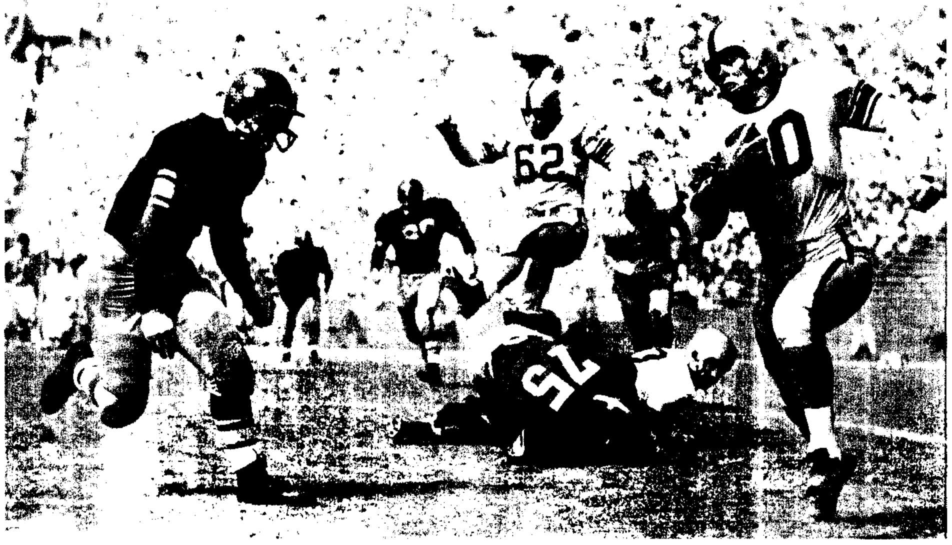


What makes an All-American? Above, Minnesota's Paul Giel gains eight yards against Southern Cal. In strip, Giel (number 10, upper left) comes in on defense to nail ball carrier J. C. Caroline of Illinois

played exclusively on offense during the 1951-'52 campaigns, but he had no difficulty taking on extra defensive chores this year. The explosive charge which was the key to his devastating blocking success also carried him into the opposing team's backfield with disconcerting celerity.

"When we played Georgia," Jim Tatum, the Maryland coach, testified, "Jones came busting through on a pass play, smacked into Gene White—one of their blockers—and bounced White backward into the passer, Zeke Bratkowski. Both White and Bratkowski were stunned by the collision and had to leave the game, but Jones just went back to work as though nothing had happened."

Baylor's Jim Smith (six three, 222 pounds) is another one of those versatile performers like Kentucky's Meilinger. Jim started out as a high-school fullback, shifted to end as a Baylor freshman, then moved to tackle at the outset of the '52 season. He is now a junior.

In addition to possessing the physical attributes of a great tackle, Smith is a talented place kicker and an outstanding competitor. His two extra points carried Baylor past the dangerous Texas Aggies, 14 to 13; his booming, into-the-end-zone kickoffs featured Baylor's tight defensive play throughout the season.

Coach George Sauer of Baylor compares Smith to Ed Weir, All-America tackle at Nebraska in 1925. Sauer, an ex-Nebraska star himself, points out: "Like Weir, Smith possesses amazingly quick hand and foot action. On defense, he handfights blockers so expertly that he's never taken completely out of the play; and on offense, his swift charge makes him an absolutely first-class blocker. He's so quick, he can jar an opponent off balance, then come back and drive him out of the play before the opponent can recover."

And speaking of quick-charging linemen, the All-America guards, Crawford Mims and Bob Fleck, also know how to get across the line of scrimmage in a hurry. Every team on Mississippi's schedule prepared special blocking defenses for the tanklike Mims (five ten, 210 pounds), who specializes in blocking punts. Despite these precautions, Mims blocked two Vanderbilt punts and came back the next Saturday to block Tulane's first attempted punt. "We were all set for him," admitted Tulane coach Ray Wolf, "but he got in there somehow."

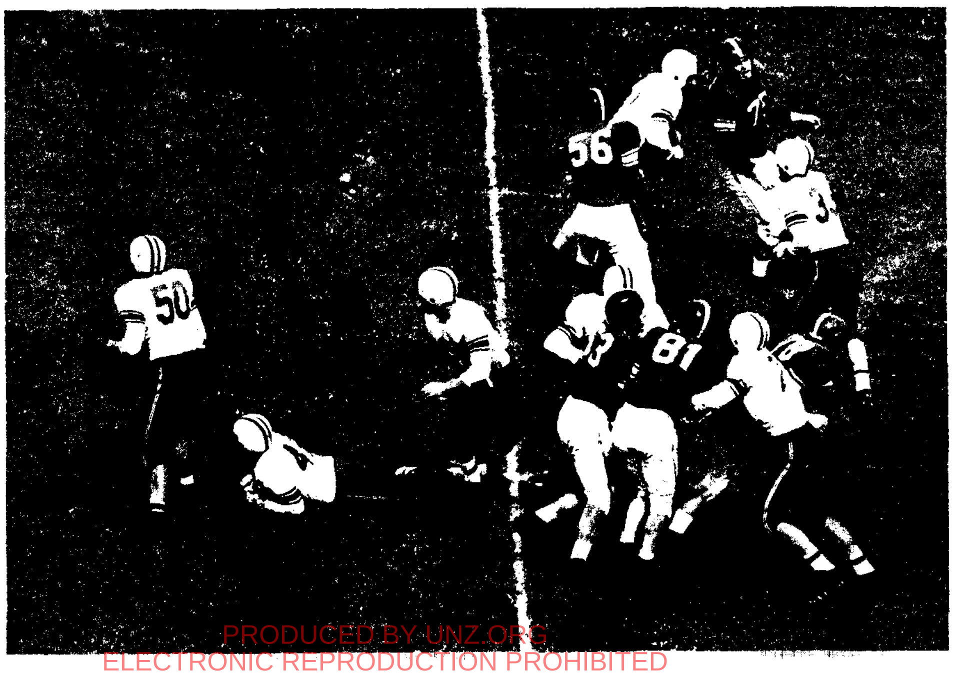
The durable Mims also excels in the most exhaustive of all defensive assignments—rushing the passer. Offensively, Crawford is an extraordinary blocker because he's fast enough to stay out in front of the ball carrier on downfield assignments. That isn't surprising, because he's an ex-fullback. Matter of fact, he gained a whopping total of 1,385 yards during his senior year at J. Z. George, Carrollton, Mississippi, High School.

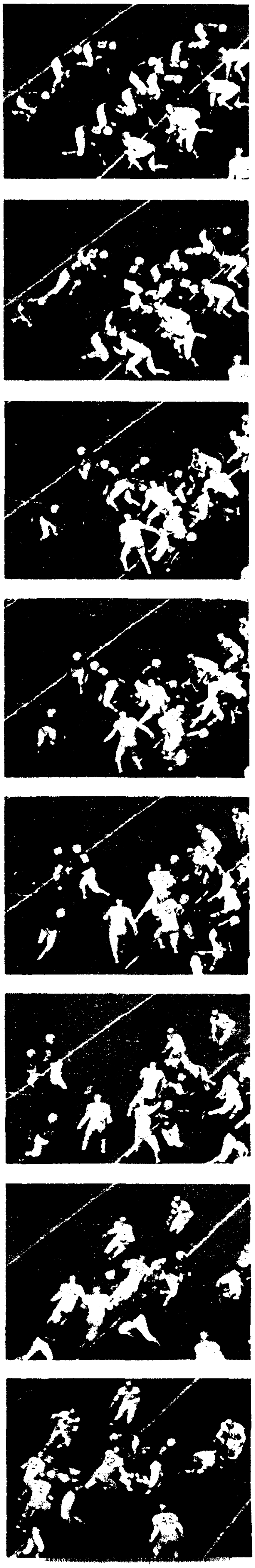
Last season, the coaches rated six-foot two-inch, 260-pound Fleck of Syracuse as one of the nation's top tackles. This fall, Fleck dieted to a svelte 243 pounds and moved to guard, with All-America results. Playing the middle-line spot on defense—opposite the offensive center—Fleck was the big man in Syracuse's powerful forward wall. Line coach Burt Ingwersen of Illinois, which defeated Syracuse 20 to 13, later declared, "Fleck was by far the best lineman we faced all season."

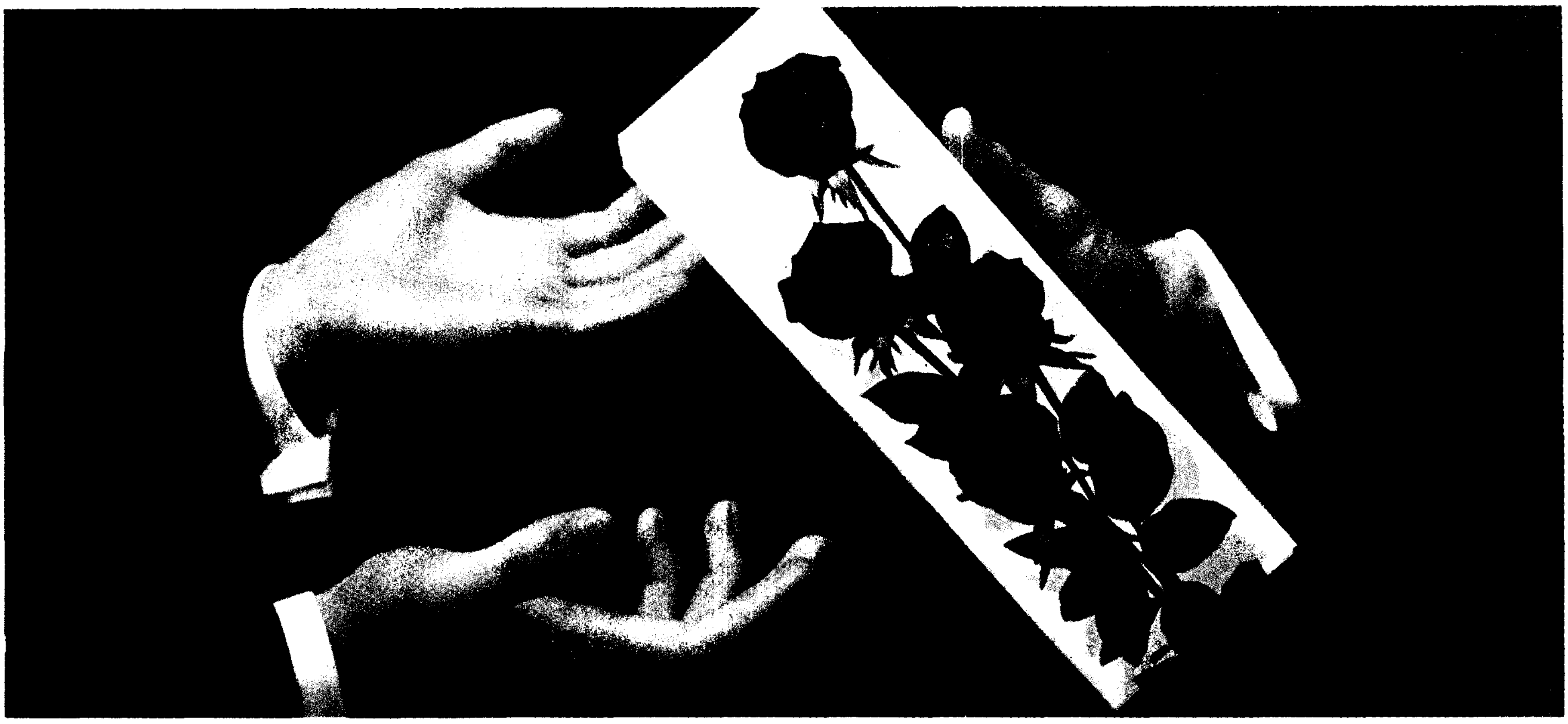
Fleck was big—and fast. Despite his 243 pounds, he was sufficiently agile to pull out of the line and lead the blockers.

Consistent is the word to describe

Here's how Maryland's Stan Jones proved year's best lineman. Below, Stan (white jersey, lower r.) blocks three W & L players. In strip, Jones (77) springs back loose by taking out Georgia line-backer (76)







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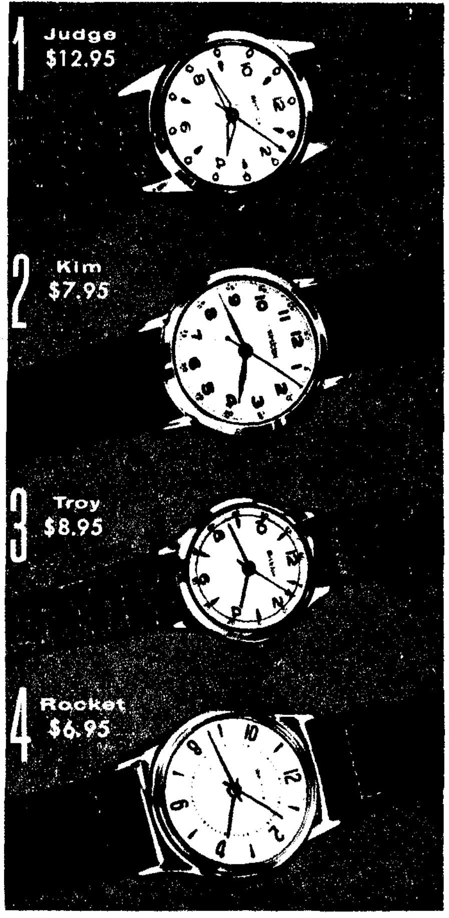

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Larry Morris, Georgia Tech's All-America center. "Consistently great, that is," amends Bobby Dodd, Tech's coach. "There hasn't been a game in three seasons in which Larry's play hasn't been described as outstanding by opposing coaches. This was true even in the Notre Dame defeat when those big Irish blockers simply overpowered the middle of our line and put Morris—our number-one line-backer—under tremendous pressure. Our game movies revealed Larry made 13 solo tackles—and each tackle was the difference between a five-yard stop and a long breakaway run." Morris, only nineteen and a junior, is the youngest member of the 64th All-America.

In addition to Lattner, the All-America backfield includes Paul Giel of Minnesota, Paul Cameron of UCLA, and J. C. Caroline, Illinois's sensational sophomore. Caroline was the big surprise of the '53 season. In his Big Ten debut, against Ohio State, J. C. gained 192 yards in 24 attempts, helping the Illini upset the Buckeyes 41 to 20. Veteran Midwestern gridiron observers immediately described Caroline (six feet and 184 pounds) as the greatest sophomore back since Red Grange—an estimate endorsed by Grange's old coach, Bob Zuppke, now living near the Illinois campus.

Caroline's brilliant breakaway runs—backed up by the power plunging of Mickey Bates, another tremendous sophomore—abruptly transformed the Illini, labeled an also-ran entry in preseason estimates, into a Big Ten title contender. During the first seven games of Illinois's nine-game schedule, Caroline ran for a total gain in all departments of 1,354 yards, breaking the Illinois record of 1,260 yards set by sophomore Grange in 1923.

J. C. (he has no first name) had a fabulous high-school career. He won three letters in each of three sports (for football, basketball and track) and another letter in tennis.

Despite this background, Caroline received virtually no mention in Illinois press releases before the 1953 season. After his sensational start against Ohio State, Illinois coach Ray Eliot was acclaimed for "surprising" the Buckeyes. Eliot disclaims all credit. "I was just as surprised as Ohio State," he insists. "Caroline is just one of those rare competitors who hits his absolute peak under game tension." He proved that again in the Illinois victory over Michigan, when he took over his team's running attack almost single-handed after Bates suffered a slight injury.

Minnesota's Paul Giel (five eleven and 185 pounds) also documented his All-America claim while leading his team to a conquest of Michigan. On that occasion, Giel established a Big Ten record by handling the ball 53 times as a passer or runner. Paul carried 35 times for 112 yards and completed 13 of 18 passes for 169 yards. What's more, Paul Giel intercepted two Michigan passes; and he returned four punts and a kickoff for a total of 90 yards. Over-all, his net gain for the afternoon totaled 371 yards.

In addition to carrying the brunt of Minnesota's running attack, Giel took care of the Gophers' passing and punting chores and also called signals. He performed brilliantly as a pass-defense back and was a hard, incisive tackler in open-field situations. Even when Minnesota was decisively outplayed in the line—as was the case against Illinois—Giel managed to pile up substantial yardage. Against the Illini, for example, Paul scurried 145 yards in 22 attempts while the Gophers were being overwhelmed 27 to 7.

Giel also demonstrated a flair for showmanship: he reserved one of his most exciting runs of the season—a 65-yard punt return against Pitt—for the Saturday on which he was watched by millions on TV.

Shiftiness was Giel's trade-mark. Paul could jerk his knees up around his chin and step out of low tackles. When defenders hit him high, he was powerful enough to churn forward for extra yardage. By way of contrast, Paul Cameron of UCLA, the fourth member of the All-America backfield, was a strong, hard runner who smashed through the line on power and depended on quick bursts of speed for success in open-field maneuvering.

Like Giel, Cameron (six feet, 185 pounds) was an extremely effective passer and an outstanding punter. Operating from the tailback position in UCLA's single wing, Cameron enjoyed consistent success on optional pass plays. Sweeping wide toward either side line, Paul would pass or run with devastating effectiveness—depending on his split-second evaluation of the opposition's defense.

As a sophomore in 1951, Cameron topped the Pacific Coast Conference in total offense. Last year—though hampered by a dislocated shoulder and assorted leg injuries—he averaged less than a quarter of playing time per game; but, even so, his clutch passes provided the key touchdowns in UCLA's eight-game winning streak, which almost earned a Rose Bowl bid. This year, as Cameron returned to full-time action, there was no question of his All-America rating: "Paul was the best back on the Coast," declared coach Lynn Waldorf of California. "In addition to his great physical talents, Paul was a take-charge leader who called plays intelligently and raised the level of his team's performance with his own drive and enthusiasm."

And that's the 1953 All-America: a rugged line with Meilinger, Jones, Fleck, Morris, Mims, Smith and Dohoney; and an equally rugged backfield with Lattner, Caroline, Giel and Cameron. They're all hard-hitting, powerful performers—capable of sustained offensive and defensive effort—the kind of football players Walter Camp had in mind 'way back in 1889 when he originated Collier's All-America tradition. ▲▲▲

ALL-AMERICA ON TV

Collier's 1953 All-America players will appear in person on Ed Sullivan's Toast of the Town television program, the Columbia Broadcasting System, Sunday evening, November 29th, at eight o'clock (EST). In cities where Toast of the Town is retelecast on kinescope film, viewers should consult the local newspapers for the correct time and station

REGIONAL ALL-STARS

ALL-EAST

POS.	PLAYER	TEAM
E	Bob Mischak	Army
E	Dick Deitrick	Pitt
T	Jack Shanafelt	Penn
T	Bob Farris	Army
G	Bob Fleck	Syracuse
G	Steve Eisenhauer	Navy
C	Bob Orders	West Virginia
B	Tony Rados	Penn State
B	Gene Filipski	Villanova
B	Fred Wyant	West Virginia
B	Homer Smith	Princeton

ALL-SOUTH

POS.	PLAYER	TEAM
E	Steve Meilinger	Kentucky
E	John Carson	Georgia
T	Stan Jones	Maryland
T	Ed Meadows	Duke
G	Crawford Mims	Mississippi
G	Joe D'Agostino	Florida
C	Larry Morris	Georgia Tech
B	Zeke Bratkowski	Georgia
B	Corky Tharp	Alabama
B	Jackie Parker	Mississippi State
B	Laurin Pepper	Miss. Southern

ALL-MIDWEST

POS.	PLAYER	TEAM
E	Don Dohoney	Michigan State
E	John Ryan	Illinois
T	George Jacoby	Ohio State
T	Art Hunter	Notre Dame
G	Don Chelf	Iowa
G	Tom O'Boyle	Kansas State
C	Jim Schrader	Notre Dame
B	Paul Giel	Minnesota
B	Johnny Lattner	Notre Dame
B	J. C. Caroline	Illinois
B	LeRoy Bolden	Michigan State

ALL-SOUTHWEST

POS.	PLAYER	TEAM
E	Ed Bernet	Southern Methodist
E	Carlton Massey	Texas
T	Jim Smith	Baylor
T	Don Goss	Southern Methodist
G	J. D. Roberts	Oklahoma
G	Morgan Williams	Texas Christian
C	Kurt Burris	Oklahoma
B	Don Ellis	Texas A&M
B	Lamar McHan	Arkansas
B	Jerry Coody	Baylor
B	Kosse Johnson	Rice

ALL-WEST

POS.	PLAYER	TEAM
E	Ken Buck	College of the Pacific
E	Sam Morley	Stanford
T	Chuck Doud	UCLA
T	Jack Ellena	UCLA
G	Milt Bohart	Washington
G	George Timberlake	Southern Cal
C	Ron Pheister	Oregon
B	Bob Garrett	Stanford
B	Paul Cameron	UCLA
B	Aramis Dandoy	Southern Cal
B	Joe Mastrogiovanni	Wyoming

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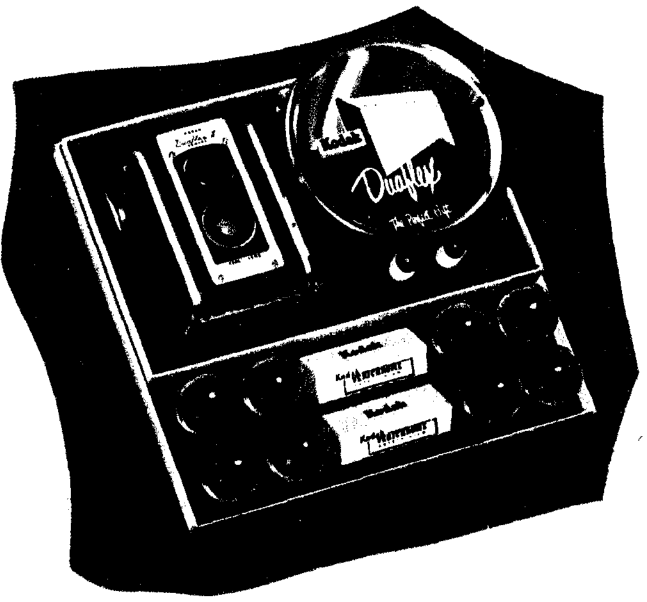

Kodak Duaflex II Flash Outfit
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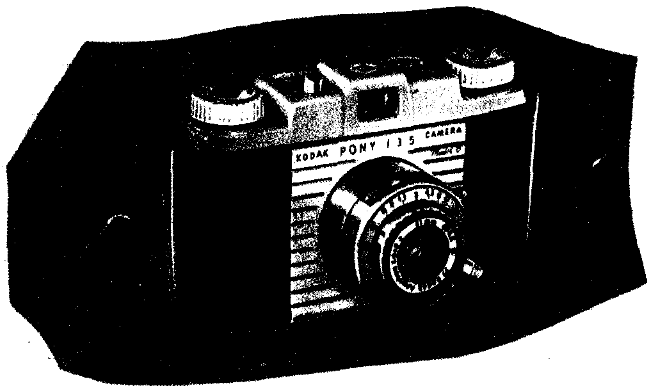

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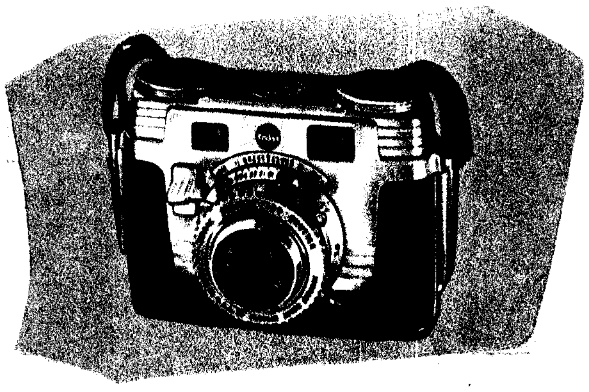

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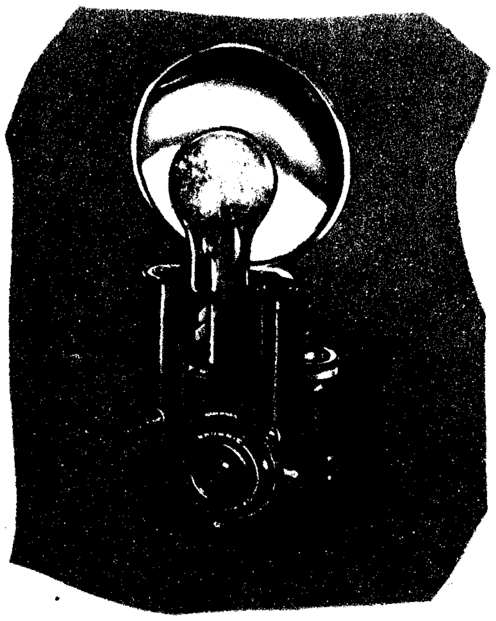

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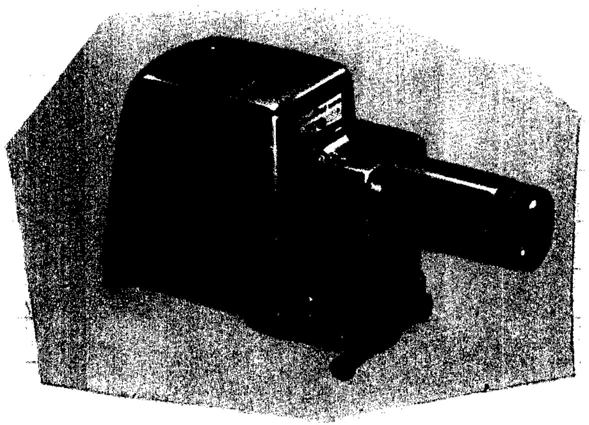

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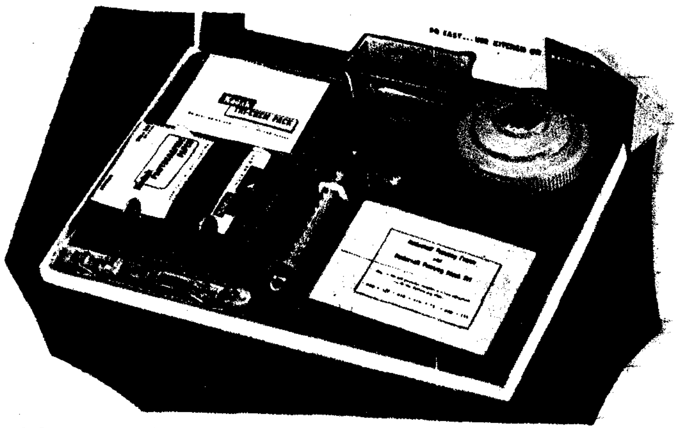

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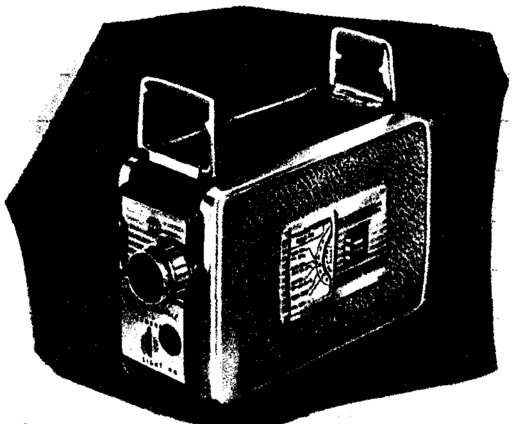

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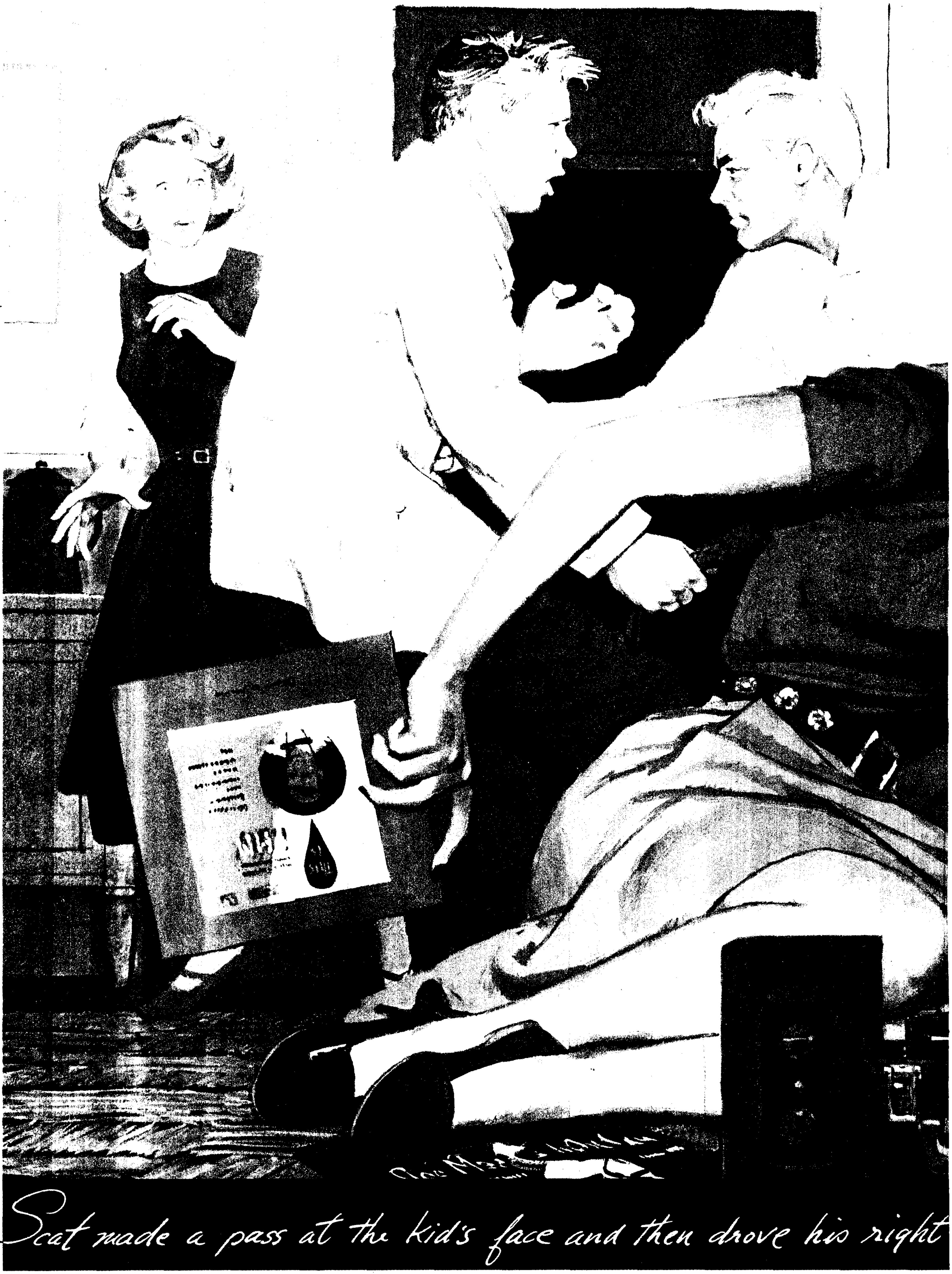
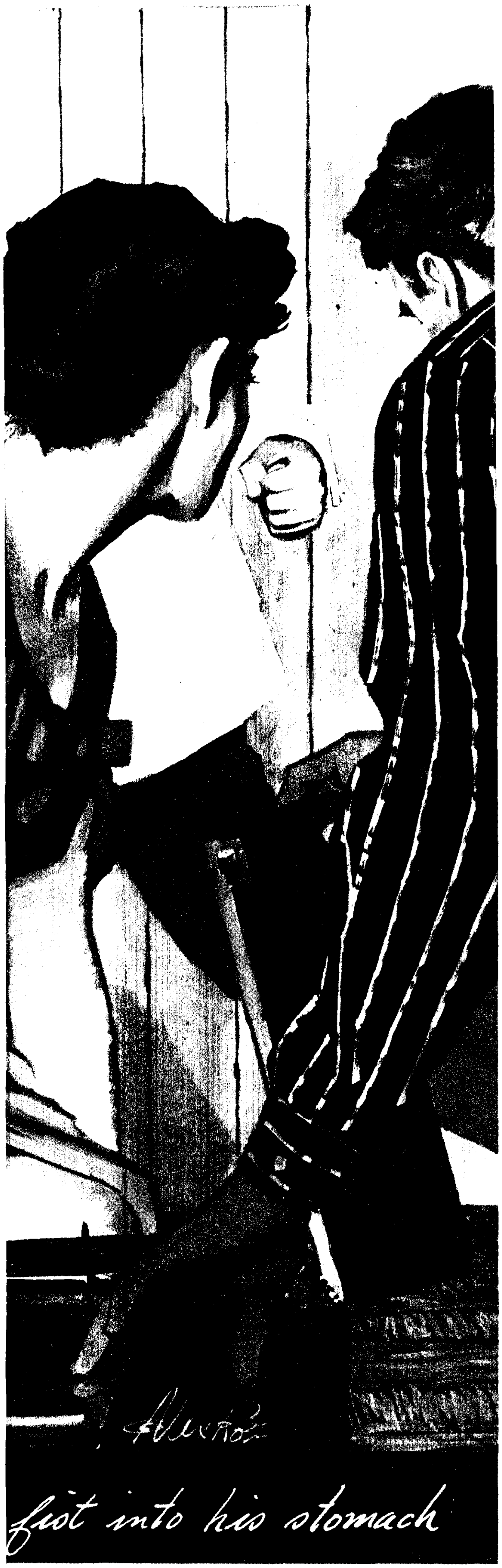


Scat made a pass at the kid's face and then drove his right

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS



GOAL TO GO

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

The town had Scat cornered, and he had to make a choice: he could keep his job—or keep his word

The Story: When All-American Scat Kavanagh told his bride Casey that he was going to coach high-school football rather than sign with a pro team, Casey was furious. She wanted excitement and glamor, not small-town drudgery. Tiny Zizza, coach of the pro team, also thought Scat was a fool. But Scat was determined to help boys to get the breaks he himself had never had. When Scat arrived at Junipero to take up his duties, he found the school and town split into two camps. For the new coach were Miss Hollenbeck, girls' vice-principal, Joe Zaborowski, assistant coach, Hank Fanning, editor of the town's paper, and Duncan McBean, brother of the school's principal. Working against Scat were Donald McBean, the principal, Mr. Schmee, head of the athletic department, and Mr. Runciman, boys' vice-principal. The boys Scat had to work with were a sad lot: Louie LeBeau was a prima donna, Utz Dushick was fat and lazy, Dannenbrink had ability but was afraid, Cooky Triano was scrappy but too small. The player Scat needed, everyone agreed, was Eddie Dunn—but Eddie was in reform school; he had stolen jewelry for a girl named Clemmie. To Scat this was a challenge; he didn't want to get the boy out for the sake of the team, it was for the boy's own sake. But when he persuaded Judge Norgaard to parole Eddie to him, he ran into trouble: Casey didn't want a young hoodlum living in their apartment, and Scat's enemies said Scat was helping Eddie just to win games. And then Clemmie tried to lure Eddie back into his old ways—if she succeeded, Scat's hopes and career, maybe even his marriage, would be ruined.

CONCLUSION

AS YOUNG Mrs. Scat Kavanagh walked down the main street of Junipero one hot October afternoon, she was annoyed to find herself thinking about Eddie Dunn. But when she went shopping, Casey Kavanagh had to think of Eddie. Eddie ate twice as much as Scat, no mean trencherman himself, and he'd eat three times as much if she'd let him.

"He's still growing," Scat had told her. "A good tackle burns up a lot of energy."

"He has too much energy," Casey had said. "He ought to realize what you've done for him, getting him out of reform school, and not be so cocky."

"He's cocky because he doesn't know how else to act," Scat had said. "I'm glad that school didn't get him down or he wouldn't be much good to me."

To Casey, the Kavanagh duplex seemed fuller of young Eddie Dunn than of wedding presents, even though he did not sleep on the couch in the living room as Scat had originally proposed. Eddie and Scat had set up a cot on the back porch. "This be okay?" Scat had asked cheerfully, and Eddie Dunn, without any expression at all, had said, "I've slept in worse places in my time."

If he hadn't liked it, Casey knew all too well by now, Eddie would have said, "This is for the birds." It was a favorite expression of his. She wouldn't have known what Eddie thought about anything except football if Eddie hadn't said that his history teacher, Mr. Runciman, was for the birds. Casey had majored in history, and as a concession to Scat she was tutoring Eddie so that he'd remain eligible for football.

Once in the middle of a session about Abraham Lincoln, Miss Hollenbeck's idol, Eddie had said, "Miss Hollenbeck ought to lay off Clemmie."

"What do you know about Clemmie?" Casey had said. "Unless you want to go back where you were, Clemmie is out of bounds."

"Somebody's picking on her all the time; it's no good," Eddie had said.

And another thing that bothered Casey was the way Eddie stared at Scat when Scat wasn't looking; the boy's eyes were cold and blank.

These were the things that Casey thought about as she walked along the crowded street.

The Junipero High School football team had won its first five games. Scat was the big frog in this little puddle now, and because of Scat, Casey in her white sweater and green slacks was greeted effusively by the leading citizens of Junipero. Everyone had something to say about the team, or they wanted to ask about Eddie Dunn.

Six weeks ago Eddie Dunn was a little bum, a forgotten boy in a reform school, Casey thought, but now, if we don't feed him or if he flunks history, the

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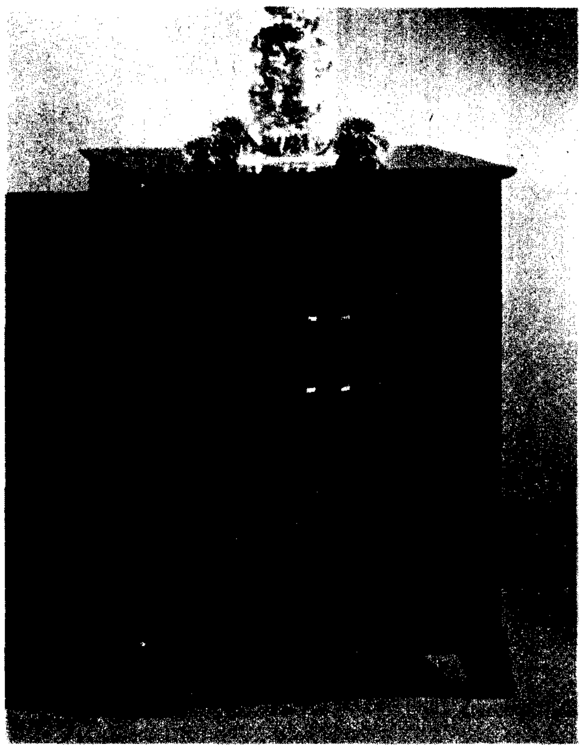

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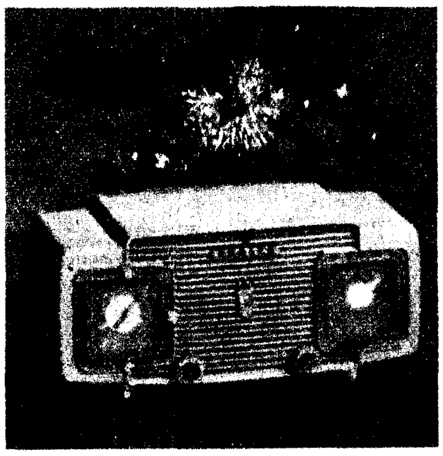

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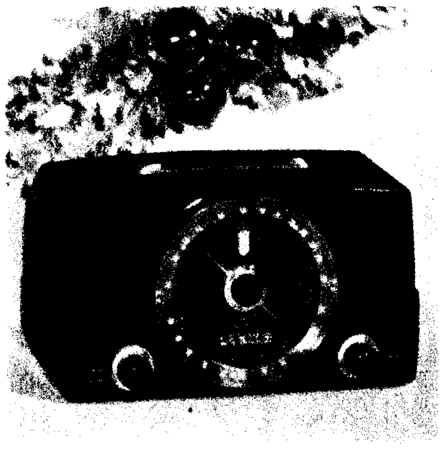

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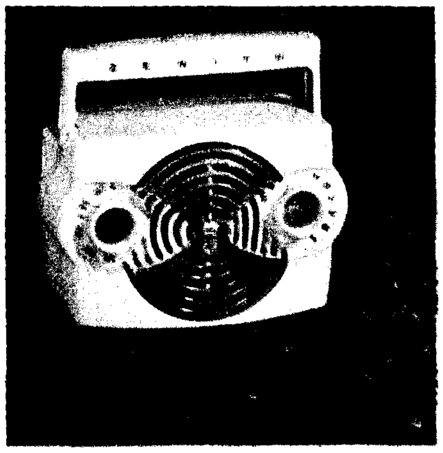

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EXCLUSIVE INSIDE STORY

ON ZENITH'S COBRA-MATIC RECORD PLAYER WITH STROBOSCOPE

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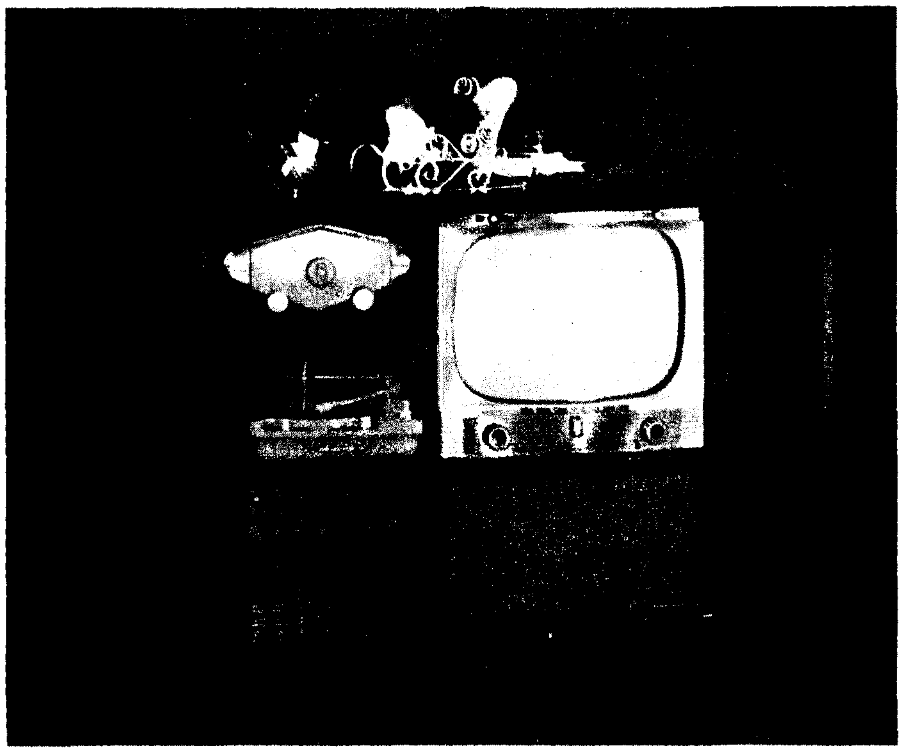
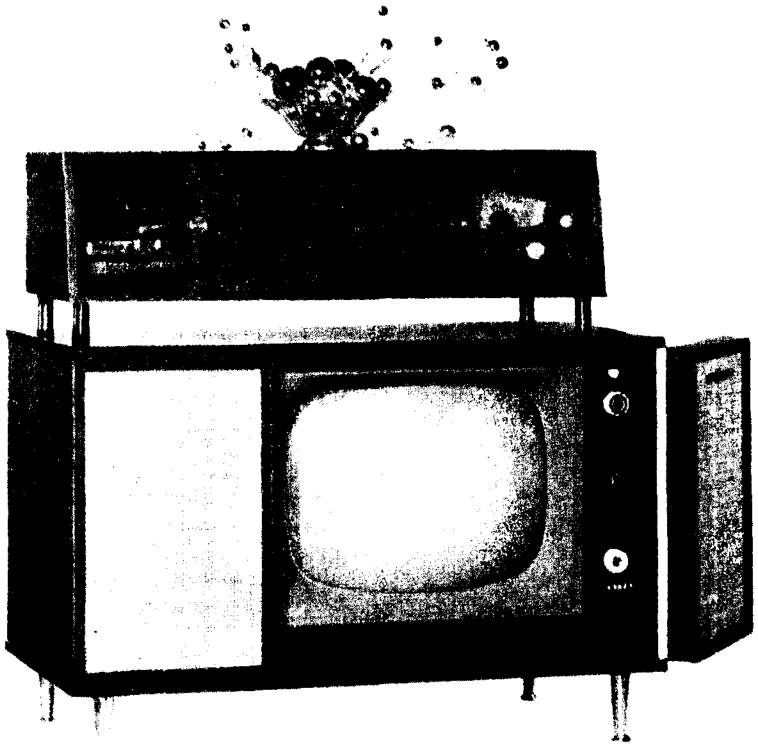
Plays ANY SPEED from 10 to 85 RPM—Not just 78, 33⅓, and 45, but *any* speed. You're ready for any new speeds to come (like the new "talking books" at 16⅔).



The Rodgers—Zenith 21" Television, Phonograph, AM-FM Radio. Cabinet features doors of beautifully grained wood hand-rubbed to satiny mahogany finish. Cinébeam picture tube for pictures just like the movies. Exclusive Cobra-Matic record player with Stroboscope. 12" High Fidelity Speaker. Model L2287R $679.95*



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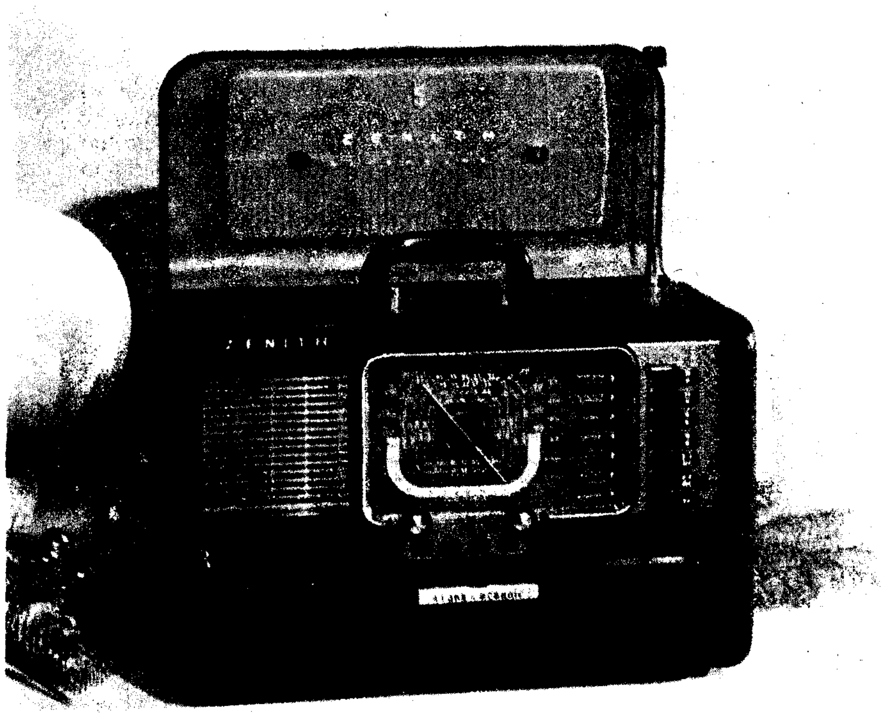

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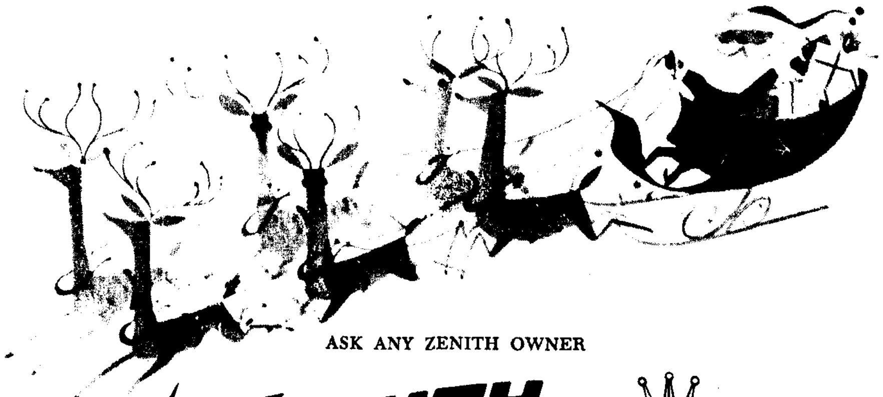

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COPR. 1953

town will string us to a Joshua tree.

And then another nagging thought came to her: Eddie had told Scat a couple of nights before that he was going to see his parents, but Casey knew he hadn't gone there—unless his mother, who drank, also used a heady perfume. I should tell Scat, she thought, but I won't. This was his idea, this Eddie Dunn business. Let him figure it out.

She hurried on to where she had parked the car. She wanted to go out and watch the practice—and Scat—and to escape from any more questions about how Eddie was doing.

It seemed to Casey, as she sat in the stands, that the entire town had turned out to watch the practice. If this keeps up, she thought, they can build a new stadium. And it was Scat who had drawn the crowd, Scat who was down there beating his brains out with all those stupid, wobbly colts.

Look at him. Look at my darling, she thought, trying to show that little grandstander how to fake the way *Scat Kavanagh* used to fake. I know he doesn't sleep nights; all night long he's tossing and scatting and trying to make a yard on fourth down. I love him so I'd play tackle myself. I'm hooked. And if he should lose the championship, they'll saw him in half.

A terrified moan from Mrs. Dushick—because Utz was laid out as flat as 230 pounds could get—stopped Casey's thoughts.

"Eddie Dunn knocked Utz down," Mrs. Dushick said, "and fell right on top of him. I saw him."

"Maybe someday he'll knock Eddie Dunn down and fall on top of him, and I hope I'm there to see it," Casey said.

UTZ was up, wobbling a little. Eddie Dunn gave him a hard smack on his fat behind. Even up in the stands the grin on Utz's face was plain.

"Utz seems to like it," Casey said. "Well if I don't get the pot roast on, nobody will have the strength to knock anybody down. Put Utz on a diet of raw meat. I'll be seeing you."

As Casey left the grandstand, she smelled a strong perfume. It was dark under the stands, but she recognized Clemmie. Casey nodded to her.

"Go to hell!" Clemmie said.

Casey stopped. Nobody who knew her had ever told her to go to hell, and those who didn't know her were warned by her red hair. "That won't get you anywhere," she said.

"A lot you know about it," Clemmie said. "You give me a pain."

Casey knew she should go away, but something behind the hot defiance in the girl's eyes held her, something lost and lonely. "Why do I give you a pain?" Casey said.

"You all give me a pain," Clemmie said, "shoving me around. I was good enough for Eddie before you came along. What's so wonderful about football? I hate football."

Well, Casey thought ruefully, that's an attitude *I* can understand. She stepped nearer to the girl but Clemmie ran like a scared cat. It wasn't a pleasant feeling to have anybody run away from you like that, even Clemmie.

As she walked slowly away from the field, Casey said to herself: Nasty little brats that wouldn't know a break if it conked them on the beezer. Tiny Zizza, who had wanted to pay Scat Kavanagh $9,000 to play football in Chicago, had said that. He could be right. But nobody had tried to give Clemmie a break. Miss Hollenbeck, the girls' vice-principal at the high school, knew all about Abe Lincoln and Ann Rutledge, but did she know what it was that made Clemmie tell people to go to hell?

As she prepared dinner, Casey tried to define the barrier that stood between her and Scat. It wasn't Junipero, nor Chicago, nor even anger any more. It was something intangible and important. It had to do with Clemmie, and the town, and Eddie Dunn.

THAT night Eddie Dunn came to the table fresh from the shower, wearing a sport coat that had once been Scat's. And the two of them—Scat and Eddie—were talking as usual about the practice. I might as well be out of bounds too, Casey thought.

"What's the signal between the end and the tackle on that twenty-nine reverse?" Eddie said.

"Tackle slaps the end on the leg," Scat said. "That says: I can handle their tackle alone, you take the linebacker." He began to draw crosses and circles on the tablecloth with a big, soft black pencil. "You can see it makes a stronger play—and boy, how I wish I had you on both sides of the line. Cooky's scrappy but he's light for that one-on-one block."

"I shoulda been twins," Eddie said.

Twins, Casey thought bitterly, you *are* twins, you and my husband. Clemmie and I are both out of bounds.

"This is one of my best tablecloths," she said coldly.

They exchanged a quick man-to-man glance that said: Women! and Eddie Dunn said placatingly, "That twenty-nine reverse could be worth a tablecloth if we ever needed it."

"It was worth a lot more than that to us once; it was in a Stanford game," Scat said, reminiscing. "Artie was in there at fullback . . ." Eddie's dark head was bent close to Scat's blond one over the circles and crosses and arrows.

Scat missed Artie. He was a man who needed a man to talk to. Well, now he had Eddie Dunn to talk to, to tell about old games, to make marks on tablecloths, to laugh with.

I ought to be glad, Casey thought. But the sense of unrest she had felt earlier persisted.

Now they were talking about how to win the next game. Maybe it would be all right if they kept on winning—or maybe that was it, maybe it *wouldn't* be all right if they kept on winning.

They kept on winning.

TIGERS WIN AGAIN. NEBEKER PASSES FOR WINNING TD

LEBEAU'S 80-YARD RUN BEATS FAVORED WEST BEACH

The team was sweating it out: days of school, afternoons of practice, nights of chalk talks and study. The first-string center broke his leg; Giuseppe Sarafino was in; a halfback was benched for smoking and a first-string guard was ineligible because he got a D in history.

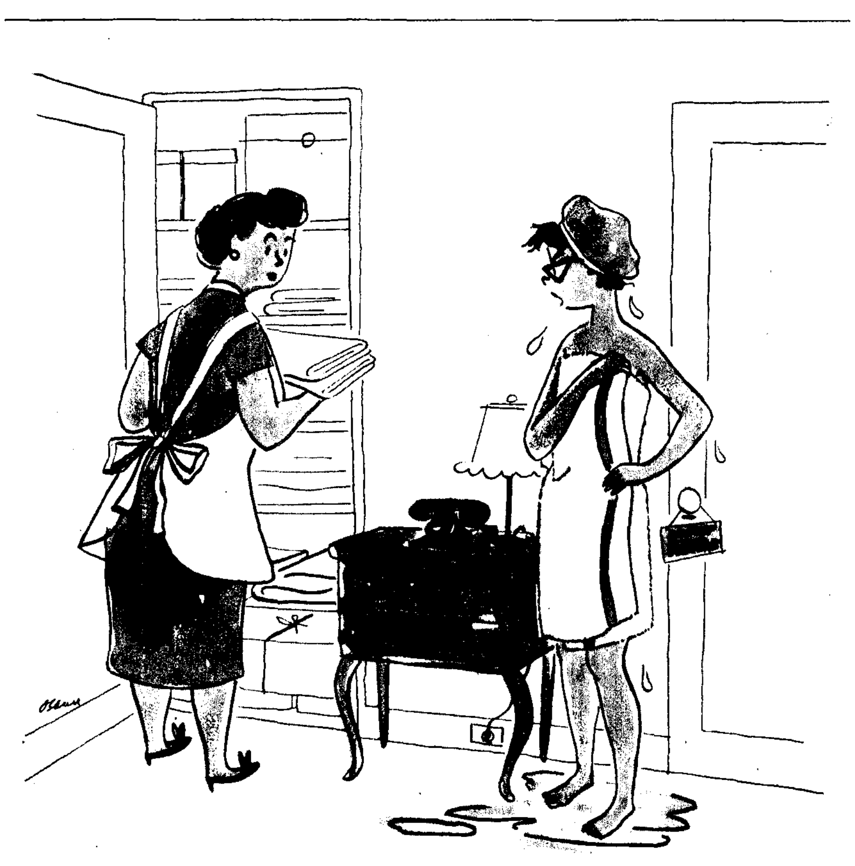
The trouble began after the eighth game, in Tejera, the win that put them in there for the Valley championship.

The bus stood behind the Tejera High School gym; on its side was a sign: *A Team That Won't Be Beat Can't Be Beat.* Crowds milled around it, waiting for the team to come out of the gym. Junipero fans—fathers, mothers, neighbors, the student body—were waiting, singing, shouting, waving pennants. Cooky Triano's girl, in her cheerleader's outfit, waited beside the bus, her face white with anxiety.

The team began to straggle out, some of them dragging their tails, some of them still excited by the victory.

Scat Kavanagh came out, one arm supporting Cooky Triano. The crowd yelled, and Cooky, hanging onto Scat, grinned at them. His girl said, "Oh, Cooky!" and Cooky said, "Nothing but a sprain," and she said, "Oh, Cooky, did you know they elected you king for the big Varsity Dance tomorrow night?" Cooky kept on grinning. "And who's queen?" he said, and his girl blushed and said, "Me." Joe Zaborowski lifted Cooky into the bus then and the girl stepped back reluctantly.

TIZZY



"Mother! Can't you make Buster stop? When he wants to get me out of the bathroom, he runs next door and calls me up!"

COLLIER'S

KATE OSANN

Scat turned to Zaborowski and said, "When we get home, you might take a look around town. This win doesn't lift the midnight curfew."

Eddie Dunn pushed his way through the crowd, smiling at the people who slapped him on the shoulders. He came up to Scat and said, "I'd like to ride home with my folks—okay?"

Scat looked at him. "No," he said.

"Some of the fellows are riding home with their folks," Eddie said.

"Not tonight," Scat said. "I'd like the team to ride home together."

Inside the bus there was enough noise for a Presidential convention. Hank Fanning of the Junipero Daily Blade got in and yelled, "Westfield beat San Luis! So a week from tonight in Junipero it's the big one!" He put a hand on Eddie Dunn's arm. "Nice going, boy," he said.

EDDIE nodded, his eyes on a roadster parked down the street. "The Times sent a man down from the city," he said. "We're big stuff. He says Westfield will kill us."

"Well," Scat said, "it's an argument that can be settled."

"But he said they haven't got a tackle as good as Eddie," Hank said.

"There aren't any," Scat said, and Fanning nodded and went away.

Eddie said, "How about me riding home with—"

"You know better," Scat said.

"There isn't any rule about going straight home after a game," Eddie said. "I played fifty-four minutes."

"I want to get ice packs on Cooky's ankle," Scat said, "and we've got to keep him walking so it doesn't stiffen. He's also important to us. After that, maybe you can go down to the Wayside with the boys if it's not bedtime. But I like the team to go home together after a game. And you aren't a Moomaw yet. They suckered you on that touchdown pass. Besides, I think Cooky would like to have you along. He's worried. A week from tonight Westfield will be very tough."

"The tougher they are, the better I like it," Eddie said.

"Is that so?" Scat said. "Well, you're up against a real tough one right now. If you're Mr. Big you'll have to take what comes with it. Utz didn't do too bad while he was in there. Sarafino came through. It would be a good thing if they think you want to ride home with them, or they might think you've got a swelled head." Scat's voice was low, but he was smiling.

A yell rocketed up as the bus started. Scat said to Joe Zaborowski, "You think I better say something?" and Zaborowski nodded. Scat stood up in the swaying bus; the lump in his throat choked him—this bunch of raggle-taggle kids had played their hearts out, and for him. He yelled for quiet and then he said, "You should have been beat by two touchdowns, you know."

Utz Dushick said, "If it hadn't been for Eddie we would of."

"And Dannenbrink," Eddie said in a loud, ugly voice.

The silence was heavy. Everyone had been aware all the time that Dannenbrink wasn't there. After a moment, Eddie said, "I guess he went home with his folks."

"Well," Scat said, "he isn't much of a fullback anyway. We'll see how he looks as a tackling dummy come Mon-

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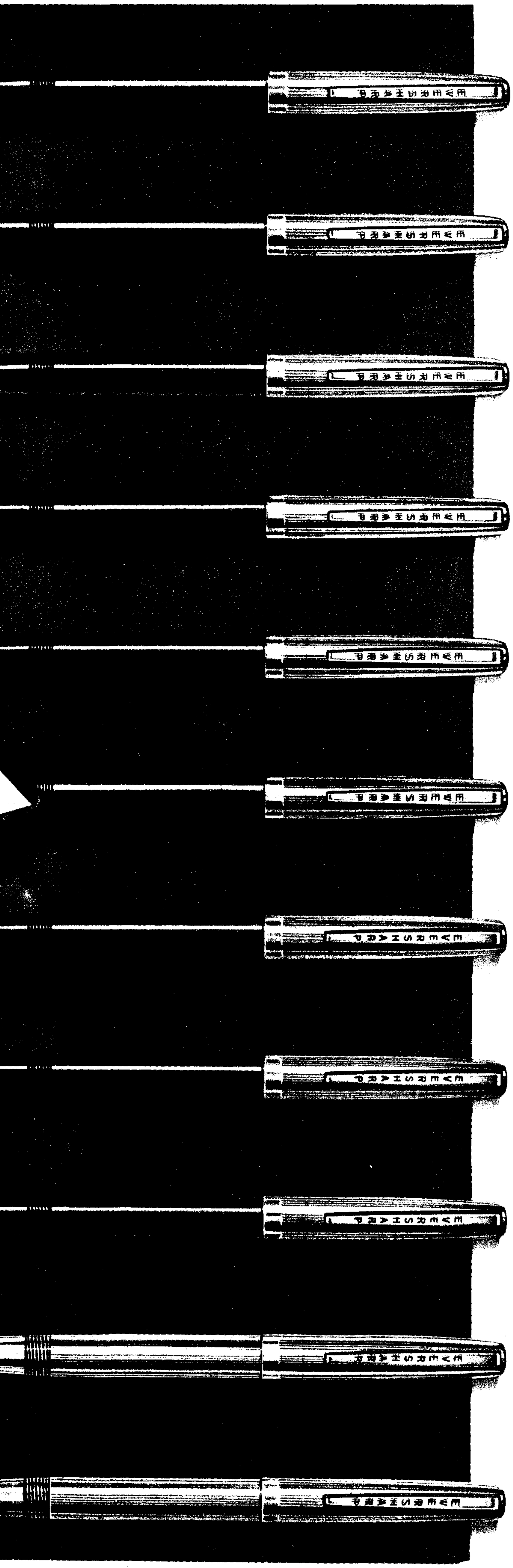

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day." Somebody laughed, the tension broke, and they began to sing their school song.

After Scat had got Cooky Triano propped on the couch in the living room and had told Casey to call the boy's father, he went into the kitchen where Eddie was smashing ice on the kitchen sink. He said, "I'll be right back," and went out.

Dannenbrink was at the Wayside Drive-In all right. It was the school hangout and most of the team was there. Scat went over to the corner where Dannenbrink sat with a girl. There was no rule against girls up to midnight, but this one was Clemmie.

As HE walked toward them, Scat looked at himself in the mirror behind them. He still looked young, not much older than the boys on his team. They were kids who wanted to have fun, and he wanted to have fun himself. He hadn't known whether all his idealistic theories about coaching high school would work, but they had, and he was proud. He was also lonesome.

He felt the need to sit down and talk all this over with Artie, the way they had talked over every game for eight years. But here the only person he had to turn to was Joe Zaborowski, a great guy and a loyal one, but they made contact only on scouting reports. Of course, sometimes he could talk to Eddie Dunn just as though the kid were his own brother, but now he had a hunch he'd have to clamp down on him. Sometimes he thought he'd got to Eddie, but other times he thought maybe the kid hated him. He wished he knew.

Maybe he wouldn't be lonesome if he could just go home and find Casey alone, if she would be like she used to be before she froze up, if they could just talk all of this out.

But now he said to Dannenbrink, "I want to see you outside for a minute." He didn't even look at Clemmie.

Outside in the parking lot, Scat said, "Where were you when the bus left?" Dannenbrink was taller than Scat, and he weighed fifteen pounds more. I could bust him in two, Scat thought, and what good would that do me?

"I went down for a hamburger and when I got back the bus was gone," Dannenbrink said, "so I rode home with my folks."

"You're a liar," Scat said. "Even Utz Dushick has more gizzard than you. But I'm not going to bench you because I need you against Westfield. This week, though, I am going to find out if you really want to play football. You're going to have a rough time."

He'd like to sock me, Scat thought sadly. I wish he had the guts. If he hit me first, I could really level on him.

After he'd seen to it that Dannenbrink got home, Scat cruised around, just looking. The town was quiet now, after the victory celebration, and at last he headed for home. He felt old and tired. The fatigue from playing all eleven positions—on the side lines—caught up with him. This was a funny way to feel after winning a ball game, but he had not yet won the ball game he was thinking about now; that one was next Friday.

If he could only go home to Casey—He *had* to find time to work out whatever it was that he and Casey had lost, but he never seemed to have time.

"Did you find Patty-cake Dannenbrink?" Eddie asked when Scat came in.

"He's home in bed," Scat said. "You hit the hay; you may have to play sixty minutes next Friday night. You're going to be the difference between victory and defeat again, son."

"Quit worrying," Eddie said, and then he started to say something else but stopped, and he went out on the back porch.

When Scat looked into the bedroom, Casey was asleep, or pretending to be. Then he checked up on Cooky, who was asleep, on the living-room couch, his foot wrapped in ice packs. Scat got him up and walked him. Cooky didn't wake up till the pain hit, and then he blinked and grinned; he said, "I still got all my teeth anyhow."

When he had finished with Cooky, Scat got out his sheets of paper that were ruled like a gridiron, his blue pencil for defense, the red one for offense and spread them on the table in the alcove. That kid at Westfield was a fine passer. On pass defense, if Scat could teach the end and the tackle and the line-backer to work as a unit, they could shoot the line-backer through the gap and drive the guy crazy. Artie used to do it. If Dannenbrink could—

Crazy, man, crazy. Crazy, man, crazy. Crazy, man, crazy.

The music throbbed, the lights in the gym shone down through colored streamers, the dancers packed the floor. A big black and orange pennant said *Junipero High School Varsity.*

The 1953 Varsity Dance was in progress. The king sat enthroned beside the band, his bandaged ankle on a stool, and his girl sat beside him with a gold-paper crown on her head.

"I told you if you'd play tackle for me you'd be king, didn't I?" Scat said, and Cooky said, "Get my ankle well by Tuesday, Coach, that's all," and Scat nodded and started around the edge of the dance floor.

He looked at Casey standing under the triumphal arch. Either he had forgotten or Casey had never been that beautiful. "I've heard better music," he said when he reached her side, "but I could dance to any music with you."

As they danced, it seemed to Scat that it was only a week ago, not a year, that they had been dancing together at the Varsity Dance in the Biltmore Bowl. Casey had worn white. And Scat Kavanagh had played a lot of football that afternoon. Tonight Casey was in jade green, and she was the prettiest girl there.

THE music stopped and Scat looked down as they waited for it to begin again. "Still with me, honey?" he asked, and Casey said, "For better or for worse."

"Can't be worse as long as I've got you," Scat said.

Casey's hand tightened on his arm. The music started again, and Casey was dancing with little Louis LeBeau. Right next to them she saw Eddie Dunn dancing with Clemmie. They were dancing slowly, clinging to each other. Casey supposed Eddie thought nobody could see the pain and anger on his face because he had his eyes closed, but Clemmie's eyes were wide open, looking up at Eddie Dunn.

Nobody ever saw that expression on my face, Casey thought. Nobody should *ever* see that expression on any woman's face. I hope Eddie won't open his eyes and see it, because if he does—Louie LeBeau swung her into big Chester Green, the end, and Chester said, "He thinks he's still on the field, Mrs. Coach." When Casey looked back Eddie had opened his eyes; he was looking down at Clemmie's upturned face.

I must find Scat, Casey thought, remembering the night Eddie had come home reeking of cheap perfume. We're chaperons. I've got to do something, but for the first time in my life I don't know what . . .

Scat was standing in a corner with Joe Zaborowski and the quarterback, a nice-looking kid with freckles. Scat was saying, "Come up to my house tomorrow night, Nebeker, so we—"

"Scat!" Casey said. The tone of her voice brought him swiftly to her. She hastily explained her fears, but when they began to look at the crowded dance floor, they discovered that Eddie and Clemmie had left.

THE night outside was soft and clear and dark. The wind smelled of sage and desert heat, and the leaves of the eucalyptus trees stirred gently.

In the shadows of the trees, Eddie put his arms around Clemmie. "I shouldn't let you," she said. "You stood me up last night after the game."

"If anybody's going to be sore it ought to be me," Eddie said. "You got a sub in there pretty quick."

"You do everything that coach says," Clemmie said. "That jerk thinks he can tell everybody what to do."

"He's all right," Eddie said. "It's his job to win football games. He can't win 'em without me."

Clemmie lifted her face close to his, and she whispered, "Eddie, we got the place down at the bay tomorrow night. Chuck's folks are away. We're all going down. Come with me."

"You know I can't; I'm in training," Eddie said.

"One night can't matter," Clemmie said, leaning against him. "What could he do? He wouldn't dare do anything. Everybody's talking about how you won the game. He wouldn't dare—"

"Look," Eddie said hoarsely, "he's all right. If it wasn't for him, I'd still be in the clink. He wants me to go to college—"

"You make me sick," Clemmie said. She twisted away from him. "We had some fun before he came along, didn't we? College! I suppose you think if you went to college you'd be a big shot around here, all dressed up with a fraternity pin. Nobody around this town'd be good enough for you any more. I've seen college boys. I was good enough for you—"

"Okay, okay, we had fun," Eddie said, "and I ended in the cooler."

He felt confused. He remembered the times he and Clemmie used to have. And it was like Clemmie said: What could the coach do about it? If Eddie Dunn didn't show up one night, was the coach going to run around town blowing the whistle? Not with the game against Westfield at stake.

But then Eddie thought of the nights he'd sat around hearing about the big games Scat Kavanagh and Artie Cochran had played in.

Clemmie was saying, "Oh, don't be silly. He won't do anything. Look at what the paper says about you."

"He can surprise hell out of you sometimes," Eddie said.

Clemmie started to walk away, her thin body swaying, and Eddie said, "Clemmie!"

"You go to hell!" Clemmie said. "I've had it, sitting around for weeks and weeks. All I want is a little fun and to go someplace once in a while, and you treat me like I was dirt or something. If you're so holy, I'm through. There's plenty other guys."

"I haven't got any dough anyhow," Eddie said, following her out into the light. "The coach gives me a buck a week but—"

"That's bighearted of him!" Clemmie said. "With the kind of clothes his wife puts on her back—"

"After the game Friday I could get a job," Eddie said.

"That's what you say," Clemmie said. "Look, I'm going with the gang tomorrow night and if you want to come, okay; if you don't, say so and I'll get somebody—"

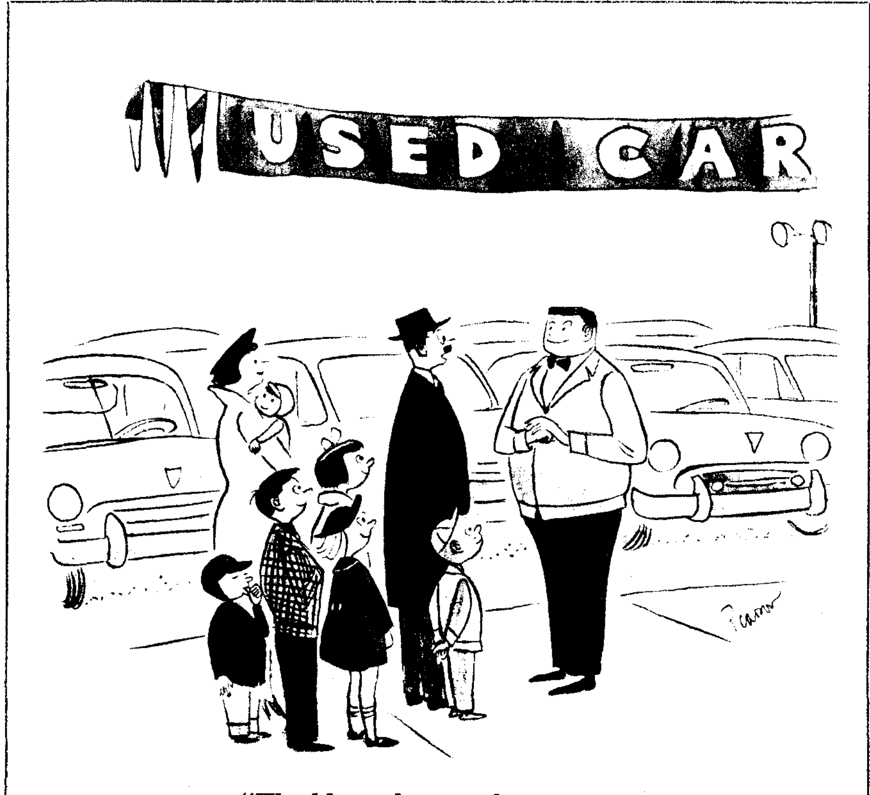
"If I don't play next week," Eddie said, "they might send me back."

"Who cares; I'm going," Clemmie said. "I'll be around where I always used to be about six; if you aren't there, that's okay too. You hear me?"

"I'm not deaf," Eddie said. . . .

Sunday was a quiet day with a hint of fall in the air at last.

In the morning, Scat and Casey went



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to church, and in the afternoon the quarterback, Nebeker, came over to work on Joe Zaborowski's scouting report on Westfield. Eddie Dunn paced the room like a caged cat, and after Nebeker had gone, Scat said, "I feel sort of like that myself, Eddie. You've come a long way. I kind of stuck my neck out for you and I want you to know I appreciate all you've done. But don't make any mistakes now. Everybody else thinks I did it because you're a great tackle, but you know better than that, don't you?"

Eddie turned. "No," he said.

Scat looked at him. He said, "You think you're tough, don't you?"

"I can take care of myself, Coach," Eddie said.

"Yeah, I'll bet you can. You probably thought you were calling the signals with Clemmie last night," Scat said, "but you weren't. I don't know why, but my wife says Clemmie could be all right; but she's not all right for you just now. We still have that last game to play. I'll shoot straight with you: we can't win without you, but we'll play without you if you break training. I'm counting on you to stick by me."

"I'll be in there," Eddie said.

"It's not so long ago that I first made headlines myself," Scat said. "They make you think the team can't get along without you." He smiled at Eddie Dunn, but his gray eyes were serious. "Okay, I just wanted to be sure you had it straight," Scat went on. "Even if you were Nagurski and Artie Cochran rolled into one, and if you broke training, I'd have to get along with Utz Dushick."

THAT made Eddie laugh. Utz Dushick. How silly could anybody get? He was still laughing when Dunc McBean came up from downstairs. He slapped the boy's shoulder and said, "How are you this morning? I was telling the fellows at lodge last night how I was the first one to inform our new coach that you could be sprung. And now we're planning on a new stadium! Winning the Valley League championship, I feel sure we can arouse enough interest—"

"We haven't won it yet," Scat said, his voice hard with anger.

"Ah, but we will," Dunc McBean said. "Won't we, Eddie?"

"Far as I'm concerned," Eddie said. "Guess I'll take a little walk, Coach. Stretch my legs."

Scat watched him go, and then he turned on Duncan McBean. "Why don't you keep your trap shut, Dunc? The kid's on the verge of blowing his stack and you come along and make him think he's indispensable."

"But he *is* indispensable, isn't he?" Dunc said.

"No," Scat said.

Casey came into the room then. "You spoiled Scat's pitch," she said, "but it doesn't really matter. Eddie didn't believe it anyhow."

"I think he did," Scat said, "but I doubt that he does now." . . .

It was almost six when the telephone rang and Casey answered it. A man's voice insisted that she find Scat as quickly as possible and send him to Sarafino's pool hall.

Casey drove over to Cooky Triano's, where Scat was taping the boy's ankle, and then she drove him downtown. Mr. Sarafino was waiting at the door of his pool hall.

"It's like this," Sarafino said. "All my boy talks about is winning the game, so I do you a favor. I hope you don't get any wrong ideas about—"

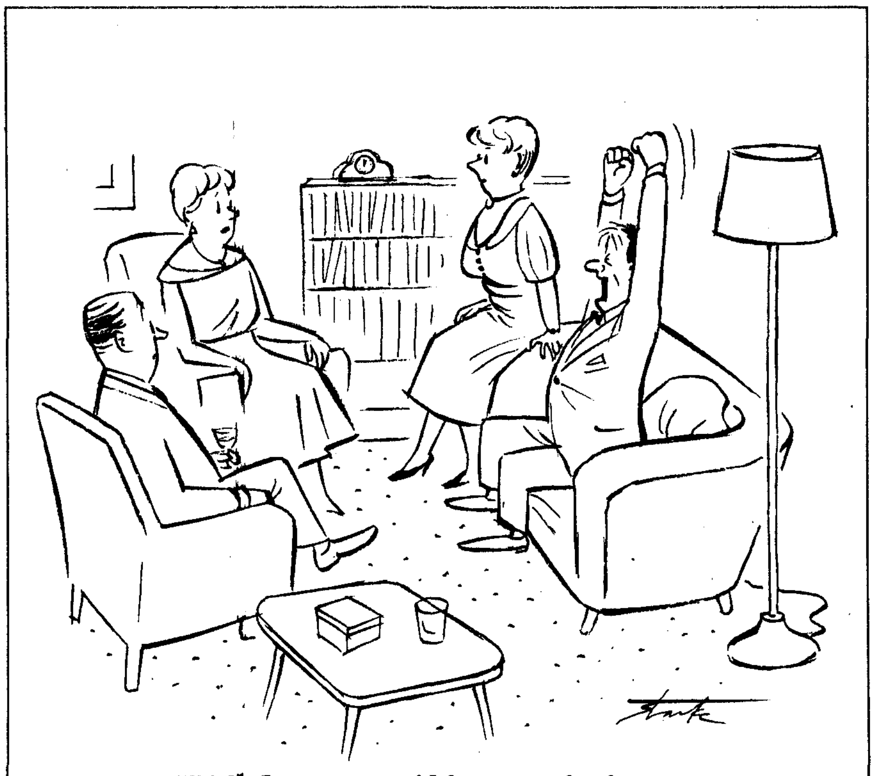
"Will you get on with it?" Scat said.

"Take it easy," Sarafino said. "Eddie Dunn comes in here after a bottle, though why he thinks—anyhow, I'm thinking about my boy, so I say no and he gets very sore. Okay, okay—so I go out to see where Eddie Dunn goes, because my boy says—anyhow he is with that little blonde he robs the jewelry store for, and they get into Mr. Nebeker's big car. It's parked down the street while he goes to his canasta game. I've told him not to leave his keys in it, but—"

"How long have they been gone?" Scat said.

"Maybe five minutes when I call—" Sarafino said.

"Where did they go?" Scat said.



"Well, I suppose we'd better make for bed and let you good people get home"

COLLIER'S LESLIE STARKE

Sarafino shrugged and Scat said, "All right, who'd know?"

"Well, they stopped and said something to Dannenbrink. He was hanging around and he just left—"

Scat shoved Casey from behind the wheel; the tires of his car squealed as he turned in the middle of the block and started down the street. Dannenbrink ran his car up onto the curb as Scat pulled up beside him and yelled, "Where did Eddie go?"

"How should I know?" Dannenbrink said.

SCAT got out and walked over to the car and pulled the big handsome boy from behind the wheel. "Out to a sort of houseboat on the bay," Dannenbrink said sullenly.

Scat shoved him into the back of his car. He looked at Casey and said, "You better—"

"I'm going with you," Casey said. "You haven't time to argue."

The road was wide and straight, and the speedometer moved up from 50 to 60 to 70.

"How far is it?" Scat said.

"About thirty miles," Dannenbrink said. "Turn off on Ninety-nine A."

Scat made the turn without slowing and Casey was thrown against the door. If we die, we die together, Casey thought. Scat was driving at 80 miles per hour now. Eddie had stolen a car, broken his parole; they had to get to him before a cop did.

"How many will there be at this shanty?" Scat asked.

"How should I know?" Dannenbrink said sullenly. "Hey, turn left."

It was almost dark now, but Scat didn't turn on his lights. A ramshackle houseboat lay anchored ahead of them; it was almost hidden by scrub growth and the shadows of the dunes, only its small, high windows shone brightly. There were half a dozen cars parked near it, among them the big shiny one they'd been watching for. Scat pulled up about 50 feet away. The sounds of laughter and a radio came from the boat. "You stay here," Scat said to Casey. "Come on, Dannenbrink."

"I'll wait here," Dannenbrink said.

"No," Scat said, "you come with me; if there's a scrap, I want you on my side."

Scat opened the door and stood looking in. The low-ceilinged room was full of kids, some of them dancing, some sprawled on the floor smoking, others necking. Eddie Dunn was standing in the center of the room.

Scat went through the door the way he used to go off tackle, and he was standing beside Eddie Dunn before anybody knew he had come in. Clemmie saw him first. "Eddie!" she yelled, and Eddie turned, his expression ugly.

"Whatta you want?" Eddie said.

Scat stood on the balls of his feet, ready to move either way. A little guy with wild eyes began to scream at Dannenbrink, "You hollered copper, you no-good—"

"Come on, Eddie, we're leaving," Scat said. He knew that Eddie hadn't been drinking, not yet, and he was glad he'd arrived in time.

"Don't listen to him, Eddie!" Clemmie yelled, and she began to claw at Scat with her long fingernails. "You let Eddie alone, let him alone, I'll kill you, I'll kill you!"

Scat backhanded her out of his way, and a moonfaced guy came at him with a blackjack. Scat said, "Look out, you simple baboon," and made a pass at his face and then drove his right fist into the fellow's stomach. The big guy sat down hard.

Behind him Scat heard scuffling, and Dannenbrink shouted, "I didn't holler copper. I couldn't help it—get away from me!"

"If you quit now," Scat said in a loud, clear voice, "they'll throw you in the bay. Let's see you make a couple of yards through these bums—"

Eddie Dunn stepped back and Scat looked around just as somebody threw a bottle. He ducked half an inch and the bottle crashed against the wall. Then he saw Casey's red hair, flaming like a banner; she had Clemmie around the waist and she said, "Stop that, you little fool, or I'll hurt you—" Then he didn't see Clemmie any more.

"If you guys play dirty," Scat yelled, "somebody's going to get hurt. Okay, Eddie, which team are you on? Make up your mind."

It didn't last long after that, and when it was over, Dannenbrink had one eye closed and his nose was bleeding, but he was still on his feet. "You'll make a fullback yet," Scat said. "Did you hurt your hands, Eddie? Let's get out of here."

THEY walked to his car. Casey was behind the wheel and Clemmie, beside her, was sobbing wildly, as though she would never stop.

"Clemmie—" Eddie started to say, and his voice sounded old and tired.

"I'll take care of her," Casey said in a hard voice. "Maybe she can't play tackle, but I'll take care of her." And she looked at Scat in a way that frightened him.

"Get in there," he said to Dannenbrink. "Drive slow, Casey, and I'll follow you in the other car. Eddie's coming with me."

For a long time they rode in silence, and then Scat said, "Well, you wouldn't have been much good to me Friday night anyhow. It always shows up, doesn't it?"

"What shows up?" Eddie said.

"The yellow streak in you hoodlums," Scat said. "Utz is scared, but he's not yellow."

"You'll play me Friday," Eddie said.

"What makes you think so?"

For the first time Eddie's confidence was shaken. He said, "A lot of people will be sore if you don't."

"Do you think that would make any difference to me?" Scat said.

Eddie turned and looked at him. The expression on Scat's face kept him silent the rest of the way home. . . .

The bedroom lights were out; a faint glow from the street lamp shone on the ceiling and Scat lay staring up at it.

Nobody had missed the car, but when he had put it back he had seen Fitz, the juvenile officer, patrolling the street. He knew then he had to talk to Judge Norgaard, and so he had gone to him and poured out the whole story.

Now, with Casey so silent and rigid beside him, Scat lay there thinking about what the judge had said as they shook hands. "Maybe I'm just a sap," Scat had said, and the judge had said quietly, "No, in your own way you are what is known as a dedicated man."

In the darkness, Scat did not feel dedicated. He simply felt too young for the job he had undertaken, but you had to be young to understand what was going on in the mind of a boy like Eddie Dunn.

"You asleep?" he asked Casey, though he knew she wasn't. "Thanks for taking Clemmie home. I didn't mean to let you in for that."

"I took her to Miss Hollenbeck's," Casey said. "And I reminded Miss H.

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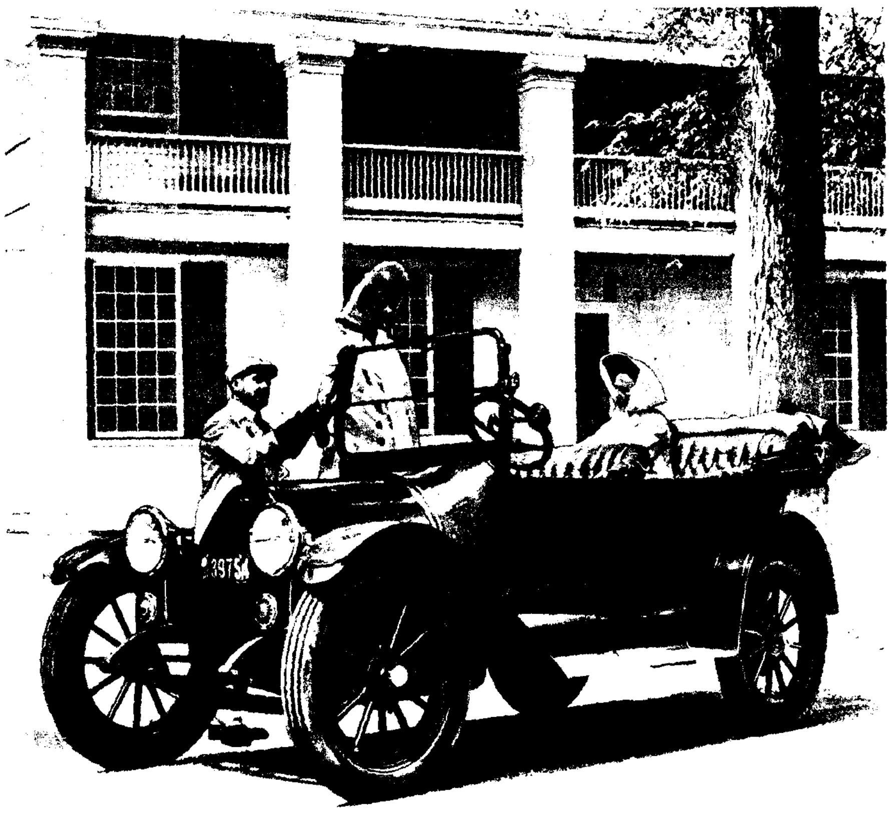

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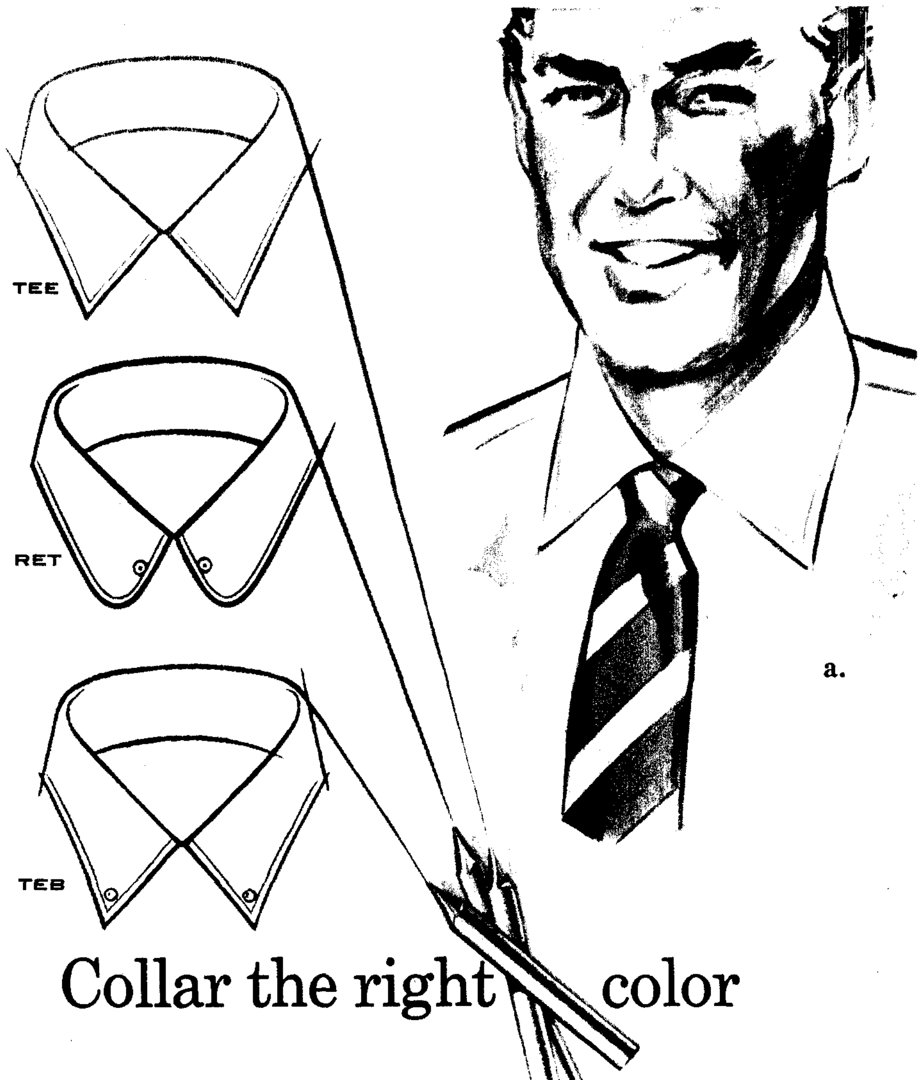

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that Abraham Lincoln said *with malice toward none, with charity for all.*"

Scat laughed. "I wish you'd have a talk with Utz's mama," he said.

"What for?" Casey said, in the same hard, controlled voice.

"I've only got until Friday at eight fifteen to get him in shape," Scat said. "He'll have to play forty-five minutes anyhow, which he can't do if he's full of coconut cake."

Casey didn't move. Then she said, "I thought you'd be using—"

THE bedside light flashed on. Scat was propped on his elbow, his blond hair rumpled and his shoulders gleaming dark brown; his face was so tired the cheekbones stood out. "What did you think?" he said.

Casey sat up to face him.

"Did you think what Eddie and Clemmie thought—that I had to use him because I wanted to win?" he said. "In spite of everything I said to Eddie, everything I said to you, did you think that? If all I wanted was to win games, I could have gone to Chicago."

There was no mistaking his anger. Casey felt mean and small, but she also felt a surge of happiness. She said, "But everybody thought—"

"You aren't everybody," Scat said. "You're my wife."

"Yes," Casey said, "but when I told you the kind of life I wanted, you wouldn't give it to me. You brought me here instead. And after we got here, it didn't seem to me you were doing what you'd said we'd come here to do, and I didn't understand you or believe you until— Oh, Scat, we have to do something about Clemmie too. She can't help being what she is. She doesn't know any better either, and when she was crying tonight—she feels about Eddie like I do about you—"

"Do you?" Scat said. "Lately I've wondered."

"I adore you," Casey said, and she reached out to him, meaning to comfort him, but it was Scat who had to comfort her.

"Honey," he said, "don't cry. I guess I neglected you because I had more than I could do, but you've always meant everything to me from the first time I saw you. It's going to get rougher, but if you're with me—"

"Oh, darling, I am with you," Casey said. "I was just a girl in love with you, but now I'm your wife." . . .

The team had to be told first. At the Monday-afternoon practice Scat blew his whistle and they gathered around him. "One of the members of our team isn't with us today," Scat said quietly.

Nobody moved. They kept staring at Scat. They didn't need to look around to see who was missing.

"I had to ask him to turn in his uniform," Scat went on, "because he broke training."

Louie LeBeau said, "That's going to be rough on the rest of us, Coach, with Westfield coming up and the championship—"

"That's right," Scat said, "it is. And it means everybody will have to do a better job, that's all."

"We've been doing a better job than we could already, Coach," Chester Green said.

Scat smiled. "I know that," he said, "and now we'll have to do still better. The team is always bigger than any one man, no matter how good he is. When we started the season, I told you I liked to win because it meant we were doing things right. I also said something else, and I'll say it again. We win inside the rules or we don't win. I say we can win this one—inside the rules."

The timing was perfect. At that moment Eddie Dunn, in blue jeans and a sweat shirt, came out of the gym. He was carrying an armload of footballs.

From where the team was standing, they couldn't see Eddie's face, but Scat knew how it looked; he had seen it in his office before he came out onto the field. Eddie had said a good many crazy things; he had been defiant and wild and threatening. "Running away won't help," Scat had said. "Sometime you'll have to face your troubles and you might as well start now. I'm making you the team manager." Eddie had started blindly for the door and bumped into old Jiggers, the equipment man. Scat had called after him, but Eddie had kept on going.

"He'll blow," old Jiggers had said, "and you'll lose the championship and they'll fire you!"

"He won't blow," Scat had said. "Right up to the whistle, he'll think I'm going to put him in."

Now, watching Eddie place the footballs on the side lines, Scat found the boy's humiliation was more than he could bear. He turned his back and said, "Okay, let's get started. Utz—"

"You mean you want me?" Utz Dushick asked incredulously.

"That's it," Scat said.

Joe Zaborowski put his hand on Scat's arm and nodded toward the side line. "There goes old Schmee," he said, "on his way to McBean's office."

"They can't fire me now," Scat said.

"No," Joe said, "but they'll fire us both at the end of the year. As head of the physical education department, Schmee's going to make trouble if he can, and it looks to me like he can."

WHEN Scat entered the principal's office, Mr. McBean came straight to the point. "I understand you have taken Eddie off the team," he said.

"That's correct," Scat said.

"Does this mean Eddie has violated his parole?" Mr. McBean said.

"Mr. McBean," Scat said, making an effort to keep his voice steady, "you hired me to coach your football team because you had confidence in me. So far I've done pretty well. I don't mean because I've won games; I mean that the boys have played for me. They've played clean and kept training rules; and their grades are okay. Now I'd like you to keep on having confidence in me. I've had Eddie living at my house, I've coached him, and I'd like to finish the job in my own way without—"

As the door swung open, it hid Scat from Mr. Schmee. "That old fool Judge Norgaard says he thinks it's best to leave Eddie Dunn paroled to—" He saw Scat and said, "I'd like to know what you're up to! If Dunn's been kicked off the team, he has to be sent back to reform school."

Mr. McBean surprised Scat. He said, "I'm inclined to leave this matter in the coach's hands. By the way, I take it this means we lose to Westfield, Coach?"

Maybe this was the trap.

"Sometimes teams come up to meet disaster," Scat said, "but if we lose, well, winning isn't everything, is it?" He thought that was as good an exit line as he was apt to get. . . .

"They're after my scalp, honey," Scat said to Casey after the Thursday practice, in which Utz Dushick had failed to distinguish himself for anything except falling on his face oftener than usual.

And at that moment Hank Fanning came in without waiting for anybody to answer the doorbell. As editor of the local paper, he was spokesman for the irate citizens of Junipero. After an angry attack on Scat, he departed with denunciations of young punks who came into a town and thought they could run it. He said Junipero had a right to a championship, and if Scat Kavanagh thought he could make suckers of everybody, he would find out different. After Friday, the editor said, they could feed Eddie Dunn to the coyotes, but meantime he was the best high-school tackle in the state and no good to Junipero on the bench.

But that wasn't the end of the attack on Scat. Dunc McBean wept openly and pleaded with Scat in the name of his committee, which had prepared the way for Scat to come to Junipero. Mr. Sarafino and Jiggers and even Joe Zaborowski turned on him, and Scat knew what the judge had meant when he had sadly called him a dedicated man.

Scat fell back on his old habit of whistling under his breath and tried to forget everything but getting his team ready for the most important game that Junipero had ever played.

Dannenbrink had two black eyes now, and every time he looked at Scat Kavanagh he seethed with anger. Cooky's ankle was better, but it wasn't right. The team hovered solicitously over Utz Dushick, and Scat said to Joe Zaborowski, "Utz lost eleven pounds this week. It may be wishful thinking, but I seem to see a shape inside the blubber."

"Look," Zaborowski said, "my neck is out too. Do you really mean Eddie won't be in there against Westfield?"

"That's what I mean," Scat said.

In the end, Scat changed his mind about one thing: Eddie wasn't going to sit on the bench as a manager. That, Scat felt, was rubbing it in. All week Eddie had carried footballs and water buckets. He had taken about all the punishment a kid that loved to play football could take. Moreover, the way everybody felt, it would be better if Eddie Dunn wasn't in evidence.

"If it gets too rough," Scat said to Casey, "I suppose I could put him in there in his street clothes. He can take you to the game."

"And Clemmie?" Casey said.

"You think so?" Scat said doubtfully, and Casey nodded.

ON THE day of the game Casey knotted a scarf around her neck, took a last look in the mirror, and went out to the living room. Eddie Dunn wasn't there. Her heart skipped a beat, and then she heard sounds on the back porch. Eddie had his suitcase on the cot and he was folding a white sweater Scat had given him.

"We ought to start," Casey said. "We have to pick up Clemmie."

"I'm not going," Eddie said. "I'm through with football. It's for the birds."

"You know, Eddie," Casey said, trying to sound casual, "you and I have been a couple of rats, haven't we?"

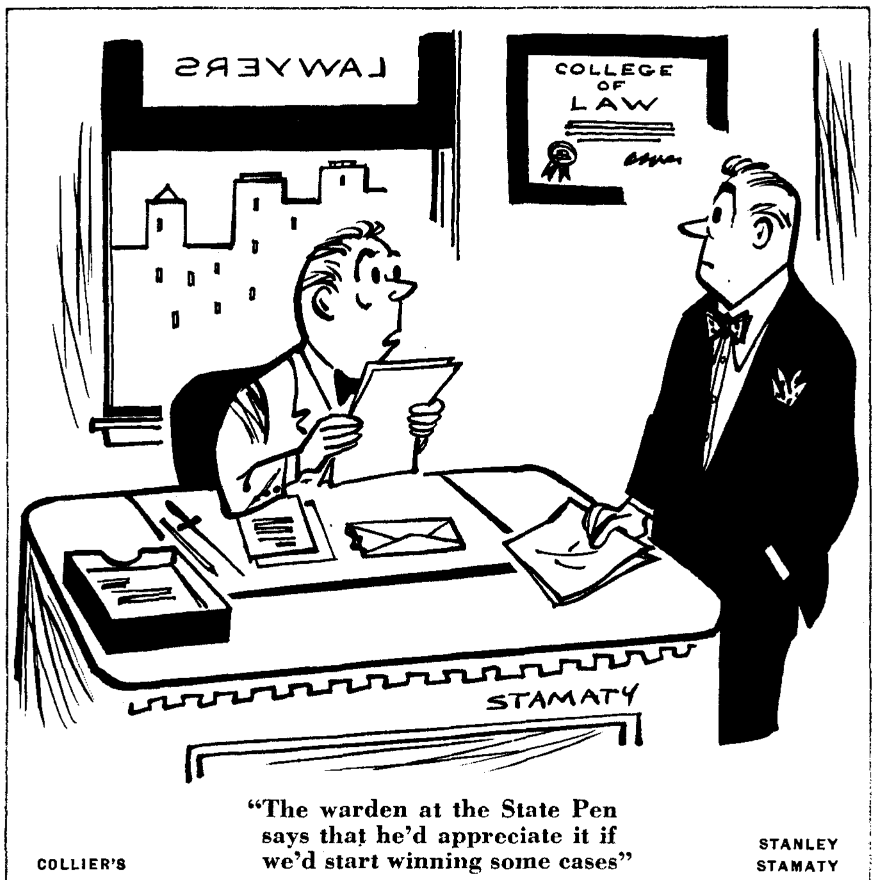
Eddie turned around. "What's eating you?" he said.

"I don't like you much," Casey said, "and I don't like myself much either, when I think what we've done to Scat. He loves us. You know that, don't you? He gave up everything: money, more fame than you'll ever know, and playing football—it may be a silly game, but he loved to play it better than anything. And he left a pal he'd been with for eight years, and he took a chance on losing me. He did all that to come down to this tank town to help high-school kids."

"He never heard of me before he came here," Eddie said.

"Tiny Zizza once told him," Casey said, "that high-school kids weren't worth all he was giving up. I told him. Artie told him. He didn't believe any of us. But he did believe in you and me. And we both let him down. Now the town's on his neck. All he had to do to clear himself was tell on you. But he wouldn't. The poor sap has principles. Are you going to run out on him, Eddie? Oh, he can take it. He's a big guy. But don't you think we might at least stick around—in case he loses?"

"I hope he loses," Eddie said. "I



"The warden at the State Pen says that he'd appreciate it if we'd start winning some cases"

COLLIER'S

STANLEY STAMATY

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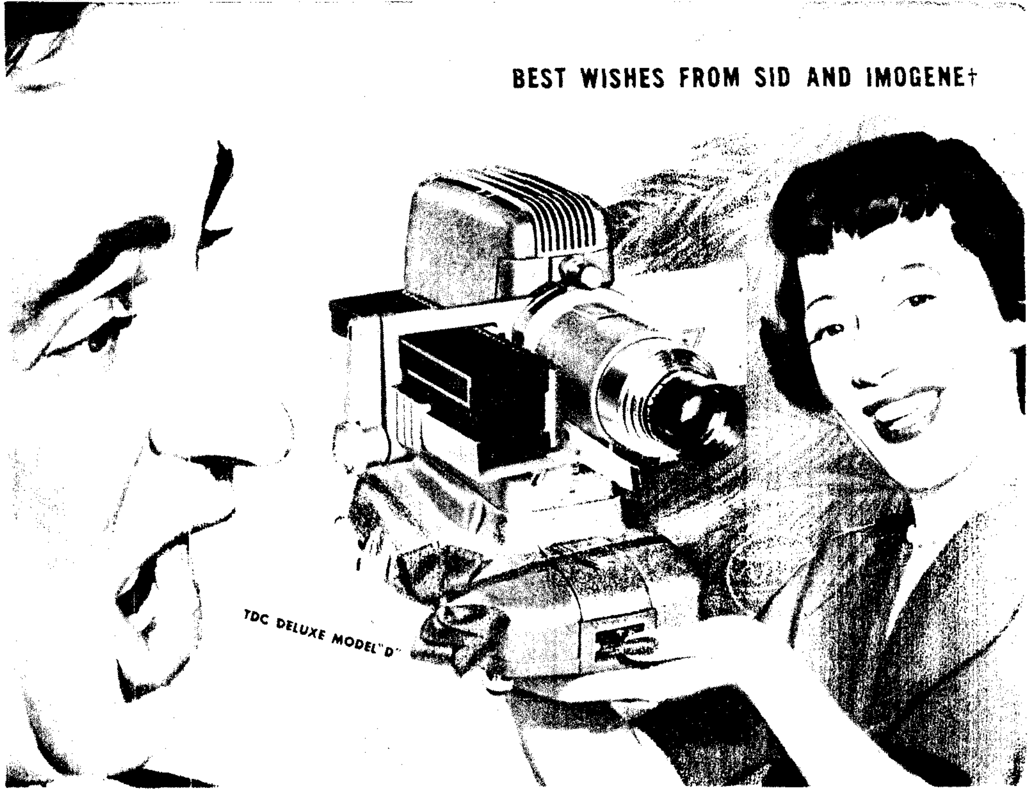

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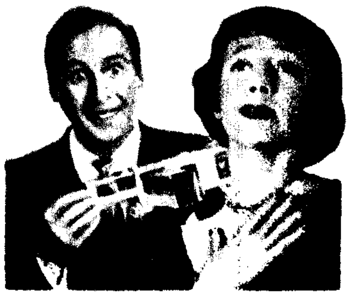

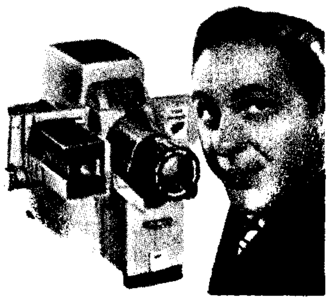

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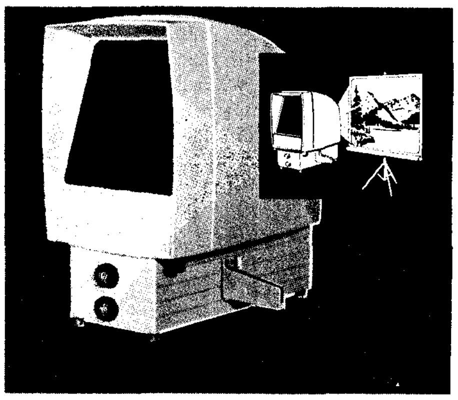

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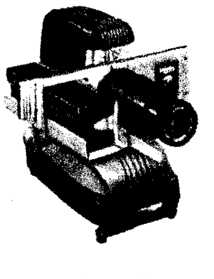


hope he gets his brains beat out, I hope he gets beat one hundred to zero. I hope he finds out how that bunch of sloppy bums fall flat on their backs when I'm not there. Okay, I'd like to see that. It'll be a slaughter. Let's go."

IN THE middle of the third quarter, Eddie suddenly got up from his top-row seat on Junipero's side of the stands. Casey looked up at him. She had been paying attention only to Scat on the side lines, and from what she had heard Eddie muttering, she did not understand why the score was only 13-7 in favor of Westfield. It should have been 45 to 0.

"Where are you going?" she said, as Eddie stepped over her, but he was already going down the rickety stairs. And Clemmie, her eyes following him, said, "He's mad about something."

Utz Dushick was sitting on the end of the bench by himself. His head was in his hands and his sides were still heaving. He didn't move when Eddie knelt beside him. Eddie slapped him on the leg and then Utz turned his face.

"I can't do it," Utz said. "You oughtta be in there, Eddie."

"I can't be in there, so don't waste time," Eddie said. "You're doing a terrific job, Utz, but they're onto you. Now listen to me."

Utz said, "What d'you mean?"

"Shut up and listen, Utz," Eddie said. "You got to do this for me, because it's my fault I'm not in there instead of you; if we lose, it'll be my fault. So you got to play for me!"

"I can't," Utz said.

"Can it," Eddie said. "Look, on defense you been reacting the same way on every play. By now they know exactly what you're going to do before the play starts. I been watching you. You gotta mix 'em up. Play it different every play. Give your man a forearm shiver one time, next time charge right through him and tackle the first pair of wrong-colored socks, next time stay on the line of scrimmage and wait for the play to develop and then meet it. Keep him guessin' and you'll drive him crazy!"

"Eddie—" Utz said.

"I'll be there like Bergen with Charlie McCarthy," Eddie said. "You've been doing great, Utz. Now go tell the coach you want to go back in, and remember I'm with you every minute . . ."

Eddie watched Utz rush up to Scat, and he thought: I hate that louse.

He turned and went back up to his seat. Clemmie put her hand on his arm, but he didn't even notice. His eyes were on Utz, who was back in the ball game. He was concentrating on Utz until he ached.

From where he was sitting he could see so plain what was happening, but up there in the stand, he couldn't stop it. Westfield was back on its own eighteen-yard line and—he was on his feet yelling like a maniac. Utz Dushick crashed through and nailed the ball carrier for a seven-yard loss. It was fourth down and eight, and Westfield had to kick.

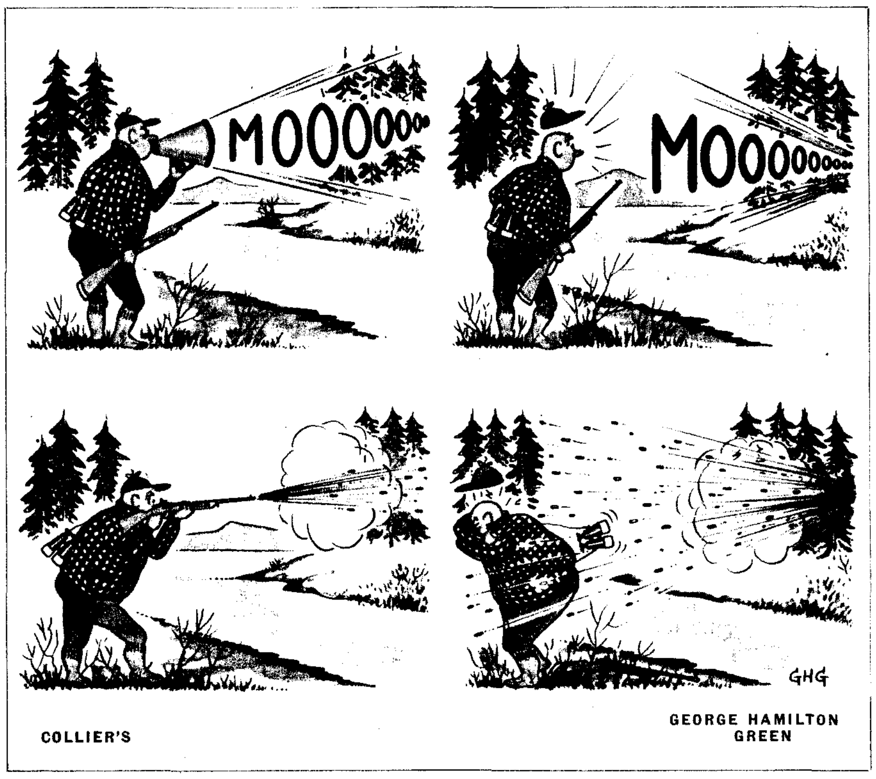
Junipero had the ball now and the stands went mad. Everybody was waiting for LeBeau to break loose and make a long, flashy run, for Nebeker to get away a long, long pass to Chester Green, for Dannenbrink to smash ten or fifteen yards like he could sometimes. Cooky Triano was playing on one leg now, but he made the trap work twice, and they gained yards.

But half the team was playing both offense and defense now. Eddie had known as soon as the drive started that they couldn't sustain it; they had to kick, and after that the play went back and forth between the thirty-yard lines. And then the fourth quarter started. The crowd stayed on its feet now, roaring, pleading.

Nebeker tried a pass play, but before it got started, the defensive end came crashing in to make the tackle. The end was busting hard, and they couldn't get off any long passes.

Eddie became acutely aware of Scat Kavanagh. Respect began to tinge his hatred. He ought to be triplets, Eddie thought. That Zaborowski is for the birds. Clarence Green, Chester's twin brother, was carried off the field; the coach was kneeling beside him. He's a great guy to have around in a pinch. Look at him, trying to be in nine places at once; and this was only his first year coaching. Now he's trying to *see*—

That was it! Nobody could see the plays from down there. Even Scat Kavanagh couldn't see them; no coach could see to the other side of the field. From down there the plays looked different; that was why colleges and the pro teams had spotters with telephones, men who could get a bird's-eye perspective from high up in the stands.



COLLIER'S

GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

I'm looking at the game like a spotter, Eddie thought, but what good's it doing?

IF IT was like this for him, not playing, watching the team fumble and stumble, what was it like for Scat Kavanagh, who'd been one of the greats, an All-American? Scat was down there running up and down, trying to see, and when he did see, those tired jerks out there couldn't do it.

"The reverse, the reverse, the reverse," Eddie whispered.

"Would it work?" Casey asked.

"Sure," Eddie said. "They're set up for our weak-side plays."

"Go down and tell him, you fool."

Eddie looked at the clock. There were three minutes and ten seconds to go. Eddie couldn't stand it; he went down the stairs, elbowing, kicking.

"The twenty-nine reverse, Coach," Eddie said, grabbing Scat's sleeve.

"What'd you see, Eddie?" Scat said.

"They're overshifted," Eddie said. "It's a setup for our reverse."

"What's their end doing?" Scat said.

"Crashing tight and hard," Eddie said, "and the line-backer's between the defensive end and the tackle about three yards back."

"Then our end can take him out," Scat said. "Go tell Dannenbrink the setup; he has the key block on the twenty-nine reverse."

Squatting down beside Dannenbrink, Eddie talked quickly, hoarsely. Scat was trying to hold back the clock. He was sending Clarence Green in again. "We can't score without the ball," Scat was saying. "Tell them to get the ball—keep their eyes open, and get it!"

ON THE next play, Sarafino recovered a fumble, and the Junipero stands went wild. There were sixty seconds to go. We can do it, Eddie thought, on our own forty, we can do it. Give us time, that's all, we can do it.

He and Scat were standing shoulder to shoulder on the side lines.

The reverse gained fourteen yards.

They were moving now, but Utz was dead. He was doing the best he could, but he was slow—he didn't have it left. I ought to be in there, Eddie thought. I'd rip a hole they could drive a truck through! He felt Scat's hand on his shoulder, and he remembered why he wasn't in there.

They made nine yards on a beautiful block by Dannenbrink. They were on the twenty-two-yard line. It was first and ten.

Dannenbrink went off tackle for three. And LeBeau made five on a fake. On the third, Westfield held. It was fourth down coming up—

The gun sounded.

"No, no," Eddie shouted. "Not now, give us time—" He was crying, running out onto the field.

He felt Scat's arm around his shoulders. "That's it, Eddie," Scat said.

Eddie looked at Scat and thought: The poor guy wants to cry too. And I did it to him. But he ain't crying. He's going out there to tell 'em what a whale of a ball game they played.

And then Eddie was helping Scat carry Utz off the field. Somebody had to carry him. . . .

It was very quiet in the dressing room. Scat was kneeling beside Cooky, looking at his ankle, and the only sounds were Cooky's breathing, and Dannenbrink talking to himself, and somebody humming.

It was quiet enough so that Eddie didn't have to speak very loud. Everybody could hear him all right. "I lost the ball game for us," he said. "Utz played over his head, but he can't play as good as I can—yet. If we'd both been in there—it's no good beefing now, but I *am* sorry I let the team down . . ." He couldn't say any more.

Nobody had heard Mr. McBean come in, or the others who came in behind him—his brother Duncan and Hank Fanning and Mr. Nebeker and Mr. Sarafino. Mr. McBean walked over and stood by Scat, who got slowly to his feet. "Well," Mr. McBean said, "we lost."

"We wouldn't have lost if Eddie Dunn had been in there," Joe Zaborowski said.

Scat Kavanagh turned quickly and hit Joe with everything he had. The building seemed to rock as Zaborowski's two hundred and thirty pounds landed on the floor.

"I'm sorry it had to be you, Joe," Scat said, looking down at him, "but you're the only one who's likely to say that to me who's also big enough and young enough for me to hit." He looked around and then he said, "It seems you all got me wrong. If you would rather have your sons win games than have a chance to grow up as decent men, you need another coach around here."

There was a pause. Then Mr. McBean said, "What I was going to say, Scat, was that even though we lost the championship, we'll win it next year."

Everyone looked at Scat, and when he reached out and shook Mr. McBean's hand, there was a roar of approval from the players and the men who had crowded into the dressing room.

CASEY and Clemmie watched the bus as it turned out of the parking lot behind the gym. "Where are they going?" Clemmie said.

"If I know Scat," Casey said, "and I'm beginning to, they're going to our house so they can talk it over."

"Eddie's in there with them," Clemmie said.

"You might as well make up your mind to that," Casey said. "He'll never get over Scat. Maybe none of us ever will."

"Mrs. Kavanagh," Clemmie said, "what'll I do if Eddie goes to college?"

Casey looked at her. "Well," she said, "you'll sit in the stands and shut your eyes when you think he is never going to get up again; and when he does something wonderful you'll yell and holler and carry on because you're Eddie Dunn's girl. And then you'll probably go to East Hicktown with him and take a back seat to a lot of kids who worship him."

"But I won't be there," Clemmie said and she began to cry.

"You can get to college," Casey said. "Look at the people who do. And you can always quit dyeing your hair. What color is it?"

"Red—sort of," Clemmie said, "but not pretty like yours."

"If it's red, it's red," Casey said, "and God help you to live with your temper."

She smiled at Clemmie through tears of her own and began working her way through the crowds. After a while, she thought, after Scat got through comforting the kids, after he had given all of himself to them, she would put out the lights, and then Scat would turn to her for the comfort only she could give.

—ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

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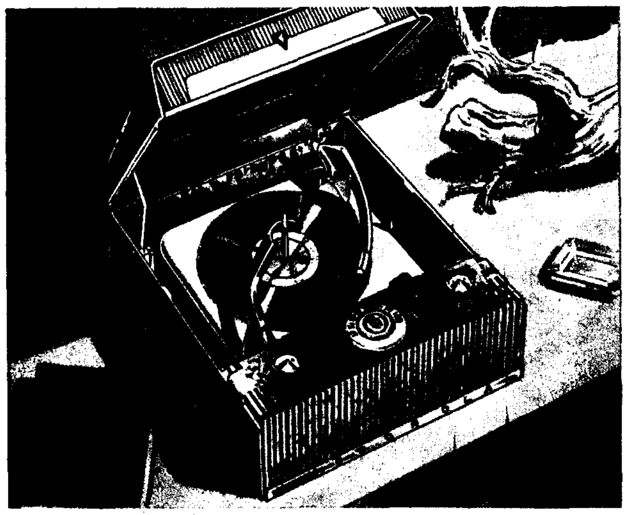

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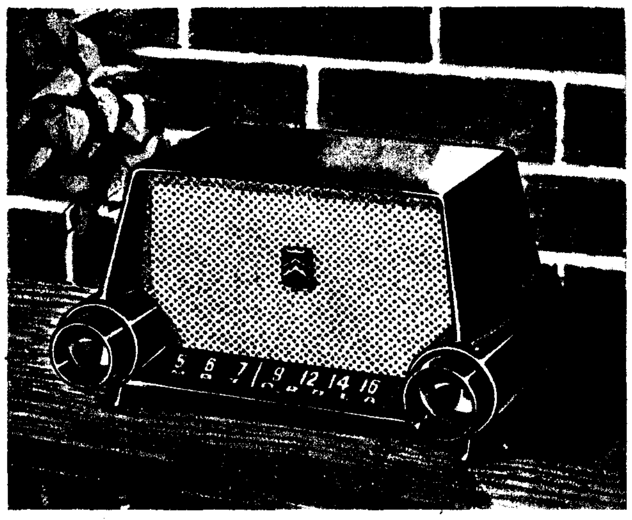

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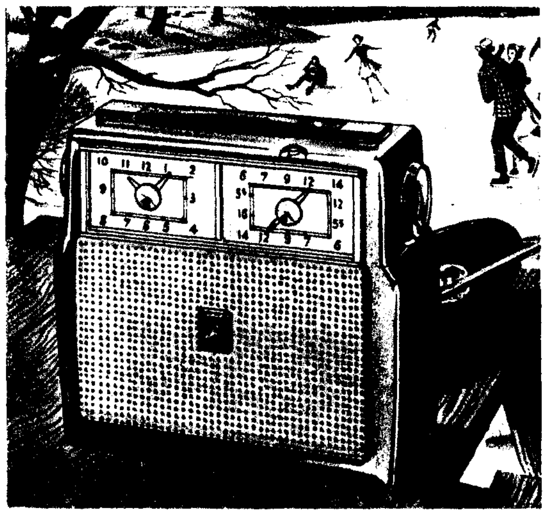

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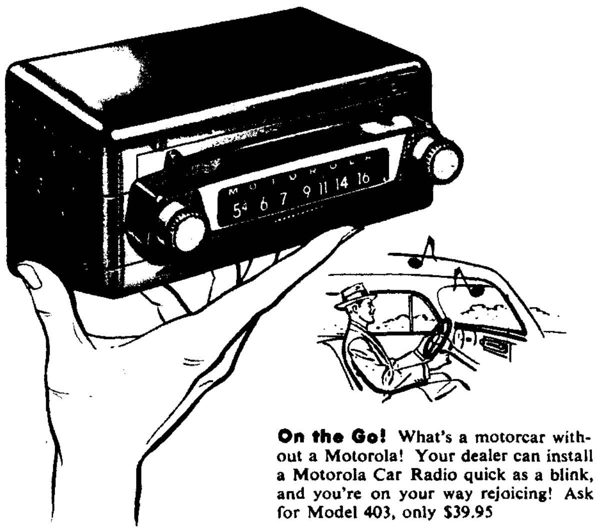

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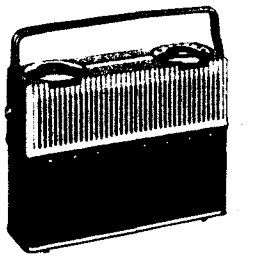

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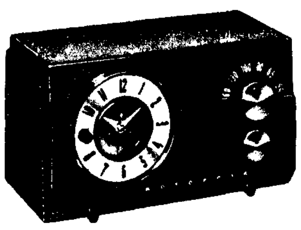

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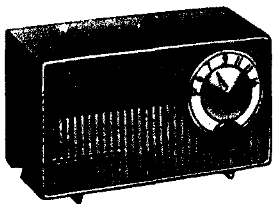

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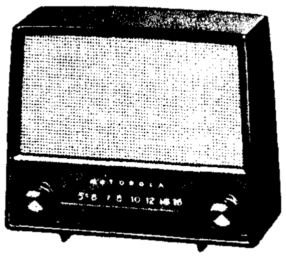

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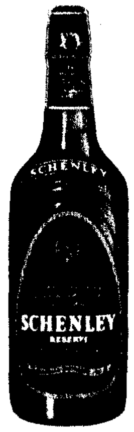


A famous whiskey in a
fabulous holiday decanter

Give...serve...enjoy
today's SCHENLEY

To brighten your holidays, here is
the best-tasting whiskey in ages
in a gleaming crystal-bright decanter
at no additional cost

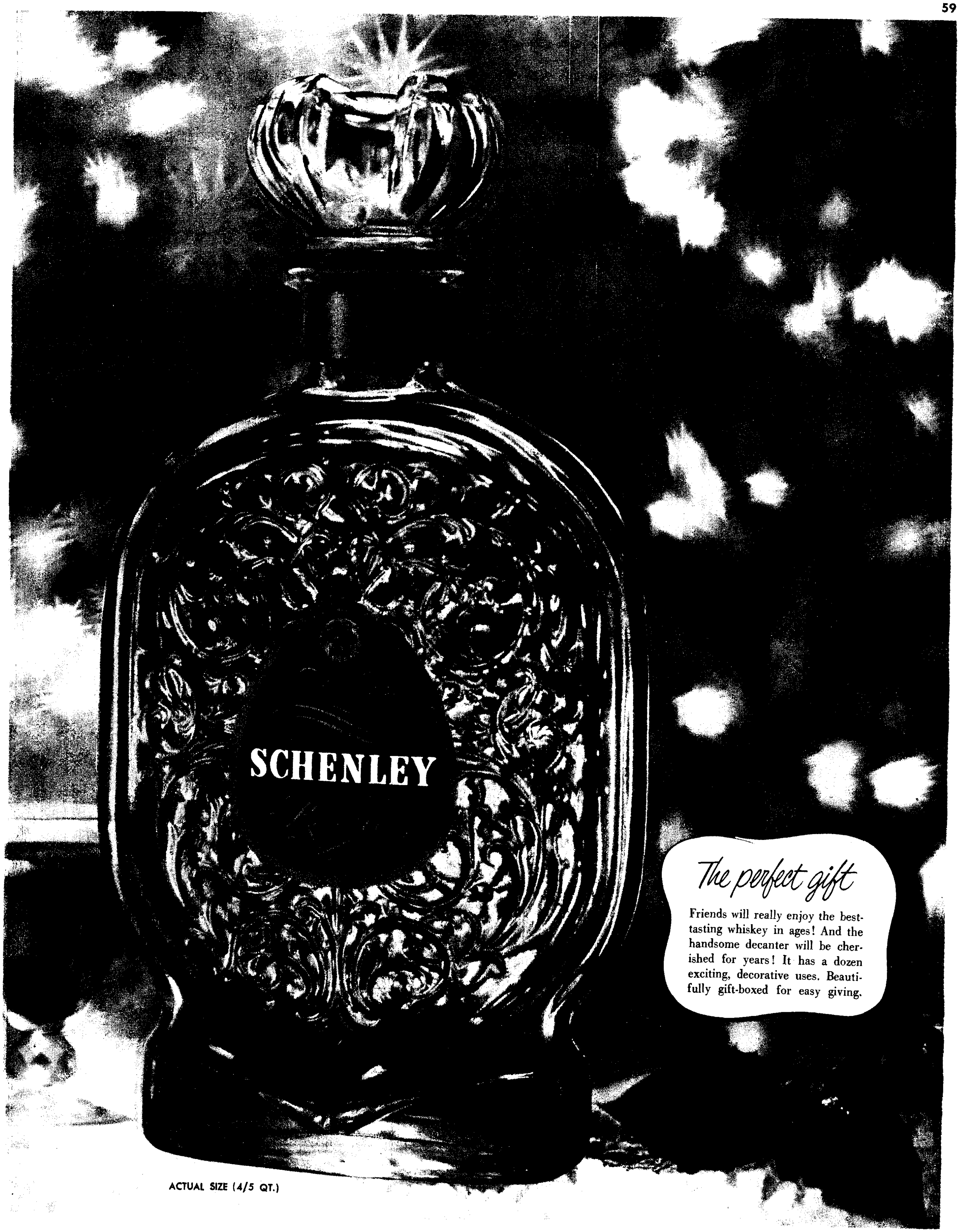
Hold the sleek decanter in your hands. Taste the subtle, satisfying flavor of the superb whiskey. Hear the excited compliments when you serve it.

Your own discriminating senses tell you: this is the perfect holiday gift. The gift that will be enjoyed and talked about and remembered for years.

Give Schenley to all the people on your list who know great whiskey and who appreciate a brilliant decanter. It's a gift that gives eloquent testimony to your own good taste!

Same fine whiskey in decanter or year-round bottle.

BLENDED WHISKEY, 86 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SCHENLEY DISTRIBUTORS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. © 1953



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Friends will really enjoy the best-tasting whiskey in ages! And the handsome decanter will be cherished for years! It has a dozen exciting, decorative uses. Beautifully gift-boxed for easy giving.

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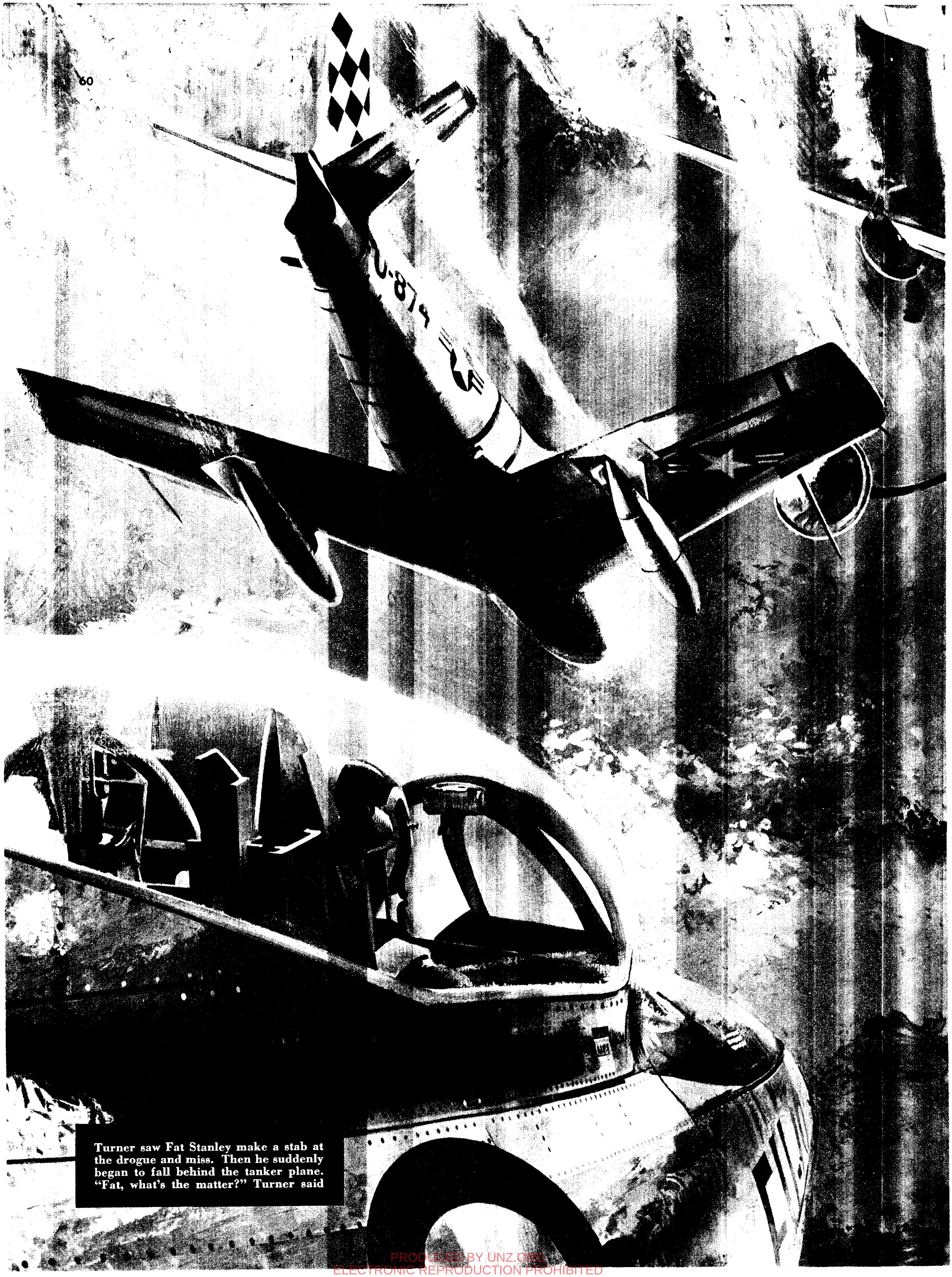
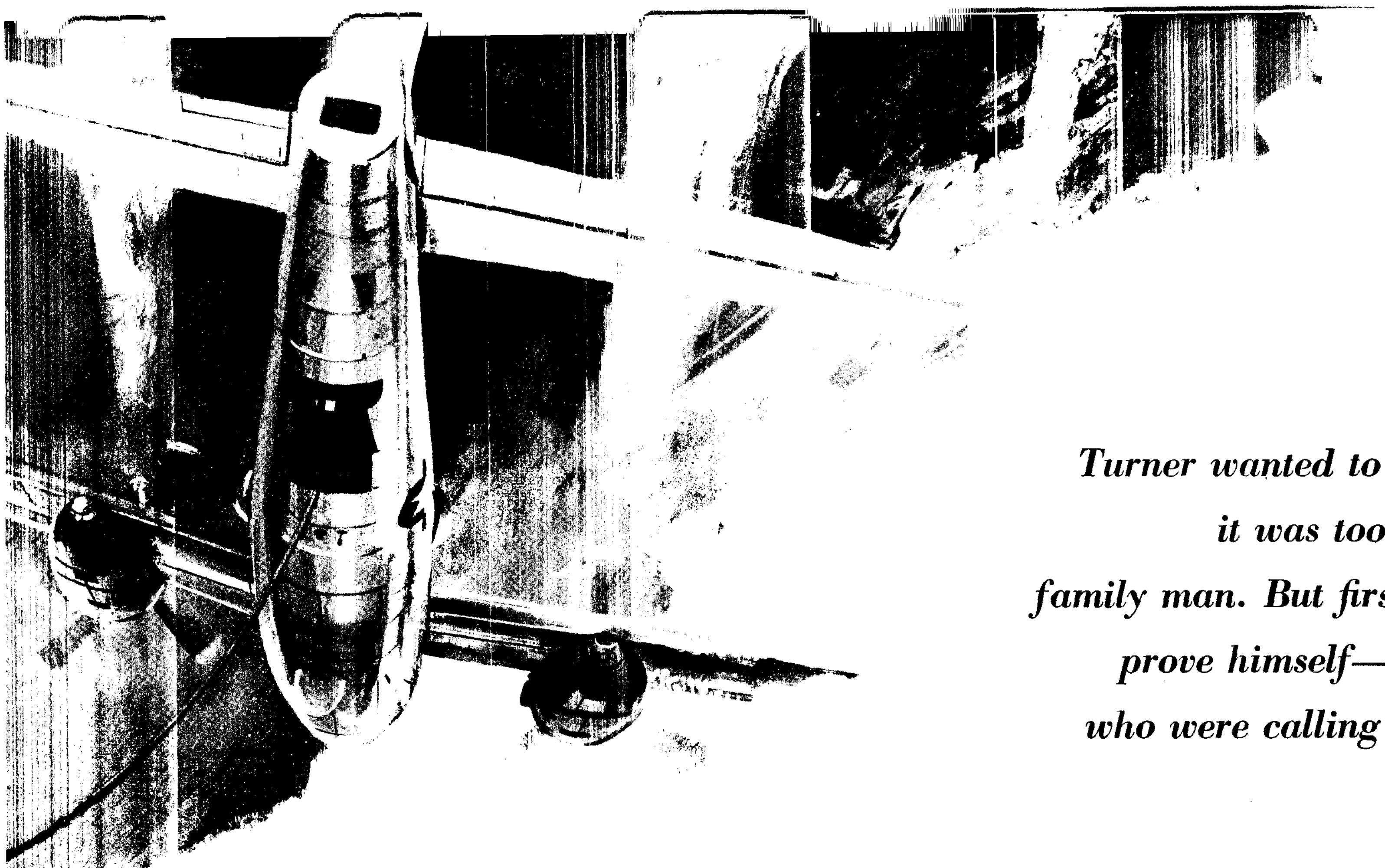


Turner saw Fat Stanley make a stab at the drogue and miss. Then he suddenly began to fall behind the tanker plane. "Fat, what's the matter?" Turner said



Turner wanted to quit flying; it was too risky for a family man. But first he had to prove himself—to the guys who were calling him yellow

The FIGHTERS

By WALT GROVE

THE jet crashed a few miles south of the village immediately after taking off. It was three or four hundred feet in the air when it suddenly went into a steep glide and fell off on a wing. It hit first among some small pine trees, and then tore through a low stone fence. What was left of it finally came to rest in a potato field. A farmer who had seen it coming down had begun to run toward the field where it would crash, but there was nothing he could do. By the time he got there, there was nothing anyone could do.

Lieutenant Jack Turner heard the engine quit. He was driving along a road that edged the field when he heard the jet pass overhead. He looked up, but he could not see it. Then he heard the engine cut out. He looked out the car window, but still he could not see the plane, and he jammed on the brakes. Back at the air base a siren began to wail. It sounded like the crash truck or the ambulance. Then Turner heard the jet hit. He never did see it. When he looked toward the small stand of pines the plane had gone over the knoll out of sight.

He jumped out of his car and stood holding the door open. Down the road the crash truck was coming; behind it was the ambulance. They both swerved off the paved road, turned down a graveled side road and disappeared. Turner heard their sirens die as they stopped. There was nothing he could do. He got back into his car. As he drove away he lighted a cigarette with one hand. It could've been me, he thought, but it wasn't. He did not think any more about it and drove on into the village.

Turner parked his car on Main Street in front of the grocery store and got out. The man who owned the store had lived in the village all his life. When Turner walked in the man said, "Heard you had a little trouble at your air base. Heard someone got killed."

"I don't know," Turner said.

"But it was pretty bad, wasn't it? Usually those fellows don't get out alive, do they?"

"I don't know anything about it," Turner said. "I've got a list here, some stuff my wife wants. Can you read it?"

The grocer did not have several of the items. Turner said he would come back Thursday. He carried the two cartons of groceries to his car and put them in the back seat. Then he walked up the hill to the drugstore. The druggist was not there, only the boy who worked behind the soda fountain. It had a sign on it that read: *No ice cream.*

"When will Doc be back?" Turner said.

"Oh, in fifteen minutes. Say, that plane that crashed out there—how many were killed?"

"I don't know anything about it," Turner said.

He got into his car again and drove down the hill to the railroad station. Behind it was a brick garage with a trailer truck parked outside. Next door to that was a small frame house that looked abandoned. Turner walked up on the porch and went inside. When he opened and closed the door a bell jangled.

From the back of the house a man called, "Just a minute, I'm coming."

"Want to pick up the diapers," Turner said.

The man came down the dark hall. "Oh, it's you." He picked up a brown, paper-wrapped bundle and held it out. "One hundred. That right?"

"I don't have the dirty ones," Turner said. "I haven't been home. I'll bring them in tomorrow."

"No, that's not the way I do business. You bring the dirty ones first, before I give you the clean ones."

"Do I look – like the kind of person who would steal a hundred diapers?" Turner asked.

The man did not think that was funny, and Turner said, "I'll

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY DEVLIN

bring them tomorrow." Then he went out with the clean diapers tucked under his arm.

"Now don't you forget," the man yelled. "I ain't in this business for my health."

When Turner went into the drugstore again the druggist had returned. Doc was a fat old man. He was sitting at the soda fountain.

"There's a good Republican," the druggist said when he saw Turner. Doc was one of the five or six Democrats in the village.

"Can I have my prescription now?" Turner said.

The druggist walked to the back of the store and wrapped a small bottle in green paper and tied it with red string. "Two dollars," he said.

Turner paid him.

"We thank you," the old man said. "Say, not much of a man left after one of those planes of yours crashes, is there? I understand it kind of breaks a man all up into pieces. That right?"

"I don't know," Turner said, and started to leave.

"Say, soldier boy, your wife called here about ten minutes ago. I almost forgot. Wants you to phone her."

Turner walked back to the pay telephone, which was on the wall at the end of the drug counter. The walls of the store were painted tan and the area around the telephone was very dirty. Names, messages and numbers had been written on it in soft pencil. "Five six six, ring three," Turner said.

The operator rang the number. "Hello?" Turner's wife said.

"Ann, it's me. What do you want?"

"Oh, honey, are you all right?"

"Sure," Turner said. "Why shouldn't I be?"

"Well, Joy told me there'd been a crash."

"You didn't think it was me?"

"Well, honey, I didn't *know*."

"Ann, I flew early this morning. I told you."

"Well, I didn't *know*, honey."

Turner shook his head. "I'll be home in a minute," he said. "I've got to pick up Edgar."

HE DROVE up the hill toward the Congregational church. His small son attended afternoon play school there three times a week. The director didn't like any of the parents to be late. Turner was late. He drove around behind the church, parked his car and walked in the back door. Miss Mayberry was waiting for him with a professional smile. Edgar was the only child still there.

"I knew you'd be late, Lieutenant," Miss Mayberry said. She made it sound half like a joke, half like an accusation.

"I'm sorry," Turner said.

"I suppose it was because of that horrible aircraft accident," Miss Mayberry said. "The poor boy. Killed outright, I presume?"

"I don't know," Turner said. He looked down at Edgar. "Come on, kid. Get on your snowsuit."

On the way home in the car, Turner remembered that of all the people he had spoken to in the village that afternoon, the diaper man was the only one who had not asked him about the crash. The diaper man had his own troubles.

Turner drove almost to where the highway began and then turned off on Hill Road. There were not many houses on it and he stopped at the last one, a one-story duplex. Lieutenant Fat Stanley and his eighteen-year-old wife Joy lived in the other half. It was not a genuine duplex; it was an old house that had been divided down the middle with wallboard. Sometimes at night Turner could hear Fat Stanley and Joy arguing. The Stanleys had got the new-kitchen half of the house. The part the Turners rented still had the old kitchen in it.

Edgar ran into the house. Turner followed carrying the two cartons of groceries. Just as he reached the door a horn honked. He turned and saw Fat Stanley getting out of his car. "Wait a minute, sport," he called.

Turner thought Stanley was going to help him with the boxes. He stopped in the doorway. "Did you hear?" Fat Stanley said as he came up on the porch. He was smoking a cigar and looking serious. He was not much older than his wife.

"Who was it?"

"Herb. Died on the way to the hospital."

"What happened?"

"Flame out, sport. That's what he told the tower just before he went in. I was out there. They covered everything with foam. It didn't burn."

"I know—I saw it," Turner said.

"I didn't see you over there, sport."

"I didn't go over," Turner said. "There was nothing I could do. I had to go to the store."

"That really burns me up, sport," Fat Stanley said. "The least you could've done was run over to him."

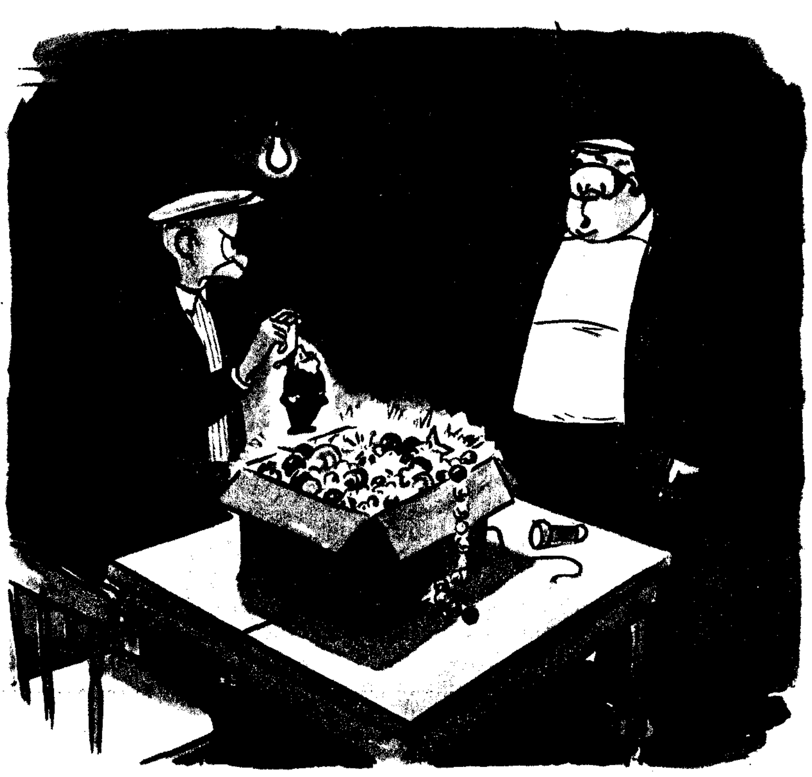
"But I couldn't *do* anything."

"Don't say that again, sport. You're beginning to make me mad."

Turner and Fat Stanley talked for a few minutes about Herb and Herb's family, and then Stanley went into his part of the house to get Joy's fur coat. Turner carried in the groceries.

"We're in the bathroom, honey," Ann called. Ann had been bathing the baby. She was sitting on a stool holding the baby wrapped up in a towel. She had on blue jeans and one of Turner's old shirts. She said, "Get us a diaper, will you, dear?"

BUTCH



"The way they gleamed under my flashlight in that dark attic, I thought sure I had somethin'"

COLLIER'S

LARRY REYNOLDS

Turner had to go back to the car. When he went back into the bathroom he sat down on the edge of the tub. He said, "It was Herb."

"How badly was he injured?"

"Died on the way to the hospital."

"Poor Charlotte," Ann said. "Those poor babies. I'll call her right now."

"No, don't," Turner said. "Fat and Joy are with her. The furnace broke down over there and he came back to get Joy's coat. Anyway, Charlotte's leaving in the morning for Iowa and she's packing."

"Iowa? What for?"

"His folks want him buried there."

"Tomorrow," Ann said. "So soon." She looked as if that were the most painful fact of all.

AFTER dinner Turner washed the dishes. Ann dried them and put them away. A northwesterly wind had begun to blow and it came in the cracks around the windows and under the front door. Ann put another blanket over the baby. When she came into the living room she said, "Edgar was out of bed."

"That's the third time tonight."

"Fourth."

"We've got to do something about that," Turner said. "There must be something wrong with a kid who just keeps getting out of bed that way."

They stood in front of the fireplace with their arms around each other. It was not a real fireplace, it was a fake. It had a fake Italian-marble mantel and even a fake fire in it. They rented the house by the month; it was the only thing they had been able to find. Some of the married officers lived as far as thirty miles away from the base. Turner and Ann had had a very nice house in California but they'd sold it when he had been called to active duty. It was Ann's first experience as an Army wife.

"The wallpaper in this room is absolutely hideous," she said.

"We'll repaper it. Charley Olsen and his wife repapered a room. He said it was easy."

"Oh, well, she's as tall as a giraffe." Ann sat down cross-legged on the floor and stared into the fake fire. "Do you think Charlotte will remarry?"

"I don't know."

Ann took a deep breath. "I'd never remarry."

"Sure you would," Turner said. "And let me give you a little advice: next time marry for money."

"Well, it's no joke being alone in the world and having to take care of two small children," Ann said. She sounded angry.

Turner felt uncomfortable. "I didn't say it was, baby."

"Well, what if *you* got killed?"

"I'm not going to."

"Do you ever think about it?"

"No."

"Never?"

Turner sat beside her on the floor. "Now that I've got you and the kids, every time I go out I want to come home awfully bad."

Ann looked over her shoulder at the front door. She shuddered. "Jack, I hate this life. If only it weren't so dangerous, if only the diaper man or *somebody* would co-operate. I can't stand this house."

"We'll repaper in here, baby."

"Jack, isn't there any way you can get out of the service? Couldn't you stop flying? Maybe if you asked them they'd let you into engineering. You're an engineer. They need engineering officers too."

"Honey, you just don't do that. Once you become a pilot you fly until your eyeballs drop out."

"But you—" Ann started to say.

FROM the bedroom Edgar began to call his mother. Turner went in to him. After he had given the little boy another drink of water, kissed him again and tucked him in, Turner went back to the living room. Ann was still staring into the fake fire.

"We'd be sent someplace else," she said. "And if you weren't flying I wouldn't worry all the time. Jack, I worry so much my stomach hurts."

"Well, I've thought about it," Turner said. "Every time I go out I keep thinking about coming back. I could request to be taken off."

"Do you really honestly think you should?" Ann asked.

"I'll talk to Skipper tomorrow. I don't guess it would do Edgar or the baby much good if I did get killed."

"Or me," Ann said.

"Oh, you'd remarry. For money."

She hit him with a sofa pillow.

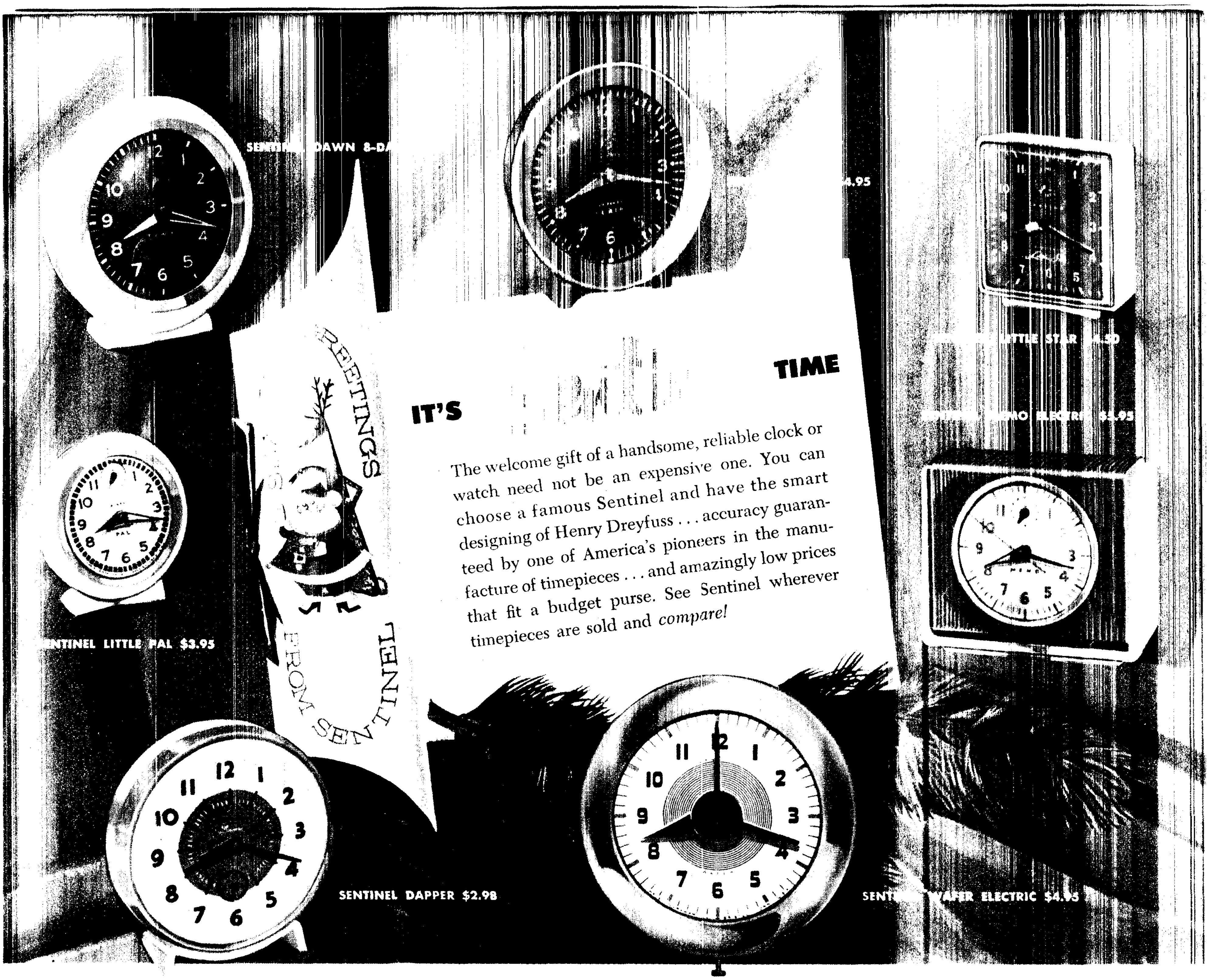
The next day was Tuesday. Turner went out on a flight with Olsen and Fat Stanley that morning. When he returned he walked over to squadron headquarters. The adjutant was reading a magazine and smoking a pipe. Turner asked if he could see the CO. The adjutant nodded.

Turner walked to the office door. "Speak to you a minute, Skipper?"

"Sure, kid." The CO took his feet off the desk and sat up straight. He was a thin, intense man a few years older than Turner. There were circles under his eyes and his face had an unhealthy color. He still wore the big black mustache he had grown in Korea. The little sign on his desk read: *Col. Art Roberts, Jr., Commanding.*

"Anything special on your mind, kid?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," Turner said. "I want to request to be taken off flying duty." He reached into his pocket and took



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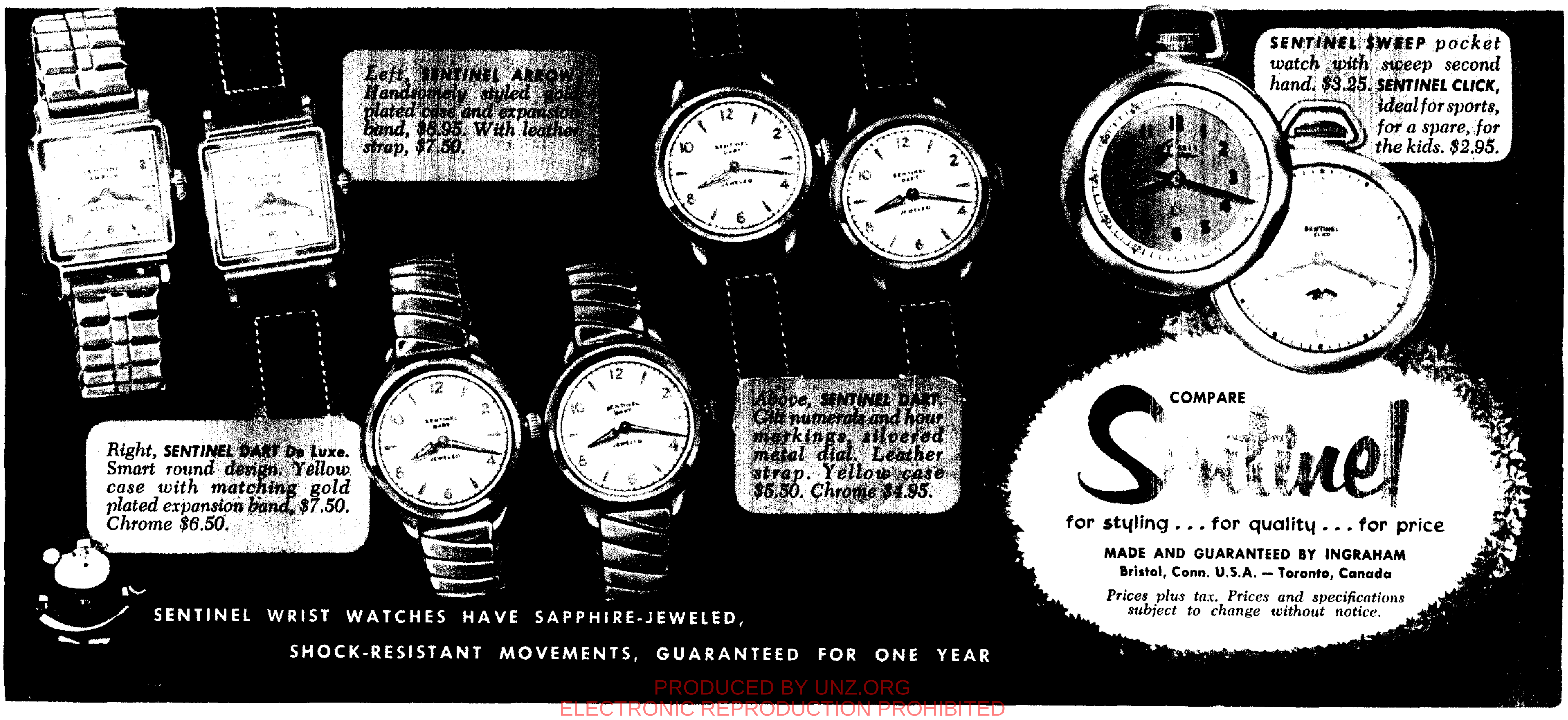

Left, **SENTINEL ARROW.** *Handsomely styled gold plated case and expansion band, $8.95. With leather strap, $7.50.*

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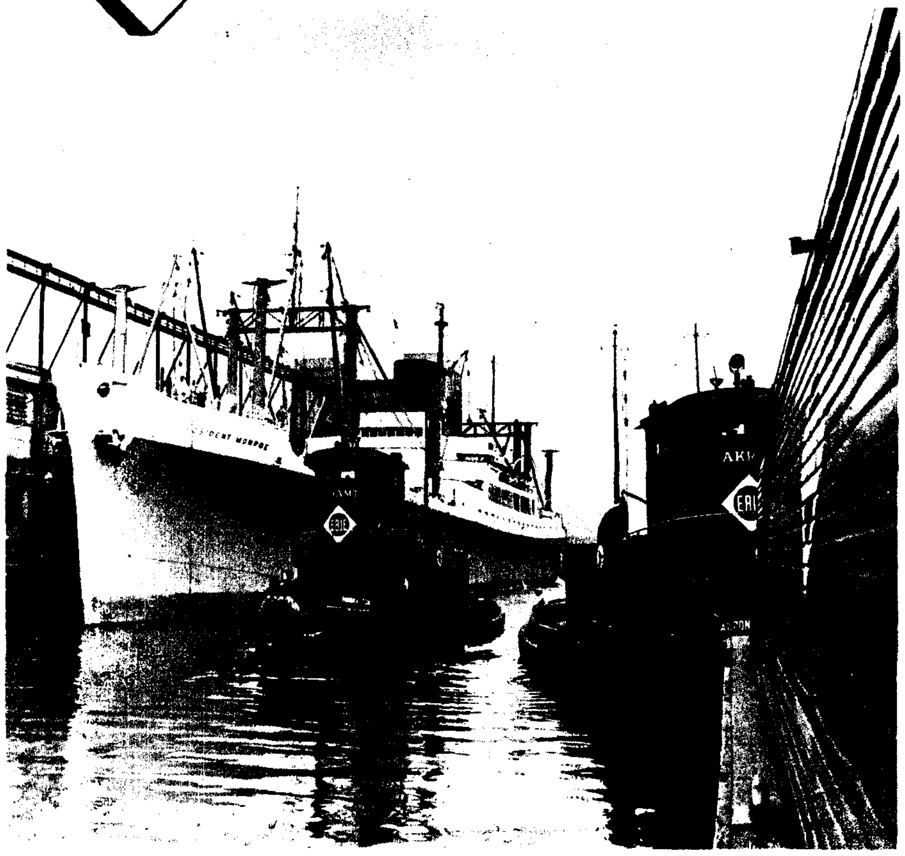

Tugs that talk back

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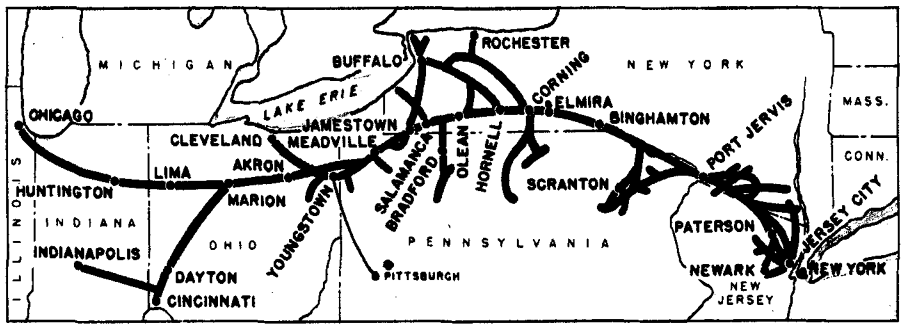


out a typewritten sheet of paper. "Here's a formal request I wrote. Will you endorse it?"

Skipper said, "What's the gag?"

"No gag. I'm serious."

SKIPPER got up and closed the office door. There were spots of color on his cheeks. "Now you tell me just exactly what in hell is the matter."

"I've got a family, that's all," Turner said. He realized that was not the way to begin.

"So has Captain Grady, for instance. Grady has one of the finest families of any man in the service. And he flies."

"I've got two kids," Turner said. "If anything happened to me who'd take care of them?"

"You have the maximum amount of insurance—"

"I don't mean money," Turner said.

"You saw Herb crash, didn't you? Has that been preying on your mind?"

"No, sir."

"If there's one thing I can't stand, Turner, it's a man who's afraid and who's even more afraid to *admit* he's afraid. Admit it, Turner. I'll see if I can get you psychiatric treatment. You'll be sent to a general hospital."

"Sir, I'm not afraid."

"Damn it, don't think I'm begging you to stay in my squadron," Skipper said. He was very angry. "We teach you to fly. You become a member of an elite organization and enjoy all the accompanying privileges. And when your country calls on you, asks you to put to some use the many tedious hours and dollars that went into your training, what do you do? You chicken out. You're yellow, Turner, and you know it."

Turner wanted to hit the colonel, but he was afraid to. He had never felt so angry, nor so helpless. "I'm not yellow," he said, "and you know it." He had to keep swallowing. "A hell of a CO you are, talking like that. What're *you* afraid of?"

"Get out of here."

Turner put the typewritten request on the colonel's desk and started out. "No, you wait a minute." Skipper picked up the telephone. "Get me Major Meyers," he said. He waited a moment. "Meyers? Roberts here. I'm sending a man to you—Turner. Find out if he's fit to fly. Let me know as soon as possible." . . .

"And what did the major say?" Ann asked. It was Tuesday night and the children were in bed. Ann and Turner were sitting on the sofa in the living room drinking coffee. Turner had been telling her about it.

"Oh, he said I was fit to fly."

"And how did you get this?" Ann touched a bruise on his cheek.

"Well, I wasn't going to tell you."

"Well, you tell me."

"I wasn't feeling so hot when I left the base. Nobody ever talked to me like that. So I stopped at the Village Restaurant for a drink. Fat Stanley was there."

"Oh?"

"I thought he was kidding me. Then he said something about me being too yellow to help Herb *or* fly. I guess the adjutant or that enlisted man heard Skipper and told Stanley or someone. Anyway, I started to leave. I didn't say anything to him, I just started out. He grabbed me and hit me. So when I got up I hit him."

"Where?"

"On his shoulder, I guess. We were pretty close together. Olsen pulled us apart. It was about the silliest fight I was ever in."

"Fat Stanley, of all people," Ann said. "Well, that explains it."

"Explains what?"

"Joy. I went over to use her washing machine and she wouldn't let me. At first she said she was using it. Then she must've realized that I can hear it every time she turns on the water. So she said she'd rather I didn't use it any more, that was all. And she never wanted to see me again. Then she slammed the door in my face."

Turner put out his cigarette.

"Honestly," Ann said. She shook her head. "I can't understand a man like Colonel Roberts."

"He's got something wrong with his liver," Turner said. "Since he came back from Korea he's been taking treatments. It must be pretty painful. And he's worried about being taken off flying duty. If they ever did that it would kill him."

"Good," Ann said. "Good. I can hardly wait."

"Don't say that," Turner said. "In a way, he was right. The government has spent a lot of money on me. I'm an investment."

Ann looked worried. "You don't think we've done the wrong thing?"

Turner shrugged his shoulders. "Right, wrong—who knows?"

"Well, listen. You be careful when you fly."

"Sure. I'm always careful."

That Thursday both squadrons of the fighter group were grounded. All the pilots were assembled in a briefing room and addressed by the group commander. Their F-86s were being fitted with inflight-refueling equipment, and the group commander said that henceforth they would refuel in the air at least once during each flight. That would enable them to fly twice as far and to stay airborne twice as long.

Skipper was awfully keen about inflight refueling. He got all his pilots together and told them there was nothing to it. After ten minutes of instruction any one of them could make contact with a tanker aloft on his first try. And if any of them didn't, Skipper said, he was going to be damn' sore, because he *knew* there wasn't a foul ball in the outfit—not a real foul ball.

THREE KB-29 tanker planes arrived at the air base the following Monday, and as soon as the wing tanks on the F-86s had been fitted with hollow probes and overflow valves the squadron began refueling in the air. Turner's flight was the first to attempt it. He and Fat Stanley and Olsen took off Tuesday morning shortly after ten o'clock and made visual contact with the tanker plane thirty miles north of the air base. The KB-29 was flying straight and level at 15,000 feet, trailing a hose and funnel-shaped drogue behind it.

Fat Stanley was leading the flight. They crept up on the tanker from the south at two hundred miles an hour. Turner could see the drogue riding steady at the end of a 65-foot hose strung out from the tanker's belly. The drogue was about thirty inches in diameter. First Stanley went in close, made contact and then in a few minutes broke away. Olsen followed him. Then Turner crept up, guiding the probe on the forward point of his right wing tank into the funnel-shaped drogue. The probe locked into the drogue. Valves in both the probe and drogue opened automatically. A green light flashed on. That meant fuel was being pumped into his right wing tank. When he had refueled one wing tank he made a breakaway, following Stanley and Olsen, and then, in the same order, they each flew the probe on their other wing tank into the drogue. The entire operation was completed in absolute radio silence.

IT SNOWED for Thanksgiving, a real blizzard. For two days the Turners were without heat because the oil truck could not get up the road. Their only source of heat was the wood-burning range in the kitchen. On Fat Stanley's side of the house there was no heat at all. Turner asked them politely if they would like to come over and get warm. After all it was Thanksgiving. Fat Stanley said no, but Joy wanted to come and so Turner left them arguing. Later Joy slipped over alone. She was very embarrassed, but she had also been very cold. Fat Stanley kept calling on the telephone and asking to speak to Joy. She would not speak to him. When Joy did go home Fat Stanley gave her hell. Turner could hear him through the thin wallboard.

Skipper gave a Thanksgiving party but Turner and Ann were not invited. Wives of the men in the squadron no longer called Ann up for a nice long talk on the telephone. If she ran into them in the village they were self-consciously polite. Olsen's wife even stopped asking if Edgar could come over and play with her little boy. That made Ann angry.

"When they interfere in the lives of the children they go too far," she told Turner bitterly. "Who do they think they are anyway?"

"Fighter pilots."

"Well, I guess what you have to go through is even worse."

"I don't have to go through anything."

"I'll bet they never speak to you."

"What do we care?" Turner said. "We're trying to do what we think's right, aren't we?"

"Well, yes," Ann said. But she was not happy. To add to her troubles, the diaper man had gone out of business.

The first week in December a warm front moved up from the Gulf and the weather turned bad. When there was not snow there was fog. But if there was enough visibility for them to see the end of the runway the fighters took off. Then Olsen got a bad cold and the flight surgeon grounded him, and Turner and Fat Stanley flew by themselves. Saturday morning when they reported at the base they had to wait two hours until a heavy ground fog lifted so they could take off.

It was ten o'clock. Turner was flying in the flight leader's position; Fat Stanley was on his wing. They headed east, over New Brunswick and then Nova Scotia. Somewhere over the Grand Bank off Newfoundland at 40,000 feet they swung south and began losing altitude so they could pick up the tanker plane.

They had been airborne an hour and thirty minutes; each of them had fuel for another twenty minutes' flying time. They were several hundred miles from land.

TURNER led Fat Stanley down. He did not like the color of the clouds they were dropping into. The farther down they went the more turbulent the air became. "It don't look so good, do it?" Fat Stanley said over the radio.

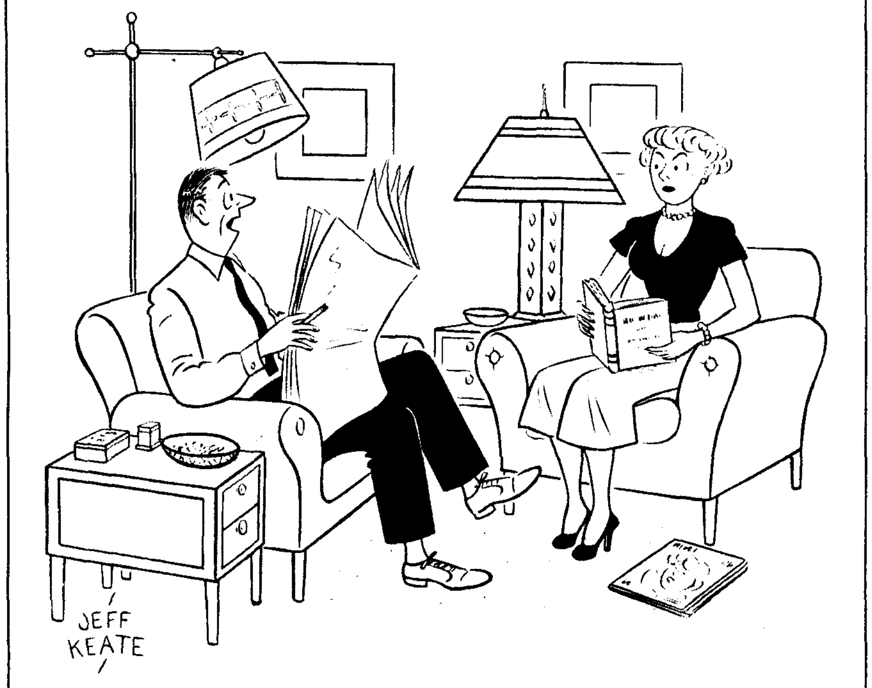
"No," Turner said. He did not say anything else. They were supposed to maintain radio silence while refueling. Anyway he did not want to talk to Fat Stanley.

They passed through the cloud layer. The air was extremely turbulent, visibility poor. The ocean below looked like angry dirty lead. Turner squinted. He said, "She's ahead, Fat. See her?"

Stanley sighed. "Now ain't that a pretty sight, sport? Did you ever see such a pretty sight?"

"We better shut up," Turner said.

The tanker plane was trailing its hose and drogue which was bobbing like a kite on a windy day. Stanley flew behind Turner, on his left, while Turner eased up behind the tanker. He was concentrating so hard on stab-



"Well, I see we've been listed as a main atomic-bomb target. I *told* you this is a good town!"

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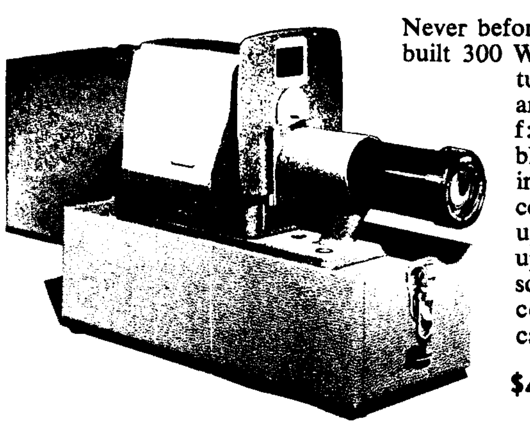

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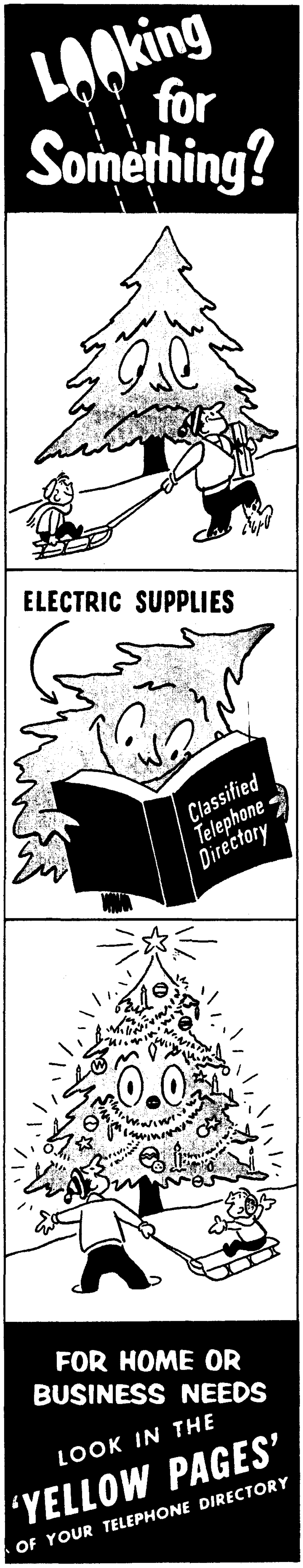
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"I know the game you men can play,"
So went the coach's plea;
"Get out there on that field today
And win this one for me!"

The team, they watched his teardrops run;
They heard his choking sob;
They went, they fought like mad and won.
(P.S. He kept his job.)

—NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

bing his probe into the drogue that sweat broke out on his forehead. He eased the probe in, then advanced the throttle slightly. The probe locked, the green light flashed on. Turner crept closer to the tanker and then, when his wing tank was full, he broke away. Angling up and back around behind the tanker again, he glanced ahead at Fat Stanley and saw that Stanley had not made contact. Turner watched him fall behind, then creep up again. On his second try Stanley made it.

Then, unexpectedly, Fat Stanley had broken away and was trying to stab the drogue again with the same probe. He should've filled that tank by now, Turner thought. "Fat, what's the matter, boy?" he asked.

"Not getting any fuel," Stanley said. As he spoke the probe locked into the drogue again.

"Well, how about it now?" Turner asked.

"I'm still not getting any."

"Something's wrong with the valve," Turner said. "Break away. Try the probe on your other tank."

Fat Stanley made the breakaway, then advanced again. He put the probe into the drogue on his first try. Why doesn't he say something, Turner thought. "How about it, boy?" he said.

"Nah," Fat Stanley said.

Turner climbed slowly, circling over the tanker. "It must be the valve, Fat. Try it again."

HE WATCHED Fat Stanley break away and come around again. Only one of Turner's wing tanks was full; he had to fly with the stick pressed hard over. He saw Stanley make a stab at the drogue and miss. Fat fell back. Then instead of trying for the drogue again he suddenly dropped lower and began to fall behind the tanker.

"Fat, what's the matter?"

"They don't run on air, sport. I'm out of fuel." The tanker plane and Turner were getting farther and farther ahead of Fat Stanley, who was going down behind them in a glide. Turner heard Stanley calling the base: "This is Charley Two. I'm out of fuel, my engine's dead. Failed to make refueling contact due to mechanical difficulties. Charley One is okay. I'm abandoning here. Do not know my exact position. Over."

"Stand by, Charley Two," the base radio said.

"You guys in the tanker," Turner said, "follow me. I'm going down."

"Don't get excited," someone in the tanker said. "We're with you."

Turner went around in an easy turn. It had to be easy, he was flying with the stick pressed so far over. Fat Stanley was two thousand feet below. "Fat, what're you going to do?"

"I'm bailing out, sport."

"I'll stick with you until you're picked up, Fat," Turner said. "I'll be right overhead all the time. Just look up, you'll see me. You don't have anything to worry about, boy."

"I'm leaving this crate at ten thousand," Stanley said.

"Then you'd better start," Turner told him.

He saw the canopy of Fat Stanley's F-86 blow off. An instant later Fat was shot out of the cockpit, seat and all. Turner watched him tumbling over and over through the air. When Fat had fallen free of the plane his chute opened. Turner flew down in a gentle spiral until he saw Fat hit the water and the chute collapse. It seemed like a year to Turner before he saw that Fat had inflated the one-man rubber boat and managed to get into it. Sea-marker dye began to spread out around the little boat. The waves were high and the wind rough. Fat Stanley was working like a madman to keep the little boat headed into the waves. That'll take off the poundage, Turner thought.

"Tanker, you still here?" he asked.

"We're above you at ten thousand."

"I want you to fly in a circle over this position," Turner said. "I'll come up behind you and refuel my other tank. Can you do that?"

"We can do it."

Turner crept up slowly behind the tanker. With the stick pressed almost all the way over, it was difficult to maneuver the fighter. It took Turner several tries before he stabbed the probe into the drogue and they locked. But the green light did not come on.

"Wait a minute, I'm not getting any fuel," Turner said. He broke away, tried again. Still he did not get fuel. "I've got a bad valve," he said. "I can't get anything from you."

"Fill your other tank to capacity," the tanker said. "We'll stick with you as long as we can."

The base radio began to call him. "This is Charley One," Turner said.

"A Cat has left Argentia, Newfoundland. It should be over Charley Two in two and one half hours. What is Charley Two's condition?"

"Charley Two bailed out successfully," Turner said. "The area is marked with dye. I'll stick with him until the Cat gets here."

The weather was getting worse. Turner had to keep dropping lower and lower to be able to see Fat Stanley.

Turner was lying stretched out on his back on the sofa. Ann was sitting across the room in the easy chair, and Edgar was on the floor looking at a book. As a special treat he was being allowed to stay up later than usual.

"Anyway, the Cat picked Fat up," Turner said. "I told the base what my situation was. I had to refuel twice more on the way home. That's all."

"Well, when Skipper called," Ann said, "I guess it was right after lunch, he must've talked for thirty minutes before he hung up. He explained everything. I wasn't so worried about you. I was really thinking about poor Fat the whole time."

"Me too," Turner said. "I was afraid that boy was going to freeze solid." He yawned and closed his eyes.

THEN the telephone in the hall began to ring. "I'll get it," Turner said, and got up.

When he came back into the living room Turner said, "Guess what? That was Fat Stanley calling from Argentia, Newfoundland."

"Really? How is he?"

"The doctor said there's nothing wrong with him. He's coming home tomorrow. It was kind of funny—he kept apologizing for hitting me that time." Turner lay back down on the sofa. "Oh. This afternoon when I was in the ready room taking off my gear Skipper came in. He said, 'Nice going,' or something like that. And so I asked him if he'd ever forwarded my request to be taken off flying duty. He said no. He said he threw it away."

"I had an idea something like that had happened," Ann said.

"I told him just to forget about it."

They looked at each other. "I thought you would," Ann said.

"Well, are you angry?"

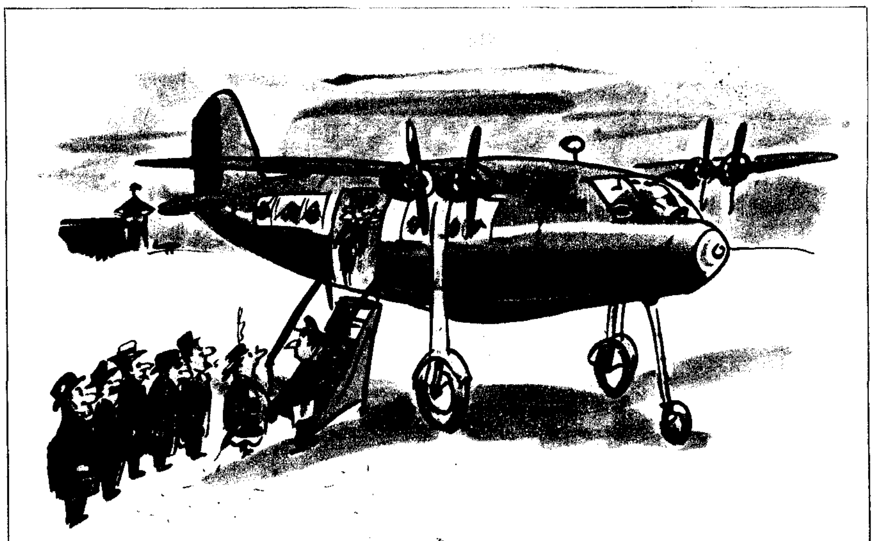
"This afternoon I kept thinking: What if you hadn't been there?" Ann said. "And what would've happened to Fat? I guess you're valuable to them, honey."

"Yeah, in a way," Turner said. "Everything will be okay," he added. "I know it will. Don't worry."

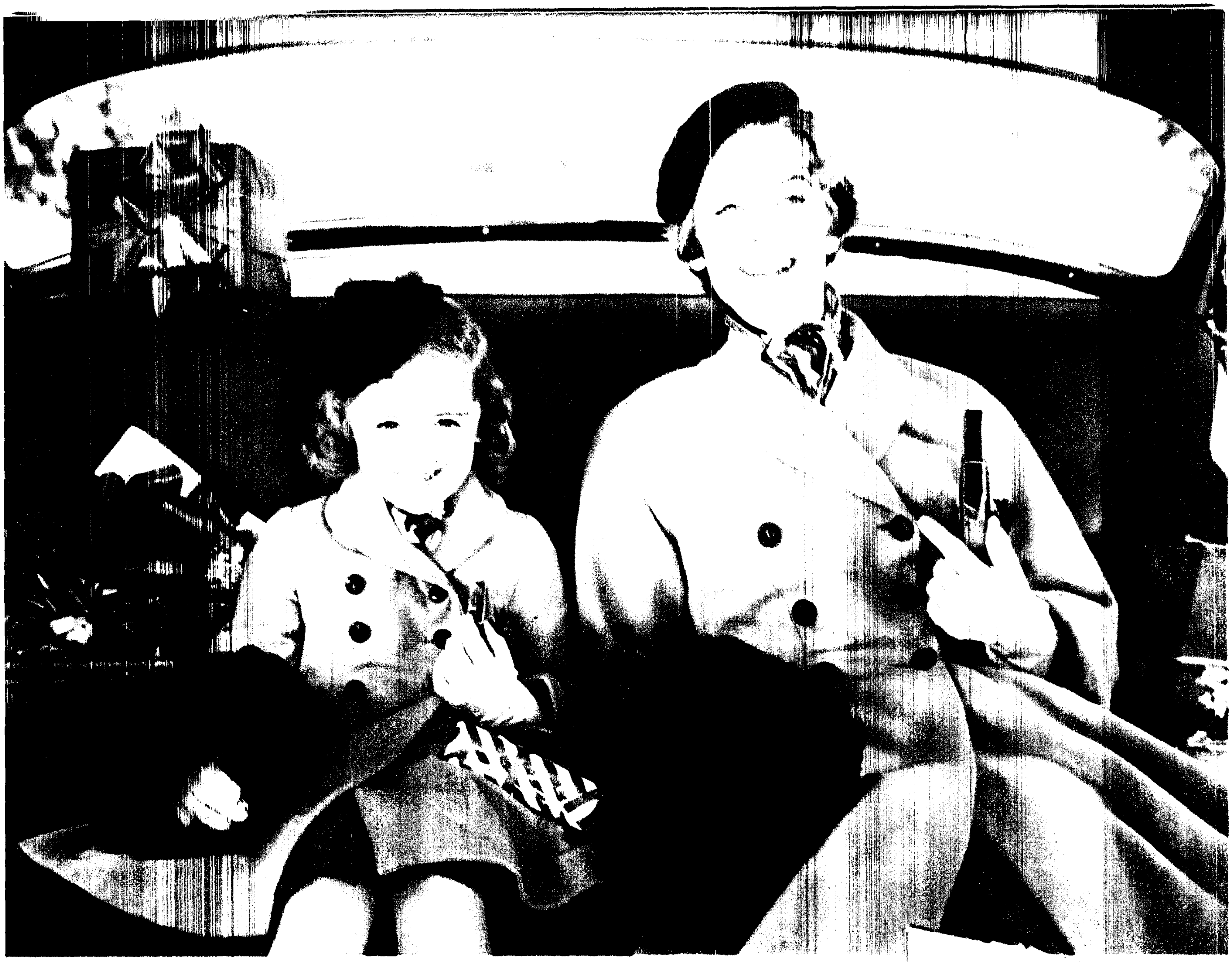
Ann came over and sat on the edge of the sofa beside him and rubbed the back of his neck with her hand. They watched Edgar looking at the book.

Turner himself raised up on one elbow and whispered to her, "You know, Ann, we've got to start doing something about the kids' Christmas."

—WALT GROVE



COLLIER'S **"You mean you're going to travel clear across the country without a spare tire?"** REAMER KELLER



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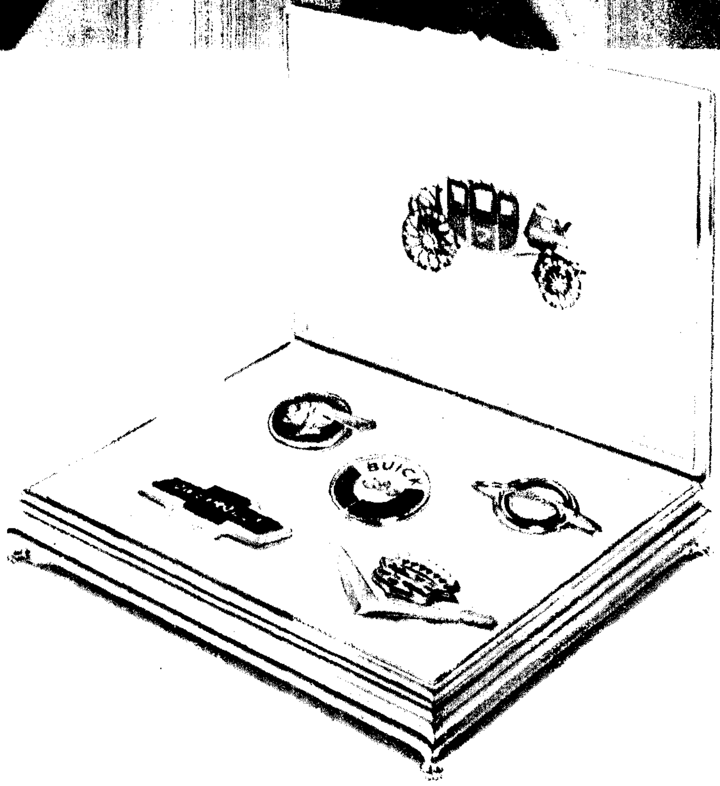

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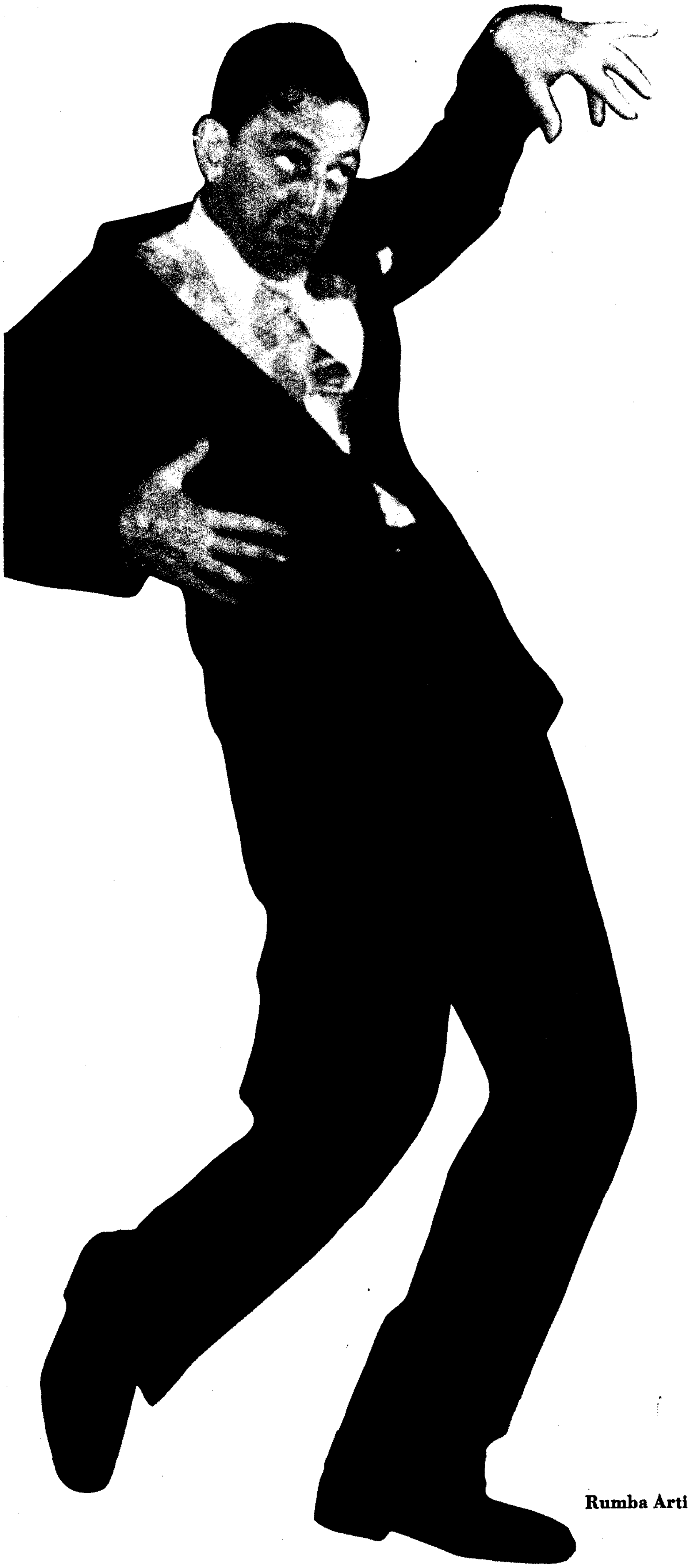
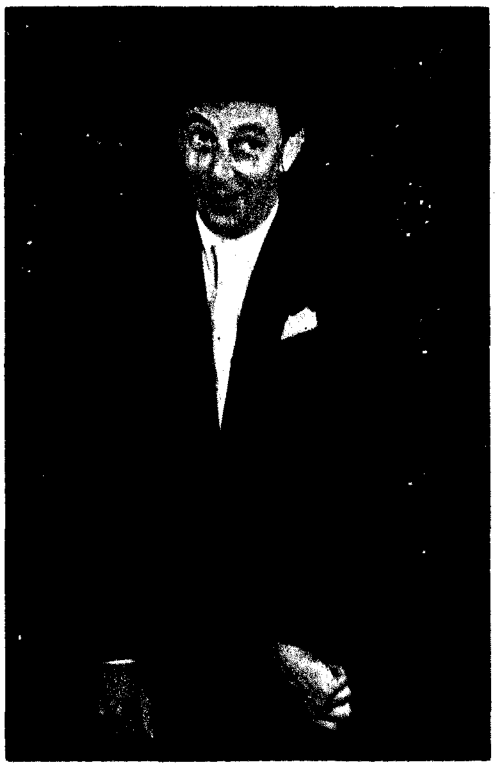
How People Look

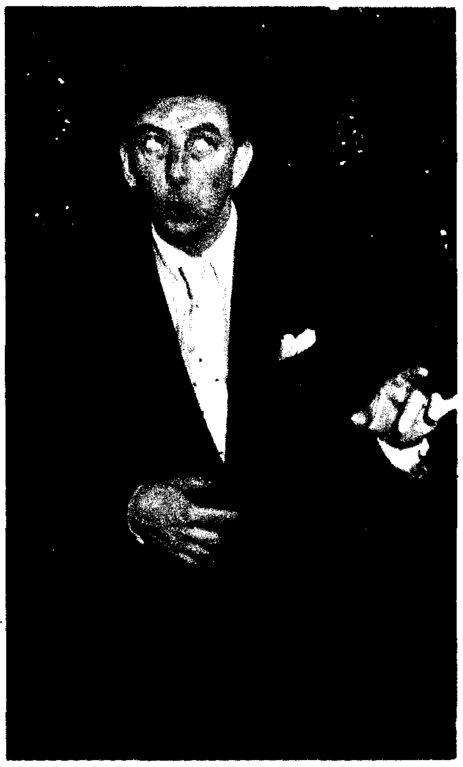
Each man on a dance floor is one of eight types



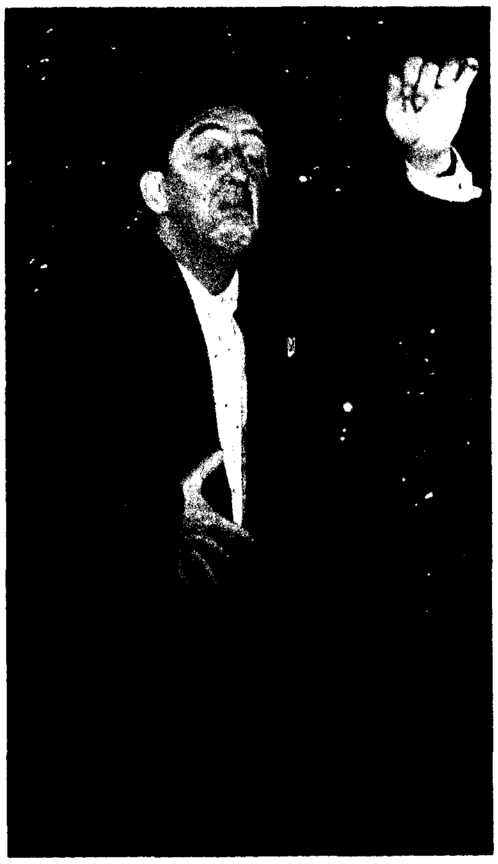
Rumba Artist



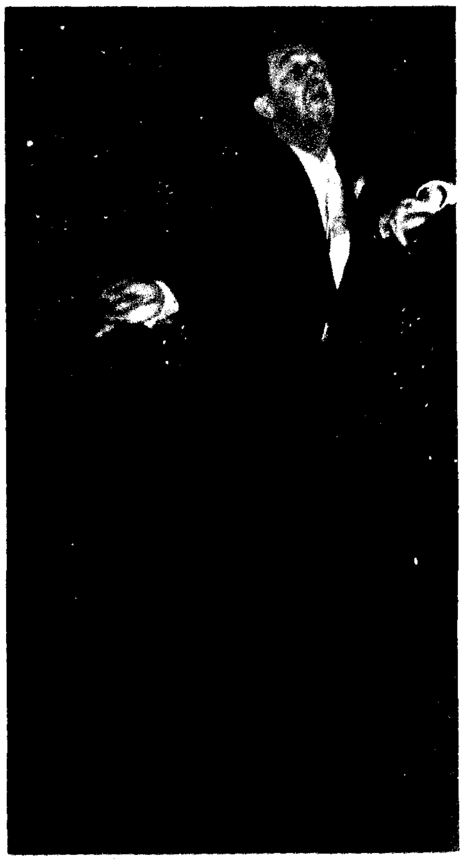
Ringside Romeo



Step-Counter



Pseudo Continental



Fellow-on-a-Dime

to Me - Ray Bolger

ays the gay-legged star. Now, honestly: which are you?

Noncombatant

FOR a couple of decades, I've been doing dances and satirical sketches. And I'm happy to say you've laughed. Because *you* have been my material. I've watched you—in night clubs, in dance halls and in ballrooms—during the lighthearted hours when human behavior hits its wildest extremes of elegance and eccentricity. And my parodies—on stage, in films and on TV—are only a slight modification of how you look to me when you assume the attitude of the dance. In my observation, personality triumphs over technique. And the dancing personality may be broken down, roughly, into eight basic types:

1.) Ringside Romeo. Lacking the courage to ask, "May I have the pleasure?", or simply, "Dancing?", he never makes the floor.

2.) Step-Counter. He's a mathematician. Does a careful job of his two specialties—the waltz and the fox trot.

3.) Pseudo Continental. Leftover from the tango era, he applies an air of disdainful distinction to all faintly exotic routines. Result: a pained expression not only of the face but body.

4.) Fellow-on-a-Dime. Keeps his square foot of floor clear of all intruders.

5.) Rumba Artist. Combines the most conspicuous features of the society (ballroom) and the negra (primitive) styles. From the neck up he does the society. The rest of him does the negra.

6.) Auld Lang Syne. Keeps waiting for someone to mention F. Scott Fitzgerald. He once won a Charleston contest.

7.) Cool Caper-Cutter. In the late evening hours, nothing so soothes this dancer's ego as the jitterbug.

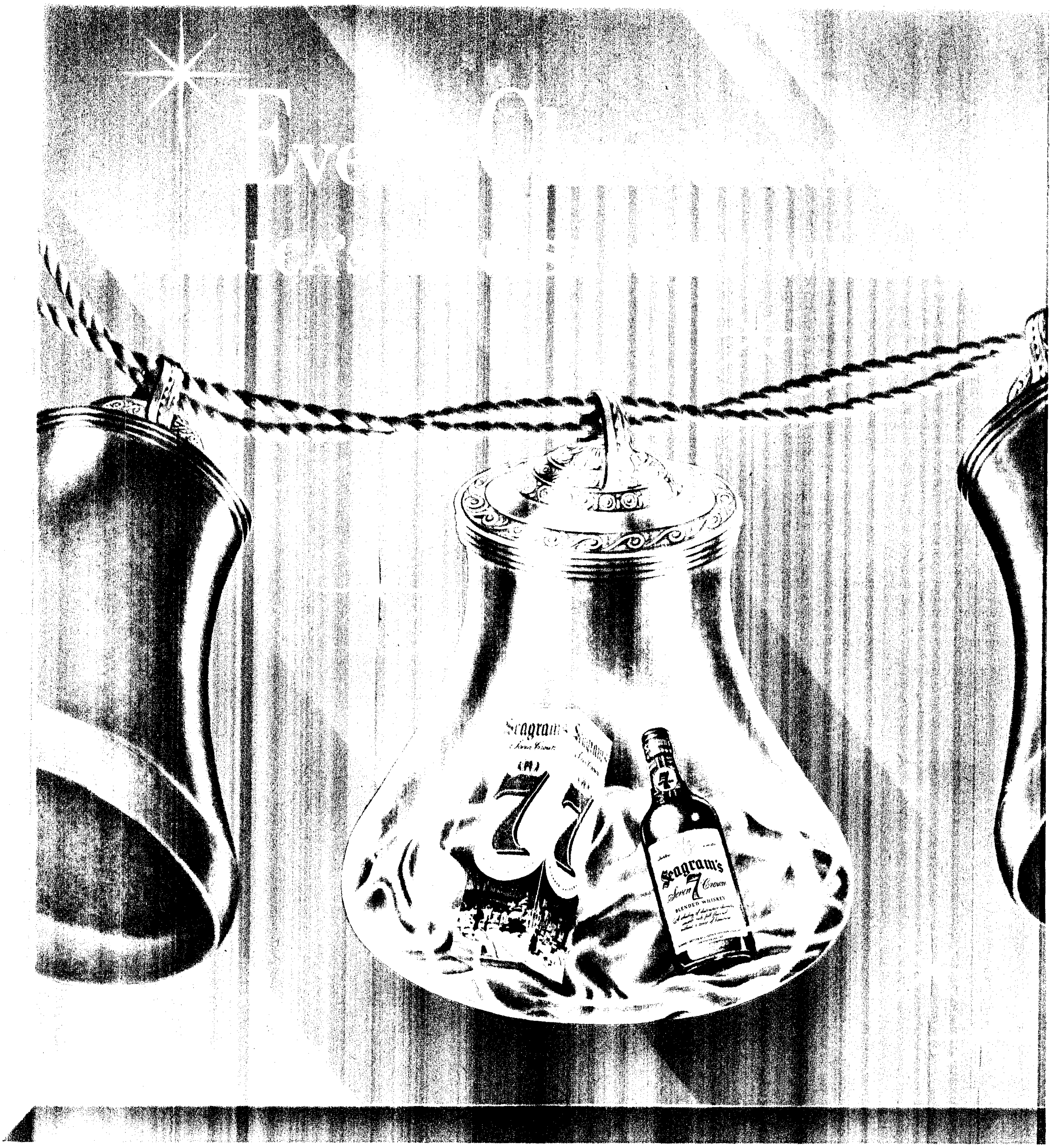
8.) Noncombatant. He may be a side-line finger-snapper. Or he may be Bolger, gathering material.

Samba, anyone? ▲▲▲

Auld Lang Syne

Cool Caper-Cutter: star of ABC-TV Where's Raymond? apes restless type

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ZINN ARTHUR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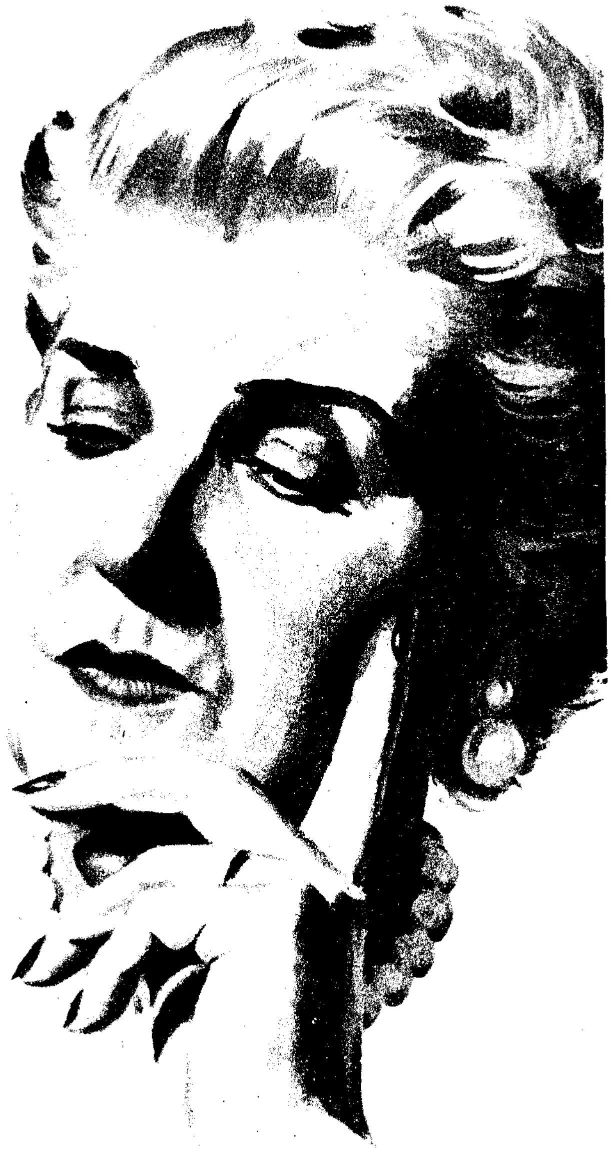
How Adele DEPLOYED Mama



By HERBERT GOLD

NORMIE SANDLER had trouble getting married. First there was a girl his mother didn't like, so he gave the girl up. Then there was a girl who didn't like his mother, so he gave up that girl too. All of Normie's relatives heard about that girl from Normie's mother: "She's such a mousy person, and besides my boy at least deserves a girl who can play the piano, sing classical music, *do* something."

Thirty-eight on his last birthday, Normie still barely knew his own mind, except where car trade-ins and his optical business were concerned. On those two subjects, even Mama kept her advice to herself. She made up for this occasional silence when Normie brought a girl to dinner.

Sometimes the girl he brought home had dyed hair; sometimes she couldn't explain why she had plucked eyebrows.

Once there had been a girl who volunteered the opinion that a wife should stay home and not be, say, a receptionist in an optician's office; there'd been another girl who hadn't liked Mama's chicken soup. To Normie's interest in any and all of these girls, Mama had said no.

"I don't know," Normie replied to his relatives' teasing, "I suppose I'll marry someday. It's just that I'm busy with my career."

"A profession isn't like business," Mama added. "An optician can't be always running around; he has to stay home and read medical magazines. Some professional men never get married. Service to the community is all they care about. And professional men are such lovely persons to talk to, so well-informed."

More and more often Normie stayed home at night to serve the community; Mama would bring him a nice little snack at ten thirty and then they would say good night.

BUT finally there came Adele. She arrived at Normie's shop wanting a pair of glasses with a pixy slant, and tinted aqua to match the seat covers in *her* car. "You have your own car?" Normie asked, blowing on the lenses and then wiping them for her.

"A fifty-two Peerlac."

"That's a nice model. Good year for Peerlacs. Here, see if this pinches," he said, and tenderly balanced the glasses frame on her nose.

"Convertible," she added.

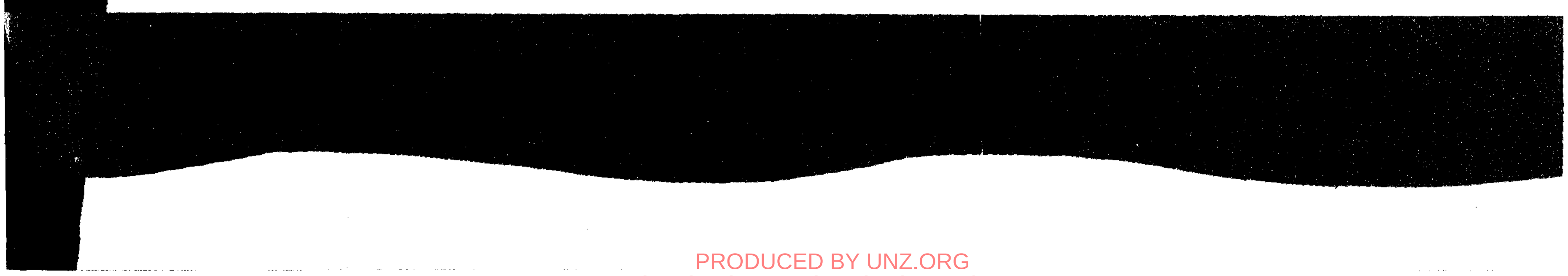
"Oh!" said Normie, but disguised his emotion by commenting: "Never, *never* squeeze the nasal passages, Miss— What's your name, please?"

Her cheeks turned prettily pink. "Miss Lacey," she said, "but my first name is Adele."

Adele was a bright, pert creature with a small, full mouth and saucy earrings. When Normie had given her the glasses and she had paid him, she suggested they take a ride in her convertible.

Instead, Normie suggested a ride in his own four-

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL BURNS



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door hardtop. "No, mine," she said.

"No, mine," he said.

"Don't be so domineering," she said.

"I'm a gentleman," he pointed out.

So they went in Normie's hardtop convertible, spinning along the autumn countryside, trying out the gadgets: the ash tray, the radio, the armrest and the light in the glove compartment. When they returned—it was nine o'clock and dark by that time—it was Adele's turn, and off they sped in her Peerlac with the top down.

Naturally Normie had telephoned Mama to let her know that he was detained downtown by a meeting of professional men; and just as naturally, in a few days the truth was out. Mama served him a glass of warm milk and he confessed. Oh, she's a sly one, Mama was thinking as Normie described Adele's grace, her charm, her throaty voice and her Peerlac. And Mama resolved, without meeting Adele, that smarty is as smarty gets away with it. Secure in her matriarchal wisdom, Mama felt that this Adele couldn't possibly know as much as she did about handling a sensitive professional man. In the battle for Normie, Mama Sandler had a thirty-eight-year head start.

Therefore Mama made little comments. Normie ignored them and went on calling for Adele after work. Then Mama pretended she was ill. Normie suggested a checkup, brought flowers and advised no more candy for a while; but he went on calling for Adele.

Normie, who felt the future was within his grasp, even paid a penny for a weight-and-fortune card from the drugstore scale. He read the heady words: *You are a sensitive, creative person. Drive carefully.*

Adele's card said: *You are a person who makes his or her own good luck. Today is your lucky day.* She turned then and waited for Normie to clasp her about her narrow waist and lift her the three inches down from the scale. "I always have a good time with Adele," Normie told his mother that night. "Today we weighed ourselves."

THIS was serious. So Mama took a drastic step and invited Adele to dinner. It was a tactic that usually produced excellent results, but Adele used a napkin as well as Mama did. She kept one hand in her lap. She said, "How nice!" about the soup, "How delicious!" about the chicken, and "How tasty!" about the dessert. She overlooked nothing and even asked to help with the dishes.

"No!" Mama said. She realized that for the first time she was battling in retreat, but she believed that she could win a war of attrition. Mama was a strong woman and a courageous general. In the twenty-some years since Normie had begun to go out with girls, she had never before met a foe worthy of her. Now she almost welcomed the combat.

That evening after dinner, when they were all sitting together on the living-room sofa looking through the books of family photographs (Normie and Mama at the sixth-grade open house; Normie and Mama at the Chicago World's Fair; Normie and Mama in front of the optical shop), Mama began to maneuver into position. "Do you cook for yourself, Adele?" she inquired. "It must be lovely to have your own apartment. Of course, if you lived at home your mother could entertain your friends."

"Mama is a great help to me professionally," Normie said loyally.

Adele and Mama ignored him. They looked hard at each other, smiling firm, tight little smiles. Adele gave up first; she looked down and casually brushed a curl off her forehead. "Oh, I visit my parents every vacation," she said.

Mama was relentless. "What's your favorite dish? I imagine you have several favorite recipes."

Adele's deft answer outmaneuvered Mama and worried her: Adele asked her and Normie to come to dinner at her apartment. What troubled Mama most was the confidence of the invitation; it was almost as if Adele really wanted her to come. And at the door, saying good night, Adele held Mama's hands in her own and said, "It's been so nice spending an evening with you, Mrs. Sandler. I really enjoyed it."

"Lovely," Mama said in defeat. Normie rode down in the elevator with Adele and walked her all the way to the Peerlac, but of course Mama did not reproach him for it when he returned.

The following Saturday would be the Waterloo, the World Series, the championship bout. Each would commit all her energies and her skill for the prize—Normie—and one of them would know the bitterness of second place. Normie got a haircut for the occasion. At least on this the two women could agree. "Normie! It's too short," her mother said.

"Makes you look fat," said Adele.

"The barber did it, I didn't," Normie protested. "I thought you said you liked a man with some weight."

"Not on the back of the neck, Norman," said Adele, and she and Mrs. Sandler laughed together at the simplicity of men.

Gauging their laughter, Normie shrewdly decided that the evening had begun well. He could not guess his mother's torment during the time that Adele was making a salad in the kitchen, leaving Mama and Normie alone in the living room. He mistook the wild rolling of Mama's eyes for fatigue or a need for bifocals. What it really represented, however, was Mama's effort to see behind the pictures for dust, to X-ray the dresser drawers for disorder, to penetrate the closets for evidence of moths, muss and dissolute living.

MAMA'S finger tips itched. She actually prayed for Normie to go into the kitchen for a word alone with Adele, so that she could at least lift one picture frame; but Normie sat moodily on the sofa, keeping her company. Mama knew that in this delicate time she could not risk her position by letting him catch her running a finger along a sill. In his anger he might marry Adele even if Mama's finger came up black with dust.

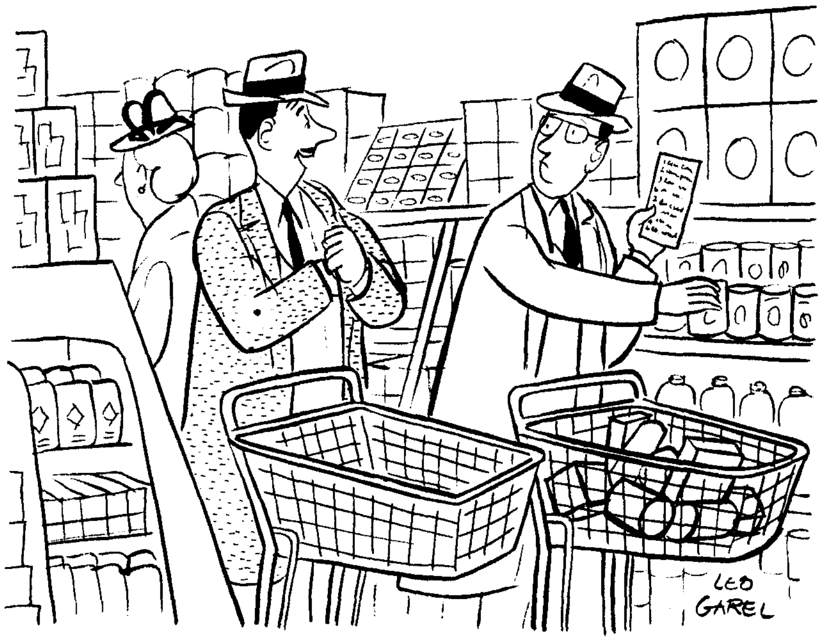
"Mama," said Normie, "have you a headache?"

"Yes," she replied with joy, so that he would go to ask Adele for an aspirin. "No!" she corrected herself hastily, in order to avoid the confession of weakness. "I feel fine, but I'm

COLLIER'S

"I think charge accounts are even better than money . . ."

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN



"Seems I left my list home. Mind if I borrow yours?"

COLLIER'S LEO GAREL

hungry." That was a good touch, she thought to herself—make him feel Adele's responsibility for her hunger pangs. Dinner should have been at seven and it was ten after seven already. Of course, giving the girl her due, she had offered them tomato juice and a salty cracker. There had been a *pâté* on the cracker—liver, very finely ground—and an olive slice on top.

"Come to the table," Adele called. "Everything's ready!"

Oh, this was no ordinary girl. Mama took a renewed but furious pride in the subtle craft of her adversary. Another and less clever sort would have tried to make herself pretty after cooking in a hot kitchen, but not Adele. Adele knew that the problem at the moment was to make Mama see what a homy creature she was—not to set Norman swooning. Normie, both the women were aware, was merely the prize of their struggle, the motivation for it; he took no part in the contest itself.

Normie ate well. He congratulated Adele on every dish, but diplomatically left a little on his plate—for his mother's sake. At home he never left a scrap.

WHEN Adele had invited them, Mama had known that the girl would prepare a superb dinner; so she was only slightly disconcerted by its monumental excellence. Her real torment was over the problem of how to examine the drawers, closets and the backs of the pictures on the walls. To show that she was a broad-minded person and could give credit where credit was demanded, she finished everything on her plate. But if Adele proved to be a slovenly housekeeper, Mama would not mind all these easy victories Adele had won.

Then, when Adele served the coffee, Mama found her opening. She suddenly declared that she took only milk, not cream, and before Adele could move, Mama was up and into the kitchen. She opened the refrigerator and frowned at the jar of stuffed olives, but she registered no open disapproval. There were tomatoes and lettuce and carrots (check for the vitamins and roughage), a package of frozen cube steaks (check for protein in a snack), a quart of milk (nice, nice). This girl Adele was no pushover.

As she went back into the dining room and sat down, Mama admitted to herself that Adele had courage. To serve chicken would have been the trick of a cowardly girl; Adele had served roast beef. And while Mama had found a piece of gristle or two, the rest had gone down as easily as the rice. (Rice instead of potatoes had been a bold trick too, she conceded.)

But what about the closet, the sills, the drawers? It was there that Mama's final judgment on Adele would be passed, and no roast beef and rice would save the girl.

"How do I make my special bran muffins?" Mama heard her own voice saying sweetly in answer to Adele's question.

"Yes," Adele said. "Norman tells me it's a tradition in the Sandler household—bran muffins for breakfast."

"It is," Mama said with pride.

"Oh, tell me your recipe," Adele pleaded, leaning toward her. "Another cooky? More coffee, anybody?"

"I've made hundreds of muffins, thousands," Mama said. She waited for Adele to seat herself again with paper and pencil. "You should put your best recipes on little cards, my dear, so you won't lose them."

"Tell me—" Adele said, and her lips moved to say the word "Mama" but she corrected herself. "Really, Mrs. Sandler, I'd love to know how you make them."

"First a half cup of flour. Sift. No lumps. Then bran. Mix. Then seedless raisins. Mix."

"How much?"

"You'll see," Mama said. "As much as the mixture will take. You have to have experience."

Adele nodded in agreement.

When Mama had finished, sighing deeply with the climax—"Bake in a slow oven, you'll see how long"—she relaxed with almost tender feelings toward Adele. The girl was writing furiously, trying to get it all down.

"They really sound marvelous, Mrs. Sandler," she said.

"Yes," Mama said. "They start the morning right, don't they, Normie?"

"There never was a bran muffin like Mama's," Normie said, fingering his key chain impatiently. "Say, it's such a nice evening, let's go for a drive. How about it, Mama?"

Adele got up and pulled coaxingly at Mama's hands, saying, "Yes, all three of us, let's go. Come on, Mrs. Sandler."

Mama held back, thinking about all the explorations she could make if they would just leave her alone in this apartment. Adele was thinking the same thing. What, Mama thought, is on that girl's mind, wanting me to come with them like this?

"I think maybe I'll just stay here and rest," she said.

"No, no," Adele protested, "I won't let you. It's our dinner party, our evening together."

"Please let me rest, it's so sweet of you," Mama countered, her eyes glinting fiercely. "You children go enjoy yourselves."

"But we're just beginning to get acquainted," Adele said, her small soft lip jutting forward in a pout. "Please come."

THERE was so much cunning in the air that, without understanding why, Normie felt his throat constricted and went to the kitchen for a glass of water. While he was gone, Mama whispered to Adele, "You young people should be alone."

Adele whispered to Mama, "We women understand each other. Come with us."

But somehow, by the time Normie had returned, it was all decided. That is, Adele had been defeated. First, Mama surrendered; she decided to go with them. She went to the closet for her coat. Then, when Adele's back was turned, Mama hung her coat back in the closet and said in a loud clear voice, "I'm not going after all. I think I'd better lie down a while . . ."

She waited a few moments at the closet door to get their reaction, but when none came she turned back toward the living room. She found Adele and Normie arm in arm at the door, saying good-by to her. They had put pillows on the sofa for her, and turned down the lights. They wished her a good rest. They promised to be back in an hour or so.

It was then that Mama realized that Adele did not really care if she found foolish hats in the closet or dust on the top of the bookcase. Adele had fought the battle for intimacy with her all evening, and step by step she had won a position from which she could not be dislodged. Mama realized that she had accepted Adele, had given her consent to the girl without even knowing it.

"'By," Adele called back from the hallway.

"Good-by. Good-by," Mama answered.

She closed the door after them and stood for a moment with her hands on her hips. Then she went straight to a dresser drawer and found the stockings neatly folded in pairs. Suddenly, somehow, thinking of Adele as an accomplice in the management of Normie, Mama no longer had the heart to intrude among the rest of her future daughter-in-law's possessions. She considered new challenges for herself—for example, the role of sitter for several potential grandchildren. Shaking her head, still not quite realizing how Adele had done this to her, Mama thought: Our Adele is a clever girl indeed.

While waiting for the couple to return, Mama decided to surprise them by washing the dishes. That, at least, Adele could not have anticipated.

But perhaps, she thought with a shock, Adele had planned it exactly that way. —HERBERT GOLD

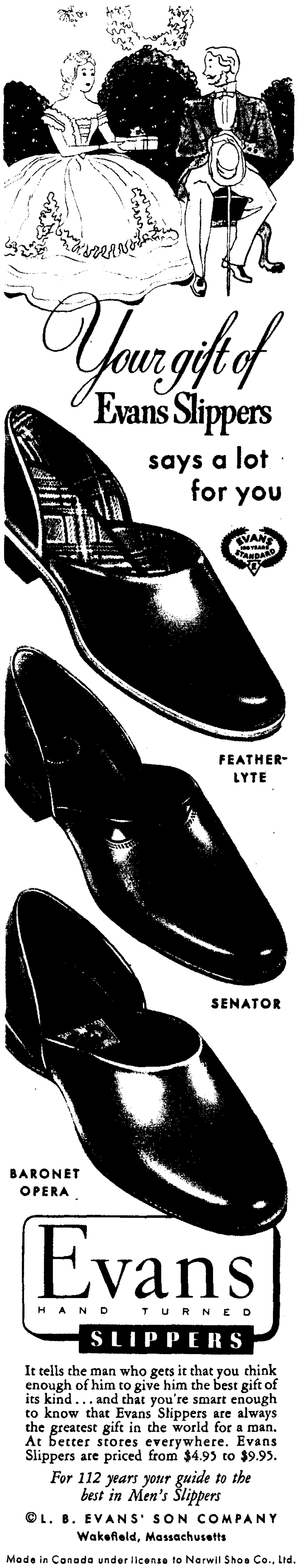


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Figure Out

BEFORE YOU READ THIS ARTICLE

In the first blank space below, draw a picture of a human figure; then in the second space draw a figure of the opposite sex. Then read on . . . ↓

Your Own Personality

Are you angry at the world, preoccupied with life's physical aspects or afraid to make decisions? A noted psychologist has worked out a test that helps provide the answers

By GLEDHILL CAMERON

EVERY time you draw a human figure (as you just did, if you have followed the instructions on the opposite page) you are providing an important clue to your personality and to many of your most intimate problems.

You may have heard of psychological tests, in which the person tested is asked to describe what various ink blots suggest to him, or in which he is given a series of pictures and asked to tell the story of each. In both tests the subject reveals his own personality traits or conflicts by attributing them to something besides himself.

The figure-drawing test is a third major projective technique, now being used more and more by clinics, hospitals and psychologists in private practice. Its developer, Dr. Karen Machover, senior psychologist at Kings County Hospital, Brooklyn, New York, has found a direct connection between what you draw to represent a human being, and the kind of person you are—what you fear, want and need. Her conclusion is based on more than 20 years of clinical experience and the study of thousands of drawings, correlated with other psychological tests, personal interviews and case histories.

Dr. Machover first became interested in figure drawings as they indicate personality when she administered intelligence tests to children. While a number of youngsters, asked to draw a man, might show the same mental age (as revealed by the technique and detail with which they draw the figure) she noted that in other respects the drawings differed greatly. Later, she began to collect drawings (both male and female figures) from adults as well as children—from normal people and the mentally ill alike. Eventually she was able to discern patterns which could be put to practical use as a guide to personality.

Dr. Machover is quick to point out that her test is only one of several tools which help the psychologist investigate personality characteristics. She also stresses that only a trained professional is qualified to analyze a drawing fully—to know how one feature can balance or mitigate another, and to know how to interrelate all the features into a full interpretation. There are, however, signposts in the drawings which the layman can easily see and understand. If you keep the important limitations in mind, you are ready to try your hand at analyzing the two drawings you made on the facing page.

The reason you were asked to make drawings of both sexes is that Dr. Machover believes the two together are essential for a complete analysis. Only rarely is a stick or line drawing made of one figure and a more complete drawing of the other. When that happens, says Dr. Machover, the simpler figure is almost always that of your own sex, because you are more evasive about your own body and its problems than you are about someone else's.

Check the details of your drawings against a list of the points a psychologist watches for. If you find that many of the points apply to your drawings, don't jump to the conclusion that you're not "normal." All normal people have problems, anxieties and conflicts, Dr. Machover points out; what is important is how they adjust to them. This test helps the psychologist determine just what kinds of problems you may have, and how you are handling them.

How did you react when asked to draw a person? Perhaps you didn't fill in the spaces on the opposite page, either through oversight or because you just didn't want to bother. But suppose the request to draw a person were seriously put to you, face to face, by a trained professional. Would you balk? Few people do; when it happens the psychologist thinks: "What has he to hide? Does he fear revealing himself—to himself and to others?"

Did you wonder: "Should the figure be clothed or not?" Most people will draw a person wearing clothes. We get our idea of the human figure from the way we see ourselves and others—almost always clothed. The subject who draws a nude can be suspected of a more-than-ordinary concern with life's physical aspects. In direct interviews, psychologists have found that a subject who asks specifically whether the figure should be clothed, generally asks with some embarrassment. That attitude reveals extreme self-consciousness about the body (and, possibly, a secret wish to exhibit it).

Which sex did you draw first? Most women usually draw a woman first; a man draws a man. When that rule is broken, it's generally a woman who breaks it—and most often a well-educated woman. Dr. Machover thinks the reason a woman sometimes draws a man first may be her envy of man's dominant role in life. Men who draw a female figure first may be somewhat confused about just which sex is dominant in their own lives.

How do your two drawings compare in size, placement on the page, attractiveness? As a rule, the infantile, sexually immature male may draw a pleasant male figure, but a markedly hostile, masculinized female. (One immature forty-year-old patient Dr. Machover remembers drew a large angry female, without arms. He identified the figure as his mother and added: "She used to throw things.") Women who feel theirs should be the dominant sex may also draw a larger female, with the male figure noticeably weak in appearance.

To which figure did you give the larger head? The sex of the figure with the larger head is probably the one you believe to be smarter and possessed of greater "social authority."

What Drawing a Doctor Signifies

How do you identify the figure you drew of your own sex? As yourself? Or as an "average person"? (Mental patients often use the latter tag.) Or do you describe it as a particular kind of person such as a cowboy, ballet dancer, policeman, sailor? Drawings of a specifically recognizable type indicate your desire to be identified with that character, just as children often pretend that they are cowboys or doctors.

Does the figure you drew really resemble a human being? Or is it just a round shape with pipestem legs and arms, or a shapeless snowman or a stick figure? If your drawing is crude it may be because you wish to evade or repress physical desires altogether.

Did you draw the figures in action, or static? Most adults draw static figures. Young boys most frequently depict figures in action, a practice associated with youth's fantasies of adventure and achievement. Young girls most often draw figures "on display," indicating their desire for glamor and admiration.

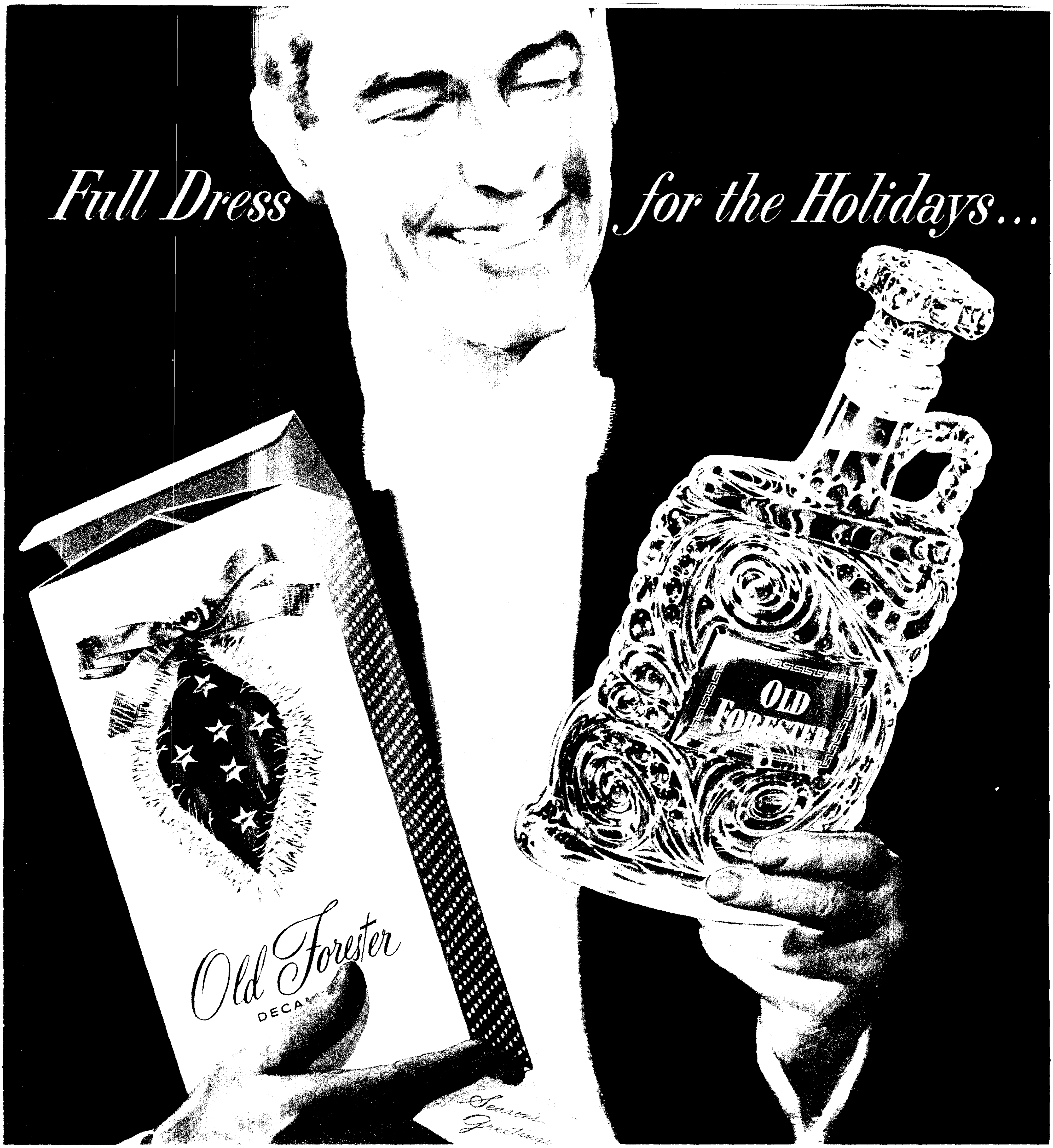
CARL PERUTZ

Dr. Karen Machover, senior psychologist at Kings County Hospital, N.Y., developed test

Are the lines of the figures solid or light, continuous or broken, firm or sketchy? An unusually thick or heavy line may reflect a barrier you wish to place between yourself and your environment; an exceptionally dim line occurs most frequently in drawings by timid, self-effacing persons, or those more interested in ideas than in physical action. The continuous or firm line is usually the mark of the self-assured person; the broken, sketchy line hints at uncertainty or sensitivity.

Did any one area of the body get a markedly different treatment from any other? Are there subtle breaks, reinforcements, darkenings of line, shadings, erasures, or working-over on any part in particular? If so, the psychologist surmises there is some conflict or concern in your mind about that area. Various parts of the body are associated with specific aspects of life: the head with your intellectual life, the arms and hands with your social and productive life, the sexual areas with your sex life.

How is your drawing placed in the allotted space? The space corresponds to your environment, or to the world outside yourself, and the position of the drawing shows how big or small a place you give yourself in the scheme of things. Do you grandiosely occupy almost the whole space? A mental patient at Dr. Machover's clinic, with delusions of his own importance, once filled a whole page with a figure but left no room for the legs and feet; he calmly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The spacing of your two drawings, their size, their expressions—all are important

reached for a second sheet of paper and drew them on it.

Did you place your drawing far over to the left? The extreme left is the "beginning of things." Placement in that direction usually means you are edging over toward timid, unsure, tentative personality traits. The best-adjusted placement is left-toward-center. Children aged seven to ten normally place the figure very low in the allotted space, but among adults that's considered as evidence of some depression. Very few people place their drawings at the extreme right of the page, and those who do so are likely to be compensating for something.

Profiles Denote Evasiveness

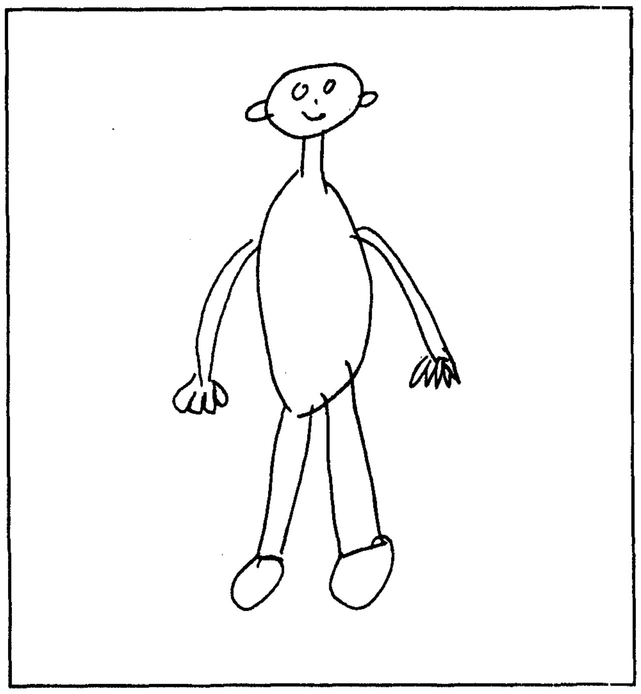
How big did you make the figures? Tiny figures are usually drawn by people who have a low energy level or who are depressed or fearful. Fairly large figures are drawn either by those with strong drive and a forceful character or—on the other hand—by those trying to compensate for extreme feelings of inadequacy. If the figure is drawn in profile, instead of fullface (as we normally look at one another), some evasiveness is indicated. Adolescent boys frequently draw the face in profile with the rest of the body turned forward: they wish to exhibit their physiques, but they avoid intimate, face-to-face contact with adults. Adolescent girls rarely make profile drawings; their strongest need is for attention and personal display.

Which part of the body did you choose to draw first? Did you start with the head, the focal point of your body and your personality? Most people do. The head is the part of the body most exposed to view; we look at one another's faces when we talk, and think of one another as "faces." The drawing of the face and its features, therefore, can obviously be tied to social relationships and our effectiveness in them. The neurotic or socially withdrawn person may underplay the face. People who do not draw facial features at all are usually angry at the world.

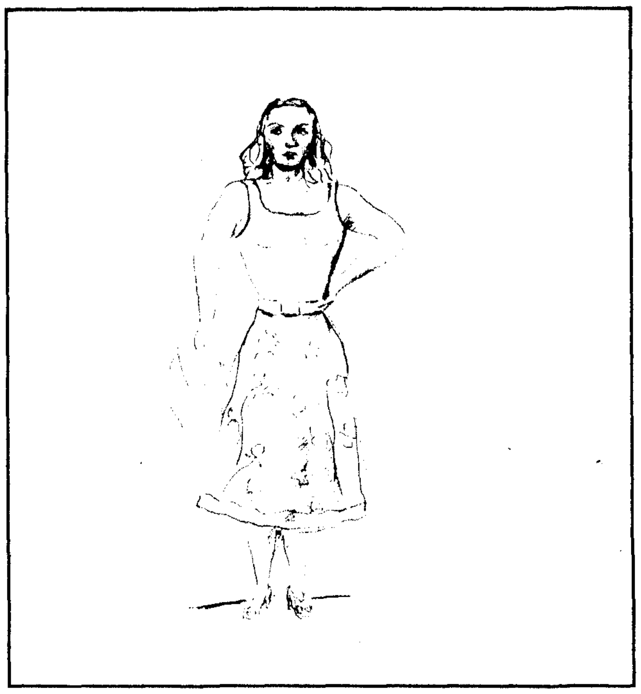
If the head is drawn too large for the rest of the figure, the subject may be more concerned with the mind than with the body. The individual with delusions of his own greatness sometimes presents the head alone, covering the page, as his "person."

What kind of facial expressions do your figures have? Sad, frightened, good-humored, mean, foolish? The facial expression is an obvious index to personality. If you draw any facial features at all, they're likely to have a definite expression. That expression helps indicate not only your general personality, but also your mood of the moment.

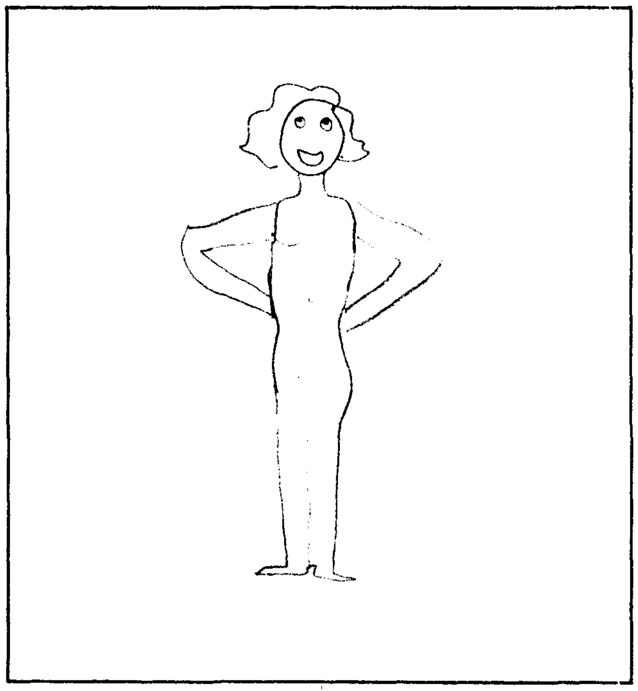
What kind of mouth did you draw? Children sometimes omit other features but they almost always put mouths in their drawings. The mouth is our earliest source of satisfaction, and people who are emotionally hungry often emphasize it. Primitive, alcoholic or depressed individuals may omit the mouth or may give it a special shape or shading, or may reinforce or erase it. An open, receptive mouth in a drawing is related to emotional hunger; in an adult it reflects immaturity. The harsh personality will make a heavy slash line for a mouth, express-



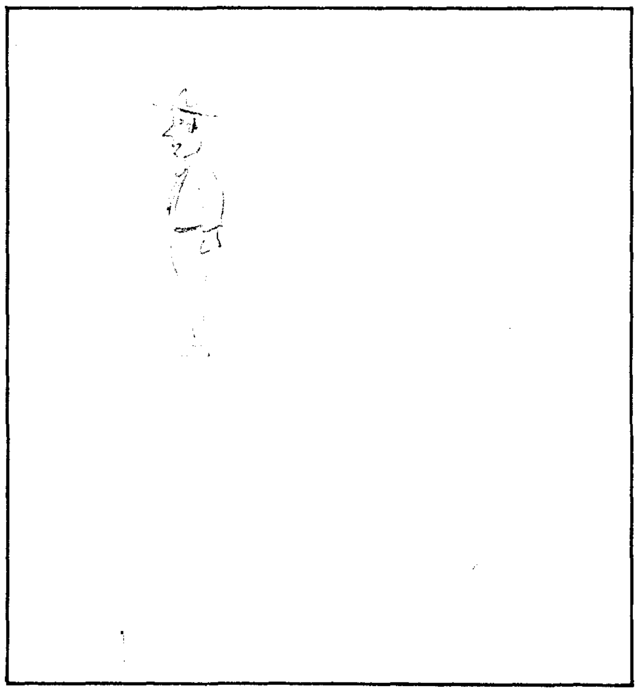
This figure, drawn by a married career woman aged thirty-eight or forty, brought this comment from Dr. Machover: "The long limbs, the wide stance, and the suggestion of vigorous locomotion indicate some self-esteem and drive to dominate people and things. But this vigorous 'attack on life' is set in a framework of childish body values. The drawing of the body is empty and compartmentalized, indicating repression of sensuous and physical aspects. The emphasis on the neck, so markedly separating head from body, would indicate a rigid moral quality, probably a result of childhood indoctrination . . . Subject is probably a good worker with a direct, practical approach; this can be surmised from the fact that everything begun in the drawing was completed"



Dr. Machover's estimate of this drawing by a man of thirty, married and a business executive, follows: "High intelligence is seen in the good detail and sophisticated graphic form. But this perfection is maintained at the price of excessive tension and rigidity. The striving for exactness, while it gives the feeling that everything is in place, is dangerous when life is so full of fluency and change. Emotional expression, warmth, love, casualness would 'throw' this man. His anger and jealousy toward all women are strongly suggested in the wide hips and strong shoulders he gives this female. Notice the line of the 'ground,' which he so carefully sketched in. This is frequently seen in the drawings of people who are displaced, or who are the products of broken homes"



"Although feminine identification is clear in the type of figure drawn," Dr. Machover comments about this drawing by an unmarried woman in her thirties, the holder of a position of responsibility in a large corporation, "the vertical, angular qualities of the figure, the emphasis on strong arms which double for wide shoulders, are masculine features. The fact that the feet go in opposite directions underlines the existence of a personality conflict in the subject between the need for affection and the fear of what such a pursuit will lead to for her. The need for affection and love is also plainly indicated in the lively, expressive features of the face, as well as in the wide, open mouth, that is still waiting to be fed with the spiritual and physical 'goodies' of the world"



The man who made this sketch, a twenty-five-year-old engineering graduate, married, was given a standard sheet of paper, 8½ by 11 inches, to work on. He chose to draw the figure only two inches high, placing it high up and to the left. Dr. Machover's view of this man's drawing: "Remarkable for its combination of small size yet active line, its compactness, and the impression it conveys of activity and drive. The clothing emphasis and extra prestige of the hat also compensate for the small size. The hand, large and powerful, is clenched and attached to an equally powerful arm, confluent with the body and not zoned off; the subject is suspected of being something of a bully. Other traits shown in the drawing are competition for power, a lack of delicacy, and gruffness"

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ing violence even in the act of drawing it. The clownlike grinning mouth, frequently seen in children's drawing, is likely in an adult to indicate a forced congeniality.

Are the eyes on your drawings large or small? The feeling of "self" which is associated with all the facial features is mainly concentrated in the eyes. They are also important in determining physical beauty, especially in women, and young girls usually draw elaborate eyes. Drawings with large eyes likewise indicate a subject who is at ease socially—as girls generally are. The unusually small eye appears in drawings either by self-absorbed, introverted people—who are inclined, in effect, not to see the world and the others in it—or by those who wish to see only things which are of immediate concern to them. Sometimes a subject draws the eye outline but omits the pupil, a sign of emotional immaturity and a strong tendency to be self-centered.

What kind of arms and hands do your figures have? Dr. Machover points out that we reach out to others with our arms and hands. We shake hands in our daily contacts. We touch other people, take care of ourselves, do our work with our hands. The arms and hands of the figures you draw show how much confidence you have in your ability to achieve things and how much assurance you have in social contact.

Do the arms of your figures extend out—"into the world"? That may indicate optimism or dependence. If the arms start to go out but return to the sides of the figure, you may be afraid to tangle with life. Are the arms held rigidly to the sides? That signifies your feeling of reserve or your need to keep control of yourself. Arms that dangle limply hint at indecisiveness.

When the Arms Are Omitted

Sometimes psychologists working with the mentally ill find that they omit the arms altogether—an indication of extreme mental depression. The omission of arms is almost never mere oversight; children put them in their drawings at a very early age, as their interest begins to extend beyond themselves, and they reach out more and more to the world around them. People may also omit arms when they are troubled by what their own arms may do or have done—or if they fear the arms of others.

But the hands, unlike the arms, are often omitted or drawn with some confusion by all kinds of people. Dr. Machover believes that this general inability to draw adequate hands is an interesting commentary on our competitive, complex and confusing society. Without our hands we cannot "reach out, grasp and take hold." Hands that are deliberately hidden, either in pockets or behind the back, are considered by psychologists as an expression of the subject's guilt feelings about how he had used his hands at some time (perhaps he has even stolen).

Did you put fingers on the hands? Fingers are extremely important to us in our daily lives—and in the drawings. Children draw fingers before they can draw hands, just as they manipulate objects before they are able to grasp them firmly. Adults often omit fingers, because they normally temper the desire to touch, finger or childishly tear apart and destroy. But if adults draw fingers only, without hands, they may be showing signs of childish aggression.

Petal or grapelike fingers, short and rounded, are normally seen in drawings by children. Adult drawings of such fingers usually indicate poor manual skill. Speared or talonlike fingers—claws—mean just what you would expect: a grasping, active personality. A clenched fist also has an obvious connotation—anger—and so does the mittenlike hand, although a more controlled anger. People greedy to get much for themselves in life sometimes draw more than five fingers on one hand. Children frequently do.

How did you draw the feet? Next to hands, they are the parts of the body most often omitted in drawings. Since the legs and feet must support and balance the body, they are directly related to security. Look at each of your drawings. Could the feet you drew—if any—support the body? Did you have to add a ground line under the feet to give additional security? Do the feet go in opposite directions? No one can walk in two directions at once; conflict and a lack of decisiveness are indicated. Are the legs thin or shaky? Older persons frequently express their feeling of declining energy by putting such legs on a full and vigorous body.

How did you draw the trunk of the body? In general, a trunk rounded and soft in outline is associated with feminine characteristics; angular, forceful lines are masculine.

If you clothed the figure, how did you do it? Like the subject with a strong interest in sex, the person who is vain about his own body often draws a nude figure. The person who's vain about his attire may overdress the figure, paying special attention to clothing details.

The drawing of buttons on clothing is believed to be especially significant. Young children often start their drawings with the navel, and then develop a line of buttons. But among adults, buttons are most often drawn by males who feel inadequate in some respect. Like buttons, pockets reveal a dependent personality, and are most frequently seen in male drawings. They indicate not only unfulfilled material wants, but a lack of affection, particularly from the subject's mother.

Did you add extra objects to your drawings? A pocketbook, cane, gun, pipe? Such objects have complex symbolic significance, according to the nature of each object and its uses. Once, Dr. Machover remembers, a mental patient, suffering extreme depression after the birth of an unwanted child, did not identify an object held by the female figure she had drawn. But the transcript of an interview with her repeatedly contained the phrase: "A woman is always left holding the bag." The female figure in the drawing was holding a bag.

Do the figures you draw have ears? If so, are they emphasized? The ear is the means by which we hear not only compliments, but criticism; the drawing of the ear hints at just how sensitive we are to both. Moderate ear emphasis is seen in drawings by persons quick to take offense or resist authority. If the ear is strongly played up, the person who made the drawing may be guarded and suspicious.

What kind of hair did you give the figures? Does the female have loose flowing hair, or a severe hairdo? To understand the significance of this point, you have only to consider the popular stereotype of the spinster with neat coiffure and that of the glamor girl with tumbling locks. The glamor girl is physically more vital and more attractive. Hair in the drawing is a sensual feature; whether it's indicated on the head or on the chest of the male or as a mustache or beard, it's considered to mean a striving for virility on the part of the subject.

What kind of nose did you draw? The nose is also related to virility, especially if it's long and prominent. The button nose is drawn by the more childish personality. If the nostrils are emphasized, some temper may also be suspected as a strong trait in the subject's character.

It will probably occur to you that if you were a skilled artist you might draw more accurate hands, feet, fingers, ears, and so on. The psychologist is aware that most people can't draw these features well, but it is what you draw to represent them that counts. "The problem of skill is irrelevant," says Dr. Machover. "It is not how, but what a person draws that gives the psychologist the necessary clues to his personality."

Drawings by insane subjects give the most dramatic indications of personality traits and problems. Such of them wildly exaggerate, make fantastic emphases and depict bizarre features in their drawings of the human figure, clearly showing the problems they face. Sometimes the revelations are shocking, even to the trained psychologist.

Picture Foreshadowed Suicide

Once a staff psychologist at Kings County consulted Dr. Machover about some drawings he thought "exceptionally interesting."

"In one drawing," Dr. Machover recalls, "the patient had drawn a perfect symmetrical figure, but each part of the body was separated from the other as if it were a jigsaw puzzle which had not been interlocked. The only picture on the other page was a great head, totally bald, with somewhat handsome features and many scorings about the neck." Dr. Machover, startled, sought out the patient in his hospital ward. She was too late. He had just strangled himself.

Although the Machover Figure Drawing Test has its greatest use in the study of mental patients and in helping people with milder personality difficulties, it also has been effective in personnel testing and classification. In that field, Dr. Machover has been consulted by the Office of Naval Research, which wanted to find out which of 30 individuals could best withstand the pressures of special flight training—that is, which trusted their own bodies to tell if they were upside down, and which trusted only something outside themselves, like instruments, which could be out of kilter. Dr. Machover rated drawings made by these subjects; a later check showed her judgment of their "perception of the upright" was correct for all but two or three.

Recently Dr. Machover consulted with experts who want to give the drawing test to several thousand Marines at Parris Island as part of preliminary classification tests in boot training. Once 75 employees of the United Nations were given the drawing test in an experiment to determine personality types best able to co-operate with one another.

Like most scientists, the blonde, slender, fifty-one-year-old psychologist is anxious not to claim too much for any single technique; she stresses that the drawings are used most effectively in addition to other psychological testing methods.

But in her voluminous files is a growing store of valuable material relating to human personality—vital data in the continuing study of what is still the most fascinating mystery to most of us: ourselves. ▲▲▲

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COLLIER'S "Anyway, Dad, I did improve in weight!" DAVE GERARD

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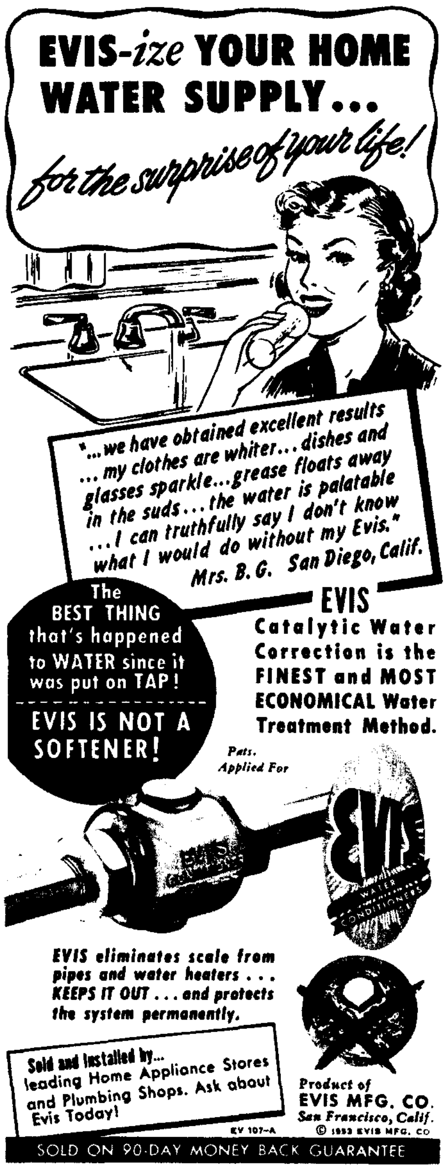
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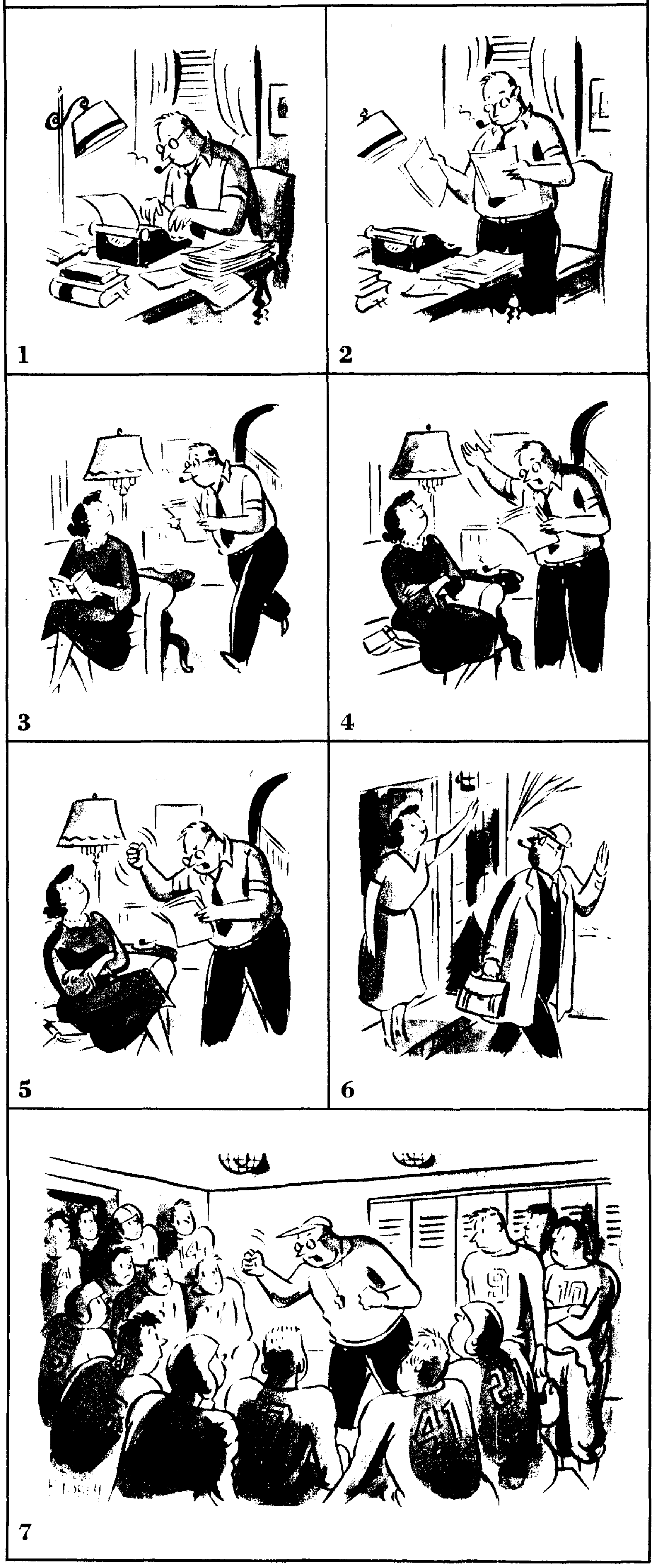
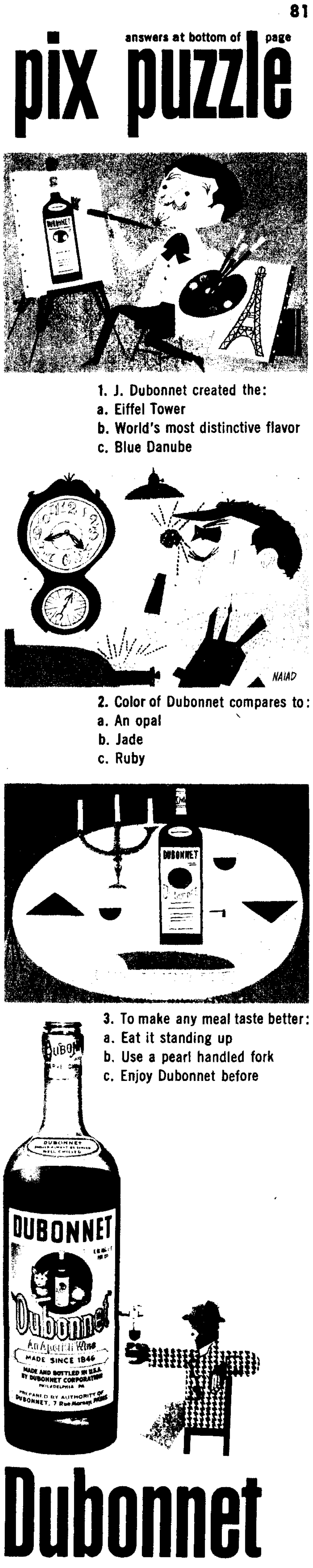
SOLD ON 90-DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

SPEECH

By BARNEY TOBEY




answers at bottom of page
pix puzzle

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a. Eiffel Tower
b. World's most distinctive flavor
c. Blue Danube

2. Color of Dubonnet compares to:
a. An opal
b. Jade
c. Ruby

3. To make any meal taste better:
a. Eat it standing up
b. Use a pearl handled fork
c. Enjoy Dubonnet before

Dubonnet

ANSWERS:
1. b—World's most distinctive flavor.
2. c—And to Frenchmen, it's just as precious.
3. c—Makes even ordinary dishes taste superb.

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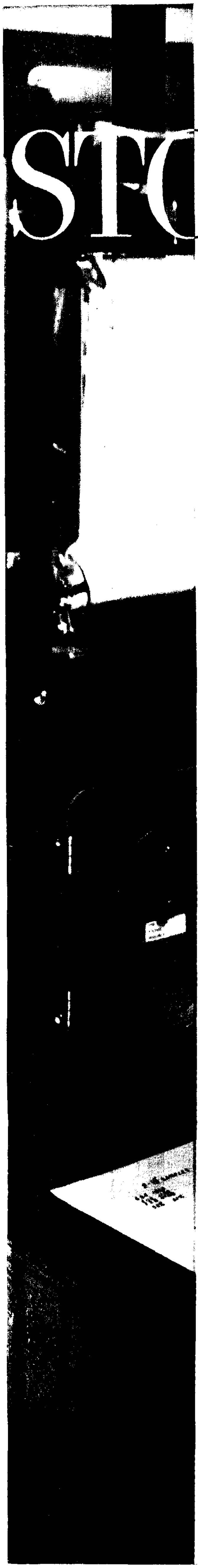

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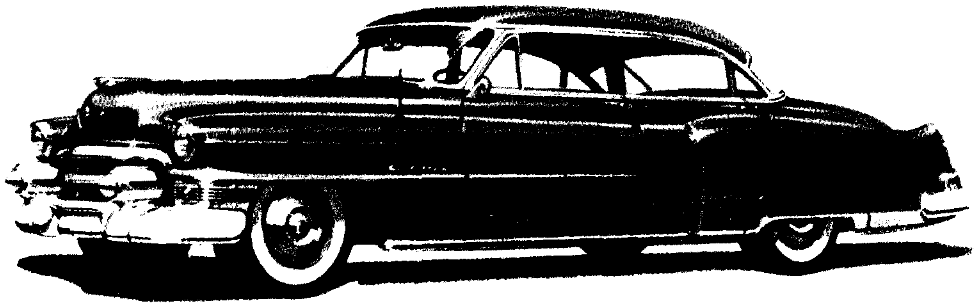

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A FIRST SHORT STORY By FRANCE MALLOY

A COLLIER'S DISCOVERY

SHE had ordered a pousse-café and was holding it up to the light to look at it. Reflected in the mirror behind the bar she looked like a painting I'd seen in the Louvre, a study in black and gold. She caught me looking at her and smiled. "Such a lovely rainbow," she said, indicating the drink in her hand.

I moved over to the stool next to hers. "It's reflected in your eyes, the rainbow," I said. Something about her reminded me of a lovely, fragile piece of china or a small, perfect flower; I wanted to reach out and touch her, very gently.

"I guess that means I'm not going to cry any more," she said. And she reached quickly into her handbag for a cigarette. When she looked up she was smiling again. Her eyes were deep violet, almost purple, fringed with thick lashes.

I snapped my lighter but it was out of fluid, and she handed me a little gold thingumabob I couldn't even get hold of. She laughed and took it back and lighted her cigarette and mine. "You have to use both hands," she said.

She took a sip of her drink and set the glass down on the bar. Then she leaned back a little on the stool. "I can blow smoke rings," she said. She blew a perfect white circle and as it drifted past she put her ring finger through it. "Today's my wedding day," she said.

She laid her hands on the bar and looked at them. Everything about her was suddenly very still. The golden curls that escaped from under the sequined hat she wore seemed to be painted against her skin. Only her shoulders drooped—a very little.

"I thought brides wore white," I said. I had to say something, and those were the first words that came into my head.

"They do, usually," she said, and her voice sounded as though it were coming from a great distance. "Only this time, it's a little different. You see, the groom is dead."

Because it was the spring of 1952, I could not help asking, "Korea?" She didn't answer.

The word skipped over the silence like a rock skipping over a still lake, making ripples that widened into circles. Neither of us spoke for a moment. Then she said, "Rob was a wonderful pilot—a jet pilot. He looked beautiful in his uniform, with the wings. I was awfully proud." She half smiled, like a wistful little girl.

"Funny, I never thought of Rob dying," she went on quietly. "He was so full of—of fire—and he had so much fun living."

She swung around on the stool and slid her high heels over the metal rail at the base of the bar. "We'd been engaged since we were in grammar school. Our families said we could get married on Rob's twenty-first birthday. That's today. You should see my hope chest. I've even got a set of encyclopedias for the children."

She laughed then, a stumbling little laugh that seemed to catch in her throat. "Three boys and a girl. That's the way we planned it," she said. "I even knew how they'd all look. Two of the boys would be like Rob and the other like my mother. The girl would favor Dad. We were going to have a family orchestra, like my folks have. Dad plays the oboe, mother the cello, my sister the flute, and my little brother the clarinet. I play the piano," she said. She toyed with her cigarette and then put it out.

"Rob was studying to be a concert violinist," she said. "He used to come over for chamber music . . ."

She was talking to herself now. And her question was to nobody in particular, as if she knew nobody could answer it: "What are we fighting for this time?" she said softly. "I never really did understand it. I don't think Rob did either. He just liked to fly fast and straight. He used to say it gave him the same sensation as feeling a high clear tone on the violin—one you could hear inside yourself but never could quite play."

She frowned then, as if she were puzzled. "It's such an awful waste, war. It leaves so many people with half-selves. If you've got a half-self, you're not much good to anyone."

I wanted to say, "War isn't all waste. In Korea we're defending a way of life." But I didn't say it because to her, now, it wouldn't have made much sense. Instead, I said, "Have another drink?"

She nodded, and swung around again to the bar. She rested both elbows on the counter and cupped her chin in her hands. "Scotch, this time," she said. "With water."

I got out my wallet and laid it on the bar. Holding it in place with my wrist, I pulled out a five-dollar bill and handed it to the bartender.

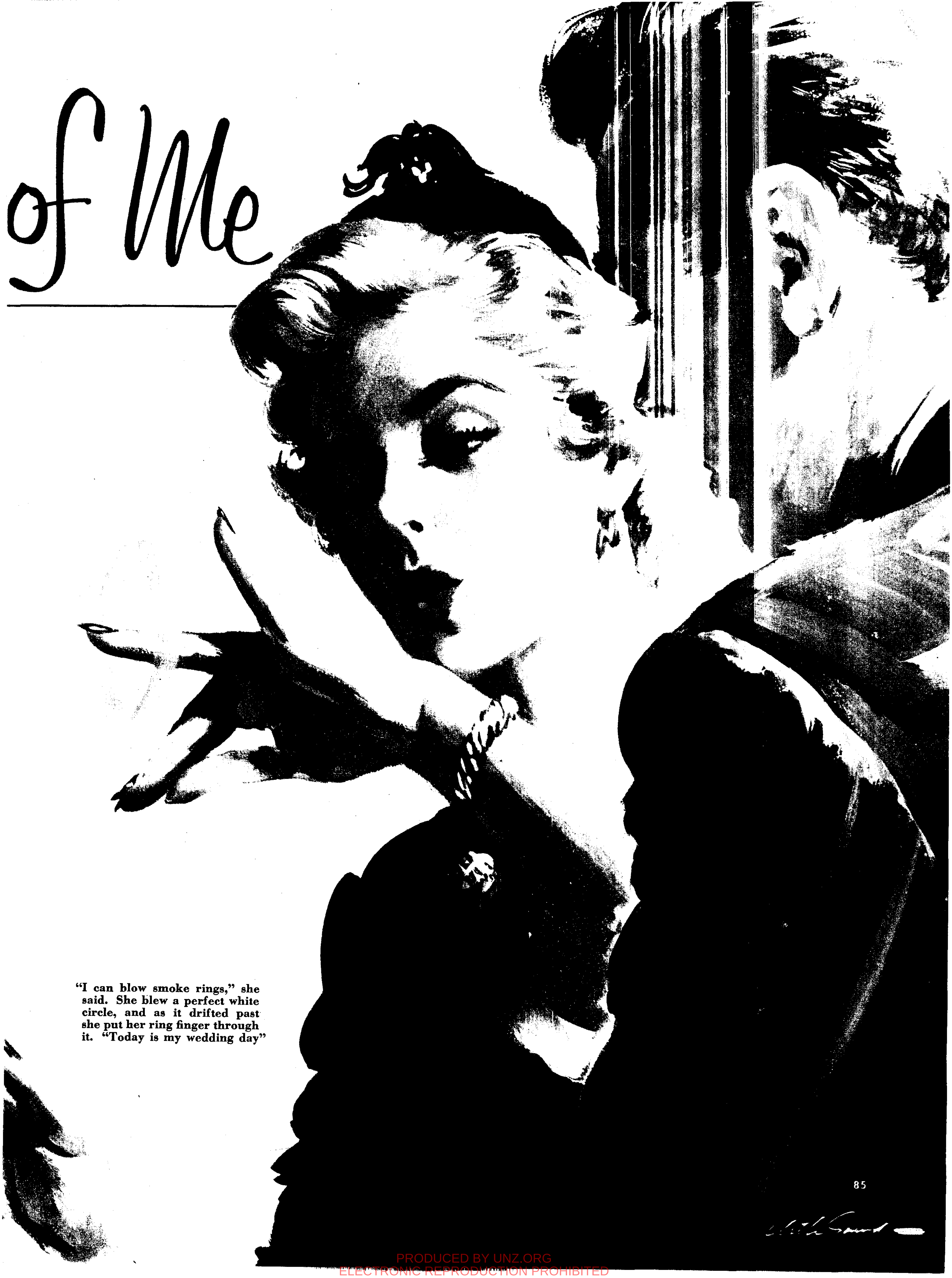
She was watching me curiously. "What's the matter with your other hand?" she said. I told her that I had been in Korea too. "Oh," she said. She took the change from the bartender and handed it to me. She put the bills back neatly in the wallet. Then she drank the Scotch without saying another word. We sat there for a long time, not talking because there didn't seem to be anything more to say.

After a while she lighted another cigarette and watched the

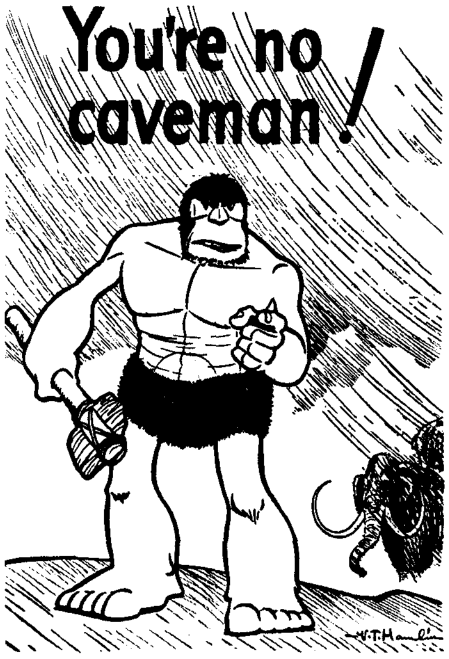
When I first saw her she was sitting alone, obviously on the lookout for a man. And she was playing some strange kind of game—pretending she was in love with me

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF

# of Me



"I can blow smoke rings," she said. She blew a perfect white circle, and as it drifted past she put her ring finger through it. "Today is my wedding day"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smoke drift up into the lights. Then she leaned over and looked closely at my face. "What did you do before Korea?" she asked.

"I was a painter."

"What do you do now?" She leaned closer and touched my cheek with her finger tips.

"I write books." I turned my head and her fingers brushed my lips.

"Must be hard with one hand."

"I dictate them to a wire recorder."

"Would you like a wife to dictate them to?"

"No woman wants half a man," I said. "I lost a leg, too."

"I'm in love with you, Rob."

"My name is Jim."

"Jim," she said quietly. "Order some champagne, Jim."

I did, and when the bartender brought it she held up her glass and I touched it with mine. "To the bride," she said.

I took her home after that. She told me her name was Elaine and she lived with her family in a small white house on the edge of town. When we got there the moonlight was shining on a pathway bordered by daffodils and tulips. She handed me the key and I unlocked the door. She stood on the threshold for a moment, and then she stepped close to me and put her arms around my neck and pulled my face down to hers. I felt her lips against mine, soft and warm and very young. "Good night, Rob," she said softly, and went inside.

Blank Account

Although I try to put away
Something for a rainy day,
It's far more fun to spend my money
When everything is bright and sunny.

—JAMES W. POWER

THE next time I saw her she was driving a fire-engine-red convertible. The top was down and the wind was blowing through her hair. She slammed on the brakes when she saw me, and swung the car around in a U turn. "Where have you been?" she said. "I looked for you."

"Out of town," I said. It was a lie, but I couldn't tell her I'd been holed up in my hotel room writing a story about her and all the millions of other women who were having to discard old patterns of life for new ones.

She opened the car door and invited me into the front seat. I had a hard time making it and she laughed with me, sympathetically.

We drove for miles and miles through the country. Sometimes she'd put the accelerator all the way to the floor and the car would lunge forward and we'd be doing ninety. Then we'd come to some beautiful spot, like an apple orchard in full bloom, and she'd slow down and we'd crawl along, intoxicated by the fragrance and marveling at the daintiness of the blossoms.

Later we got out of the car and walked beside a stream where there were big purple violets and some kind of white flowers blooming along the banks. Elaine slipped her hand through my arm. "Are you going away again?" she said.

"It all depends."

"On what?" She leaned around to look up into my face.

"Oh, I don't know," I said. "It's sort of personal."

She didn't answer, but after we'd walked a while, she said, "How does it feel, the leg? Is it heavy? Are you used to it? Does it make you self-conscious?"

"All right to the first question. Then no, yes, and not any more."

"You talk too much," she said and slipped her hand into mine. "Let's sit down, Rob."

"I'm Jim," I said.

She blushed and said, "I'm sorry."

WE SAT on the grass and she pulled up a few of the new green blades and held them in her hand. I watched her, pretending not to. I'd have given anything to paint her there with the sunlight on her hair and a delicate weeping willow tree forming a backdrop against the intense blue of the sky.

"It's easier when I'm with you," she said. "I don't think about it so much. Why is that?"

"I don't know. It might be because I've been there."

"Been where?" she asked.

"To the blank wall you're heading for at full speed." I offered her a cigarette and she lighted hers and mine.

"I don't understand," she said.

"You can't run away from life—you have to run toward it. And there comes a time when you have to stop and figure out where you are, and what you're going to do about it."

"But it's impossible to stop and do nothing," she said. "I can't even play the piano any more because the music is so full of associations. I can't go to the places we went together. I get suffocated and can't breathe. I can't stand being with people because what they say sounds like so much nonsense. I can't get interested in doing anything constructive because it all seems so ridiculously futile . . ."

"Millions of women have said that," I said.

"What did they do about it?"

"They found out that other people needed them, needed their help," I said. "Most important of all, they learned that a person possesses only what he gives away, and that they were luckier than some women who'd never been loved at all."

She stretched out on the grass, lacing her fingers back of her head, and looked up through the leafy boughs of the willow tree. Her lips quivered just a little and I saw tears come into her eyes. She blinked hurriedly and turned her head so I wouldn't see her cry.

I crushed out my cigarette and waited until she got control of herself.

"What I really wanted was somebody to take care of me," she said finally. "That's weak, isn't it?"

"Nobody can take care of anybody," I said. "What you are looking for has to come from inside yourself. Other people can't give you that any more than they can digest your food for you, or get eight hours' sleep for you."

She sat up and folded her hands in her lap. "You've learned that," she said. "You don't need anybody else."

"I guess that's about it."

"That's why you wouldn't marry me when I asked you, isn't it?"

"You didn't ask me to marry you," I said. "You asked me to substitute for Rob."

She pursed her lips and looked down at her hands. "I know what you mean,"

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she said. "I didn't know before, but I do now." And the hurt, hopeless way she looked at me was worse than being hit by flak. It was all I could do to keep from taking her in my arms and telling her that I loved her so much I'd fight the world for her. But I didn't say anything, just got up when she did and went back with her to the car.

She dropped me at my hotel and waved good-by as she drove away. . . .

There was a message from my agent waiting for me at the hotel. It asked that I come up to New York as soon as possible, and I took the night plane. I had trouble getting Elaine out of my mind even while I discussed an assignment for a magazine article on India and Pakistan.

I shipped over to the Far East without seeing her again. And it was a year before I got back.

I went to the house where Elaine had lived and she wasn't there any more. Her mother said that she'd gone to Vermont. "You must be Jim," her mother said.

I said I was. She gave me the address in Vermont, a little place on the Connecticut River.

I wrote a short note to Elaine then and asked how she was getting along. Her answer was breezy, impersonal and exactly as I knew it would be. She was slowing down and the transition was painful, but she was getting there.

I let it drop. But when autumn came and the leaves were beginning to turn I thought of how she'd look in the orange and red and gold of the New England woods. And pretty soon I thought of it so much I was on the train for Vermont.

I FOUND her living in one of those old hand-hewn barns our forefathers built. She was alone, except for a gray Angora cat about to have kittens. She was raking leaves when I drove up in the taxi, and she looked even lovelier than I had remembered. Her hair was longer and it waved back softly from her face. She saw me get out of the taxi and she put down the rake and walked toward me slowly. Her eyes looked into mine, quiet, steady and serene. She took my hand and said, "I've been expecting you. Come in."

It was a huge place and she'd fixed part of it over into living quarters. She'd even put in the plumbing and done the electrical wiring for the kitchen equipment—with a little help from the neighbors, she said.

There was a photographic darkroom, and pictures she'd taken of the neighbors' children were mounted and hung on the living-room walls. And she had jars and jars of vegetables she'd put up from her garden, half for herself and half for some of the less fortunate families who lived in the village. There were plants on the window sills, and the bookcases were full of reference books.

The middle section of the barn was fixed up for square dancing; there was a piano at one end. She said she held a weekly dance for the teen-agers, and she played for them.

WE TALKED a long time about what I'd been writing and she told me she taught part time in a nursery school and was studying oil painting and had recently finished a correspondence course in photography.

"What do you do in your spare time?" I said, smiling at her.

She smiled back. "I think of you. Come on, I'll show you."

She led me into the rear of the barn—a big, raftered room she had turned into a den. At one end stood an easel, supporting a huge bare canvas. "I fixed this room for you," she said.

I stood there looking at it—and at her. Finally she said: "How am I doing, Jim?" She looked directly at me as she spoke and her eyes were steady.

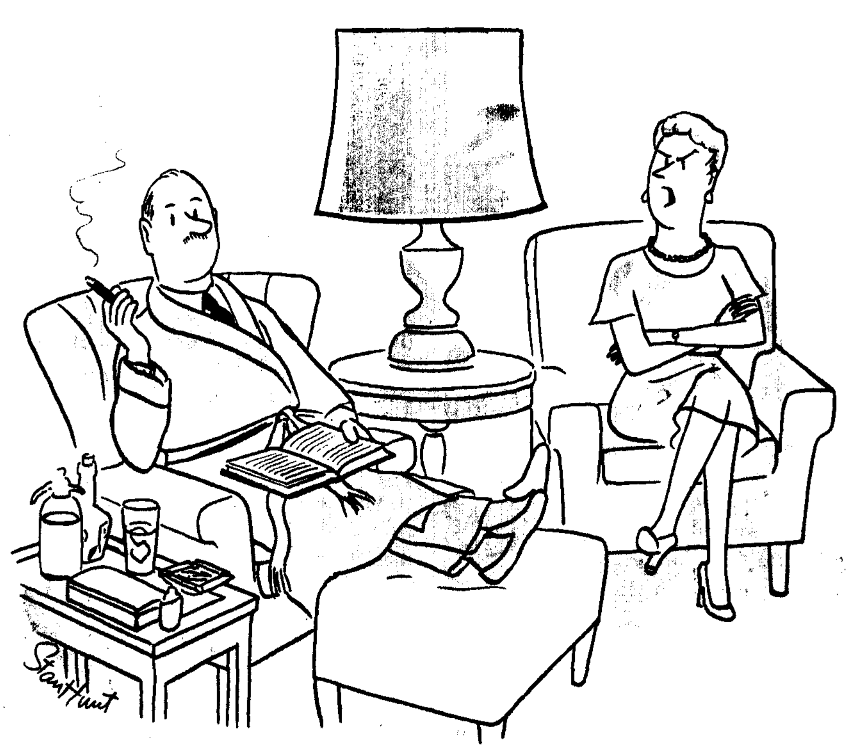
"Fine," I said. "I'm proud of you."

"You can teach me to paint. You will, won't you?"

"I won't have to teach you," I said. "You already know all that I could teach you."

She smiled and came into my arms. "I understand now why Rob died," she said.

"I know you do," I said. I held her close and kissed her. Her lips were still very young, but it was a woman I kissed this time—the lovely, strong woman I loved. —FRANCE MALLOY



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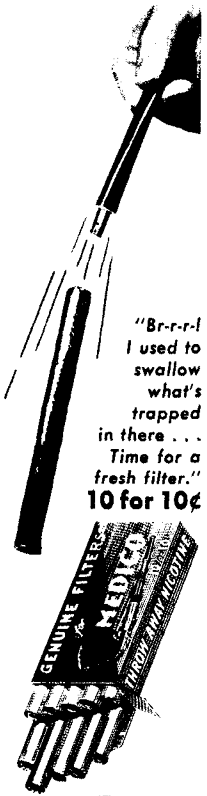

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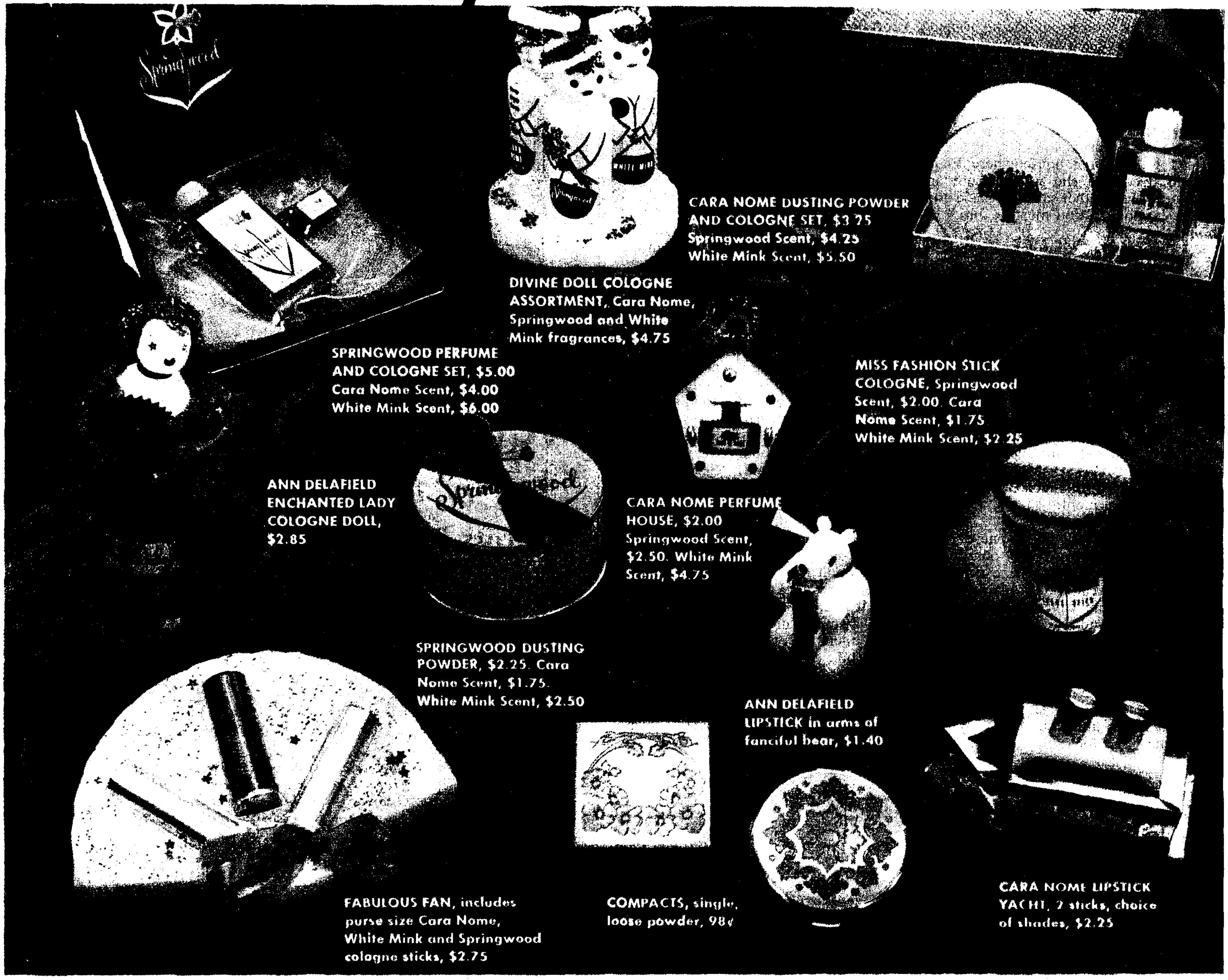

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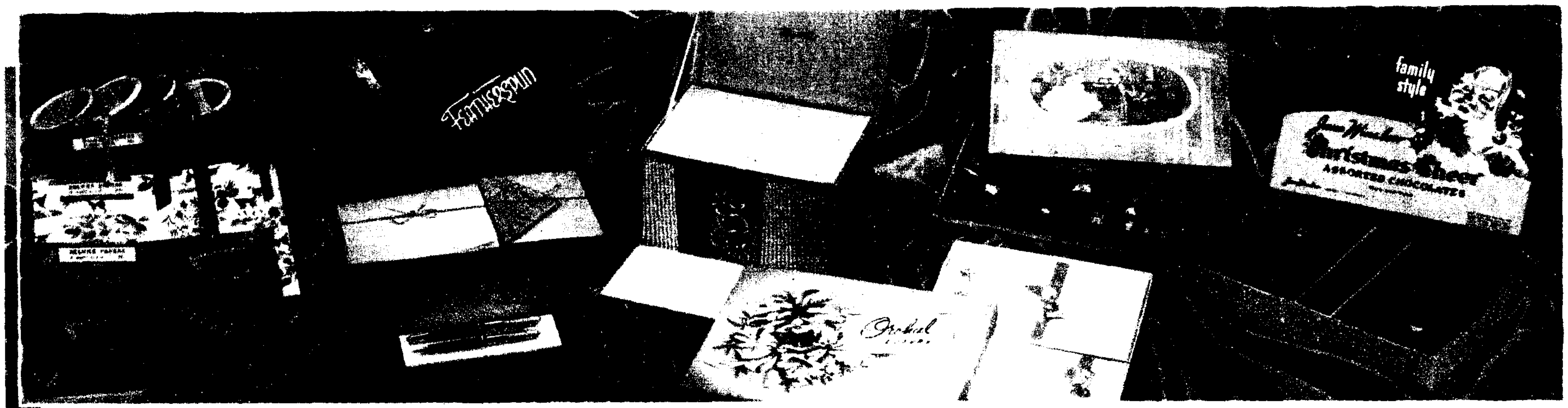

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The clouter's technique is swift and simple

You're the underworld's sucker when you leave valuables in your parked car. Clouters and strippers are making millions in the softest racket of them all

By ROBERT DE ROOS

CAR CLOUTING

No Crime Costs Us More

DOWNTOWN Los Angeles had slowed to its usual midnight pace when the man paused at the corner of Fifth and Spring, drew deeply on a cigarette and glanced casually around him. No one was in sight. Abruptly, he turned and walked down the long empty block of Spring Street, keeping close to the curb and casting an appraising eye into the parked automobiles he passed.

From a shadowed doorway not far away, Sergeants Howard E. Smith and Robert R. Beck of the Los Angeles Police Department's auto-theft detail were watching every move. They had been following the man silently and stubbornly for two hours.

When the suspect turned into Spring, Sergeant Smith hurried around the block and came up the opposite side of the street, out of sight in the darkness. Sergeant Beck remained at his post until he saw the man reach for a car door. Then he moved stealthily up to the left rear fender of the auto.

Suddenly the thief came around to the driver's side. Moving agilely despite his 200 pounds, Beck disappeared under the car. There was a sharp crack as the thief broke out a window and reached in. He took out a suitcase and a fur coat, then, nervous and wary, paused for a moment, about to walk away.

Before he could take a step, Beck reached out from under the car, grabbed his ankles and gave a mighty heave. The thief screamed as he fell. Smith raced across the street and slapped handcuffs on the man's wrists.

At the jail, the thief was still trembling. "Where'd you guys come from?" he asked. "I was all alone and then something grabbed my legs." He shook his head to clear an unpleasant memory. "For a second," he said, "I thought it was God."

Only You Can Stop It

- **If you leave your car in the streets overnight, park where it is light.**
- **Lock the doors and take the keys with you. The police say many car clouters pass up cars with locked doors.**
- **Never leave valuables in sight in your car. A veteran cop says: "Anyone who leaves personal property in a car, locked or unlocked, day or night, is a fool."**
- **Take the serial numbers of your accessories and tires. If there are no serial numbers, make an identifying mark on your car radio and heater. You'll never get back stolen accessories unless you can identify them.**
- **Report all thefts. Every report is a tool for the police.**

So ended, for a time at least, the career of one car clouter, a member of an army of thieves who pillage the automobiles parked on the city streets and village byroads of the United States, stealing radios, heaters, tires, cameras, furs, suitcases and anything else of value. These criminals cost the people of the country millions of dollars every year, probably more than any other type of thief. They are divided into two striking forces: the so-called strippers, who steal accessories and parts, and the clouters and boosters, who lift property from cars.

It is big business. Clouters and strippers account for 40 per cent of all the thefts reported in the United States. The FBI in its 1952 Uniform Crime Reports revealed 121,000 instances of theft from automobiles and 112,000 thefts of auto accessories. And since the FBI reported for only 383 cities of over 25,000 population, and because many thousands of such crimes are never reported at all, the annual loss is probably three times the $18,475,000 estimated on the basis of the Crime Reports.

"We've just wised up in the last couple of years to how big this business is," say Sergeants Smith and Beck. "If a stick-up man gets a thousand dollars in a bank robbery everyone gets excited. But the public doesn't seem to care about these really big crimes which are committed in volume every night in the year. The police know what's going on but won't get excited until the public demands it."

Police departments which do keep track of clouting and stripping have come up with disturbing figures. Of the 82,000 thefts reported in New York in 1952, clouting and stripping accounted for 30,050. In Dallas, there were 3,704 cloutings and strippings last year with a loss of $61,229—but the police say this figure represents only the "pawnshop" value of the goods stolen. Only $4,777 of the loot was recovered and returned to the owners.

No city in the country is more conscious of the problem than Los Angeles, where a statistical study by the police department first revealed the alarming proportions of these crimes. In 1952, there were 14,455 reported thefts from cars. The value of property stolen was $1,169,638; only $90,918 was recovered. So merrily was the stripping business rolling along that used-car dealers referred to it as the Midnight Auto Supply Company. Many dealers not only bought stolen goods but actually placed orders for specific types of radios and heat-

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GENE TRINDL

Sgts. Howard E. Smith (l.) and Robert R. Beck, crack members of the Los Angeles auto-theft detail, demonstrate the teamwork that has helped cut clouting in that city. The "thief" shown here is a professional model

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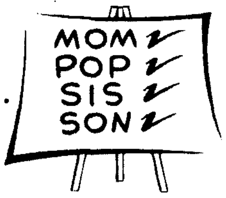

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ers for later delivery—that is, after they had been stolen.

Los Angeles cracked down—and in so doing pointed out the way to other cities harassed by the same problem. The Los Angeles Police Department figured the best way to stop the thievery was to wipe out the market for the stolen goods. The auto-theft detail, headed by Captain A. T. Nelson, warned all used-car dealers against buying from strippers—and then arrested six who ignored the warning.

A Sharp Increase in Arrests

At the same time, Nelson intensified the efforts of his 10-man night watch, with the result that 1953 arrests for the crime have been 45 per cent above last year's figure. Clouting and stripping fell off sharply. Sergeants Smith and Beck led the attack, revolutionizing the technique of nabbing thieves in the act, and personally accounting for the arrest of many.

The Smith-Beck team came together in 1946. Beck, who is forty, has a deceptively gentle manner which conceals the fact that he can hit like a mule. He joined the department in 1941 as a motorcycle officer, then, following a wartime hitch with the Navy and a refresher course at the Police Academy, was assigned to auto theft.

Smith, thirty-six and also a former motorcycle cop, is exceptionally durable. When he was on the motorcycle detail, a murderous hit-run driver ran him down deliberately. ("I wanted to kill me a cop before I got drafted," he said.) The accident shattered Smith's right knee, his left leg and left arm. Only his protest kept the doctors from amputating the left leg. Even so, they discharged him as a total disability case: his right knee wouldn't bend.

Smith became his own doctor. He worked out in a gym, lifting a 250-pound bar bell and jumping with the full weight on his right leg. After a while, the knee began to give a little, but Smith still winces as he recalls it. "I hope never to feel anything that bad again," he says.

When his knee came around, Smith was reassigned to the cycles. A year and a half later, he was involved in another crash which smashed his right wrist and made him unfit for bike duty.

He was assigned to the Police Academy, where he met Beck. When both were placed on the auto-theft detail, they paired off. At first, they could not seem to make a pinch; they even tried to decoy thieves by hanging a coat out of their car.

Finally, they got on the trail of five young thugs who were trying car doors. Beck was following the five and Smith was taking the other side of the street when the suspects reversed their direction. Beck had no place to go so he pretended to be drunk and lolled against a building with his eyes closed. "That's when I learned a lesson," he says. "When I opened my eyes, one of the guys had his arm cocked to slug me and another one had a knife out." Smith says: "Bob picked up one of the guys like a baseball bat and started knocking out fungoes with the other guys. I waded in and there were punks strewn all over that block."

The auto detail's main job was to catch car thieves. Smith and Beck quickly learned their trade and started improving it. If they lost a suspect, they would figure out why and apply what they learned to their own disappearing acts. Their arrests mounted. Their method was to tail a suspect, for hours if necessary, until he made a move toward a car. "No matter how alert a car thief is, there is always a period of about twenty seconds when he has to duck his head to close the ignition circuit," Smith says. "That's when we'd move in. You can move a long way in twenty seconds."

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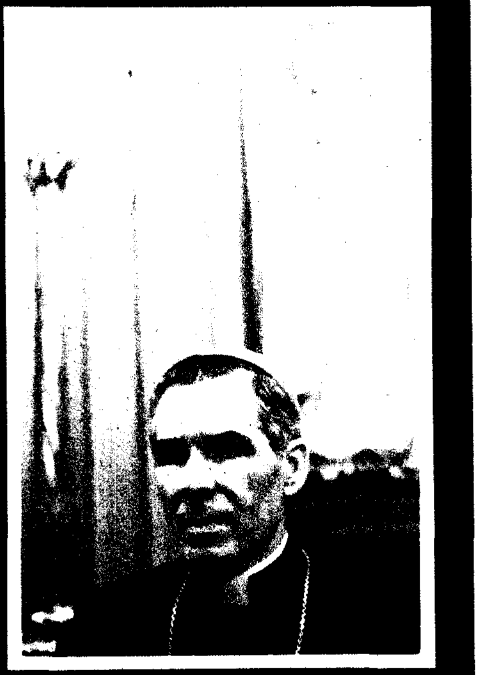

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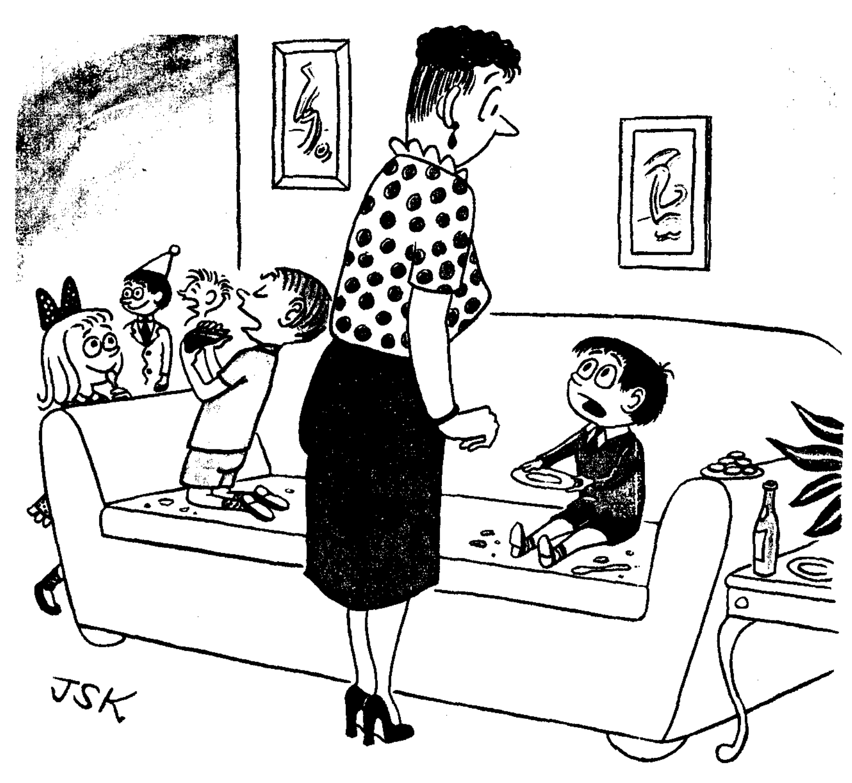


"I've had all the cake and ice cream a man could stand . . . but, being a little boy, I wouldn't mind another helping"

COLLIER'S JANE SPEAR KING

Frequently there were complications. One time, Beck was behind a car watching a man who was trying to break out a window—when a police prowl car drove up to investigate the detective sergeant, who was dressed like a bum and was certainly acting suspicious. The thief, seeing the prowl car, bolted. Beck hightailed it after him. The prowling cops leaped from the squad car waving revolvers, and Smith, who dashed to the rescue, had all he could do to stop them from shooting at Beck.

"The police bother us a lot," Beck says darkly, referring to his uniformed colleagues. "That time, if they'd waited until something happened, they'd have had a pinch. The way it was, all they did was scare off the guy—and almost shoot me."

As they gained experience, Smith and Beck became convinced that car clouting and stripping were costing the public more than the theft of entire automobiles, particularly since almost all the cars stolen in Los Angeles are recovered within a few days. Clouting was an expanding field for the criminal, and for a good reason: there is no easier way to make a criminal living than by clouting parked cars.

New Use for Beer-Can Opener

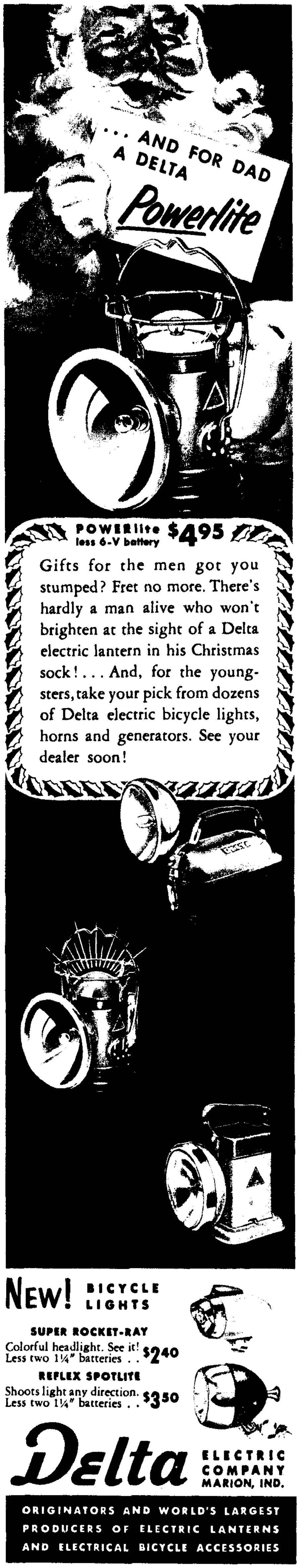
Any punk can get into the business. The car clouter uses only a beer-can opener, a short length of hacksaw blade or a stout screw driver to break into a locked car. For the accessory thief, a couple of socket wrenches and a screw driver will do. The simplicity of the equipment explains why hundreds of these crimes are committed every night. "Ask your friends how many have ever had their homes burglarized," Smith suggests. "Then ask how many have ever had anything stolen from their cars. That will give you an idea."

A sinister offshoot of the business is that it is a major support of the narcotics traffic; an estimated 40 per cent of clouters and strippers are dope users who steal to pay for their expensive habit. "I know of one hophead who made $500 a week clouting cars," says Smith, "—or did until we put him in San Quentin." To make $500 a week, a clouter must steal at least $5,000 worth of goods; the fences take the cream and the clouter usually winds up with about 10 per cent of the real value of the stuff he steals.

Some Big Hauls by Clouters

The average haul from a clouting ranges between $50 and $100, but many jobs yield up to $2,000 and more. In San Francisco, a lucky clouter grabbed 100 evening gowns worth $5,000 wholesale from a salesman's car. A Los Angeles thief had more than $8,000 worth of merchandise in his rooms when the police caught up with him. Last summer Smith and Beck, along with Detectives C. T. Fator, Art Mollner and Jack Pilkington, arrested a radio dealer in possession of 100 stolen auto radios—and also nabbed the suspected thief from whom the dealer had purchased $7,000 worth of radios within two months. The men on the auto detail tell of one Duke Stepinski, a clouter so prosperous that he always drove to work in his $5,000 convertible.

But the prize fish of all was Rex Milton, so-called King of the Clouters, who worked summers in Detroit and spent the mild winters in Los Angeles. He had four salesmen canvassing used-car dealers to take orders for auto radios of any make or model. Milton spent his evenings stealing radios to fill these orders. Many times he sold his loot as new merchandise, carefully boxed in cartons forged for the purpose. When he was arrested, Milton owned a fully paid-for $25,000 home, drove a late-model limousine and bragged that he had never held a job in his life. Besides his stock of purloined radios, officers found a small truckload of expensive cameras, luggage, clothing and furs he had not had time to dispose of. Police estimated Milton had averaged $20,000 a year from his trade. He had operated in Los Angeles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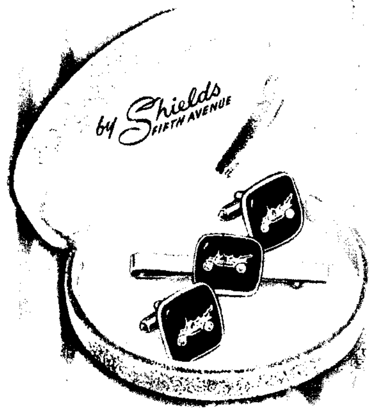

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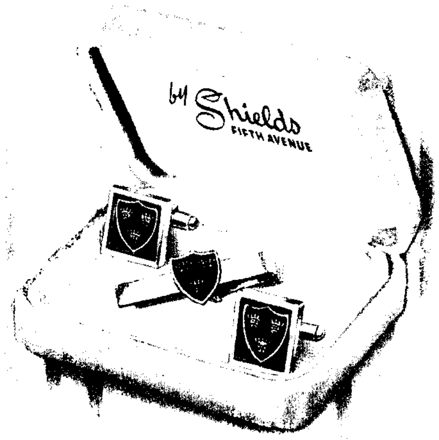

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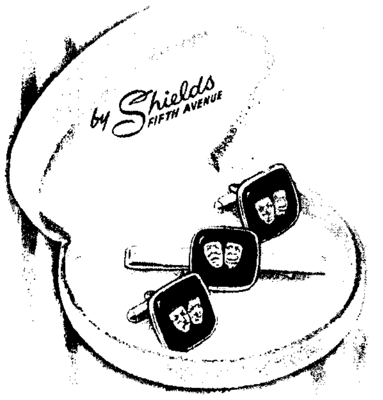

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nine years without an arrest.

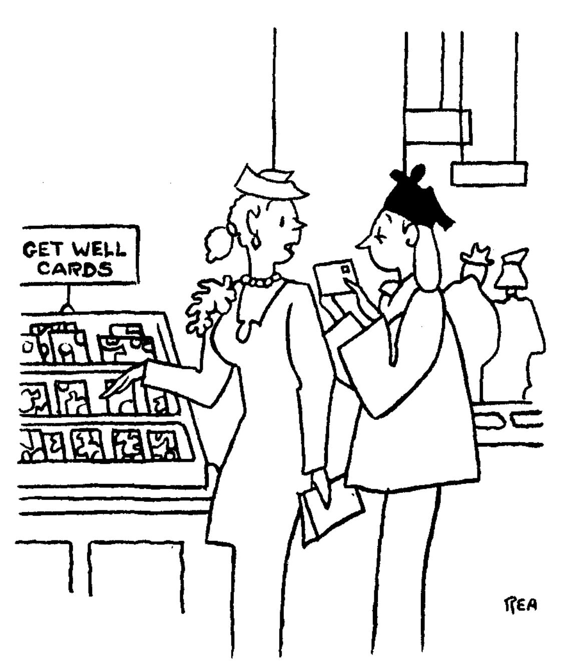
Although the crimes are simple to commit, it takes inspired police work to capture the thieves. The clouter and stripper are fast-moving night birds. "I've seen a thief leave his own car, break into a parked car, steal the radio and be back in his own machine in three minutes," says Smith.

This agility and mobility can be maddening to the police. For four months, Hollywood cops were stumped by thieves who were stealing six or eight radios a night from parked cars. The police outlined an area ten miles square, where the crooks were operating, and concentrated their efforts there, but with no luck. Ten officers were sent into the district every night but they never saw the thieves.

Then a team of officers, systematically checking on radio stores, came upon a fellow one morning trying to sell a dozen car radios. From each dangled a length of cable.

The man, an ex-convict, was relieved of his burden. The crime laboratory matched the cut cables with the cables of cars which had been stripped the night before, and identified markings left by the thief's wire cutters. The ex-con, his partner (an ex-jockey) and the radio-store owner were arrested.

When the cells were locked, the birds began to sing. Their system had worked this way: the radio dealer would place an order for a certain number of radios. The thieves would take an evening drive. When they spotted a car of the proper make, the ex-jockey would drop off and break into the car. He was small enough to lie comfortably on the floor, out of sight of passers-by, while he removed the radio. By the time he had removed the set, his partner had driven around the block and was ready to pick him up.



"Why not get several, just in case? After all, Harry Mortonsen isn't the only person we know who skis"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

Slick Dealing in Stolen Radios

The radio dealer revealed that some insurance companies had innocently sent stripper victims to him to get replacements for stolen radios. A lot of the victims may even have bought back their own sets, with the insurance companies footing the bill. The police could not determine how many radios were stolen in this slick operation, but the radio-store man did admit that he had sold a single used-car dealer 300 sets with a total list value of almost $30,000.

Clouting cars is so easy and so remunerative that even big-time professional thieves are attracted by it. Not long ago, Smith caught a well-known second-story man strolling away from an auto with two cameras, a suitcase and a baritone saxophone. Smith asked his prisoner why he was working cars. The burglar was frank. "It takes me from twenty to forty minutes to make a house job," he said. "I can get the same kind of stuff out of a car in five minutes and I'm home free. Besides, I can see what I'm going to get before I start the job."

In seven years of service with the auto-theft detail, Smith and Beck have developed techniques which are now standard operating procedure with the night watch. They have been loaned to other divisions of the Los Angeles force and have advised Army Intelligence officers on tailing methods.

The trick of being a good shadow is to "forget you are a cop," according to the Smith-Beck dogma. "As soon as you feel like a cop, you look like one." Smith pointed to Beck. "Take Bob. He should look like a cop with that big build and that wide-open face. But he doesn't. He's a real actor. He's been rolled as a drunk, stuck up, and approached on every proposition known to man. He could make more pinches than the whole vice squad put together."

The fact is, Smith and Beck *have* made arrests which ordinarily do not concern their detail. On duty in Hollywood, they once watched an armed robbery, tailed the robbers for half a mile, and then casually arrested them.

In that episode, they demonstrated a technique they have developed to a fine science: the tail-after-the-crime. If a clouter or other criminal is jumped at the moment he has completed his work, he will almost invariably fight or shoot. Smith and Beck let their quarry get away from the crime and calm down a bit before making the pinch; usually the criminals submit quietly then.

But the important requirement, of course, is to be there when the crime is committed.

Tailing a Wary Thief

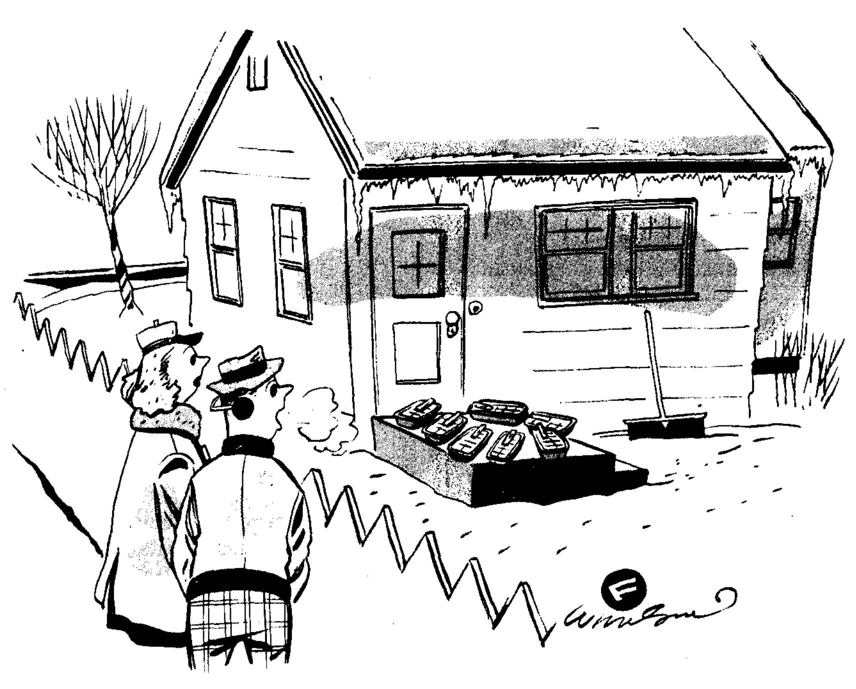
Beck recalls the late Detective Lee Bunch, an early master of artful masquerade. He was following a thief near Angelus Temple one day when he realized that the suspect was becoming suspicious of him. Bunch dropped to his knees on the sidewalk and began to pray loudly. Still his man was wary. He approached Bunch and asked for a match. "Young man," cried Bunch, "don't you know that it is sinful to smoke—the first step toward eternal damnation? First tobacco, then whisky, then no telling what." As the thief edged away, Bunch followed, haranguing him on the values of the good life.

The thief should have listened. Instead, he went around the corner, clouted a car—and was promptly arrested by the suddenly rational Detective Bunch.

On one case, Smith and Beck were tailing an automobile thief who had designs on a car near a lighted intersection. Smith hung around the corner out of sight and Beck ran around the block and showed up across the street from the suspect.

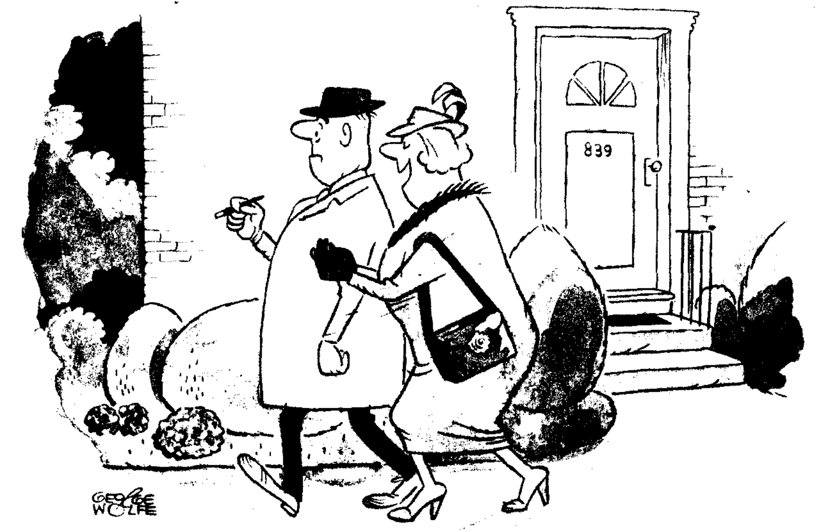
"This guy was real wise, a guy with his head on a swivel," Smith recalls. "He took a long look at Beck when he showed up across the street. Beck had to stay there to keep an eye on the guy, so he started panhandling. Pretty soon, the suspect was convinced and started for the car. Beck signaled me and I grabbed him as he left the car, loaded with luggage and clothing. Beck was *really* acting that time—he collected forty cents panhandling."

The Smith-Beck team has devised its own rules, and the most important is: "When you are tailing a suspect, you've got to remember he's always asking questions: 'Who is that guy? Is he a cop? Is he following me? Where



"Looks like they're planning a big party for tonight . . ."

COLLIER'S FRITZ WILKINSON



"They're beginning to like your joke, Frank, although I think you should sharpen up the details every five years or so!"

COLLIER'S GEORGE WOLFE

is he going?' You've got to give him instant, obvious and logical answers to those questions by the way you act and look. Then he forgets you." With that in mind, the two sergeants frequently take to the streets in pea jackets or sweat shirts, unshaven and unlawful-looking.

The night watch has another rule: never be predictable. One wise booster discovered that the night watch went off duty at midnight, so he plied his trade only after the witching hour—until Detective Rod Ingram arrested him at 2:30 A.M. When he got out of jail he went back to work, but only after 3:00 A.M., when he was certain the night watch would be safe in dreamland. Beck arrested him one morning at 6:20 after tailing him for two hours.

The crooks do their best to keep track of the night watch. Not long ago, Smith and Beck arrested a tricky hold-up-man-turned-car-clouter who protested indignantly: "You guys were supposed to be in Hollywood tonight." One William Anderson was loud in his praise when he was pinched by Smith and Beck. "I am the best thief in the West and you are the only guys who could catch me," he declared. "I take off my hat to you." And he doffed a chapeau he had just stolen from a car.

Three Punks Strike Bonanza

Usually thieves will not go to the trouble of breaking into trunks. In San Francisco, however, a trio of punks discovered that a sharp twist on the handle would open the trunks of a certain line of cars. The discovery was a bonanza. Concentrating on trunk jobs, the thieves took over 250 spare wheels, tires and tubes which they sold to a "legitimate" businessman.

The "legitimate" businessman is the bane of policemen who are trying to break up the clouters' business—the man who purchases auto accessories from the "junk man," the used-car dealer who buys a $100 radio for $10 and seems surprised to hear it is stolen goods. Bogy Noonan, a Los Angeles clouter, evened the score a little. He stole radios from used-car lots and then sold them back to the dealers a few days later.

Los Angeles has a permit system which has proved an effective weapon against the few businessmen who are willing to make a dishonest buck. The police permits are required in addition to regular business licenses, and a separate permit is necessary for those who deal in used auto parts and accessories.

A few months ago, the auto-theft division decided that little could be done to smash the car-clouting industry so long as there was a flourishing market for the loot. Captain A. T. Nelson and Sergeant Beck explained the problem to the city attorney's office. The attorney agreed that a few arrests might have a salutary effect.

Putting Pressure on Dealers

"We decided to teach these guys a little lesson," says Sergeant Beck, "but first we wanted to give them plenty of time to change their ways." Teams of officers visited 900 used-car dealers to remind them that a police permit was necessary if they were to deal in used accessories. Radios, newspapers and television spread the word.

A few weeks later, Beck arrested a couple of car strippers who promptly revealed where they had disposed of their loot. Six used-car dealers were arrested and there were some swift convictions. More spectacular than the arrests and convictions, however, was the effect on the car-stripping fraternity. The theft of automobile radios dropped sharply. Thieves will not steal property they cannot sell—and used-car dealers had suddenly lost interest in buying.

Other cities might learn from the Los Angeles example. By alerting the entire force to the prevalence of car clouters, by sending special squads into districts where the marauders flourish, by pinching off the market for stolen goods, the Los Angeles police are effectively attacking this expensive and exasperating crime.

Alert police departments throughout the country are on the trail of the elusive clouters and strippers. But there will never be enough policemen to do the whole job. The ultimate solution lies with the car owners. Until they stop leaving valuable goods in automobiles, clouters and strippers will continue to thrive at the easiest and most profitable racket of them all. ▲▲▲

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Think Like a

By ALFRED M. LANSING

For best results in the duck season, use you

THE marsh may be thick with ducks, your decoys in perfect position, while you hide in an expertly constructed blind, but bagging your bird isn't at all guaranteed. There'll be no duck to go with your wild-rice dinner unless you, as the hunter, see to it that the shot you fire and the duck on the wing arrive at the same place at the same time. That happy circumstance is, ultimately, a matter of knowing how to lead the duck. And any wing-shooter will tell you it's quite a trick.

Essentially, your problems are the ones confronting an antiaircraft unit tracking an enemy plane. All the variables—wind, target range, speed, direction, velocity of ammunition—are fed into an elaborate computer; gears whirl, and out comes the answer—lead the target by so much.

The veteran duck hunter takes the same variables into account. His computer: experience and practice; instantaneously they provide his reflexes with the right answer. If you want consistent success, school yourself to react in this same way by mastering certain fundamentals. For practice, you'll find skeet shooting at clay pigeons perfect.

Let's take a look at the fundamentals. First train yourself to check the wind, its direction and force. You'll have to compensate for both.

Next, remember that few hunters can shoot reliably at ranges of more than 60 yards (novices much less). To make certain you don't bang away futilely, position one of your decoys at the limit of your effective range. Then, as the ducks fly in, your range-finding decoy serves as a check point. When the bird-on-the-wing is approximately the same size as the marker, he's fair game.

Very likely, you'll spot the birds at some distance. Stay put. Remain quiet and don't move as you wait for your string of decoys to go to work for you. Chances are, when the ducks see the decoys and decide to join them, they'll circle your position once, twice, perhaps even three times. Sit tight. With luck, they'll eventually start coming in for a landing. That's when you go into action.

If the bird approaches in level flight, it's a comparatively easy shot. The trick is to get your sights on him and follow his flight up, up, toward your position. Swing your gun just a bit faster than he's flying. The instant

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARTIN IGER

Crossing: **Mallard hitting mile-a-minute clip directly across your position calls for the greatest lead. Estimate amount in bird-lengths**

Duck

ead as well as your gun

you're slightly in front of him and the gun barrel obliterates him, fire away.

If it's a going-away shot in level flight, it's still not too difficult. Follow the bird carefully, aiming below him. At close ranges, the angle of lead will be considerable when you fire. But as the duck gets farther away, the distance between the bird and your gun barrel should be gradually decreased.

The other shots are tougher. When the bird flies across your position, he may be winging along at speeds of more than 60 mph. In a crossing shot, therefore, be extravagant with your lead, unless the bird is bucking a stiff wind. How extravagant? Well, for example, at a range of 40 yards, a canvasback highballing across in front of you (and they can hustle along at 90 mph) might even be led as much as 18 feet.

But what if the duck suddenly makes a fast turn—the toughest shot of all? In a twinkling, it can transform a simple approaching shot into a combination crossing-going-away shot. You have to be ready to shift instantly. When you have mastered the turning shot, you've learned to think like a duck. And that is the mark of the real expert. ▲▲▲

Your sights stay almost on mallard as the bird swings up and to the left. Climbing shot requires minimum lead because the duck is moving relatively slowly. Gun is 12-gauge Winchester Model 21

Approaching: Duck coming toward you offers one of easiest targets to hit. From here, you'd swing gun up until mallard is obliterated, then fire

The trickiest of all because it occurs suddenly and presents a combination shot (here, crossing and going-away)

How Much Can We Count

By JAMES J. HAGGERTY, JR.

HE guided missile no longer is the weapon of the future; it is today's weapon, to be used in tomorrow's war, should there be one. Without fanfare or publicity, the guided missile is taking a permanent place in our national arsenal.

In a transcontinental tour of America's hush-hush test ranges, I found that guided missiles are now being made in quantity for the use of our tactical troops and sea and air units. I saw pilotless bombers capable of delivering an atomic warhead squarely on a target hundreds of miles away, rocket- and jet-propelled missiles whose electronic brains guide them straight to an attacking plane no matter how it maneuvers. I learned that we are developing supersonic pilotless fighters and a pilotless bomber capable of navigating itself from continent to continent. I discovered that:

- The Army's First Guided Missile Brigade is now a first-line unit with trained personnel and missiles ready to fire; it is prepared to move into combat on short notice.
- The Air Force has two fully equipped and trained operational guided-missile units—the First and 69th Pilotless Bomber Squadrons at Patrick Air Force Base, Cocoa, Florida.
- The Navy has a missile-firing submarine—the USS Tunny; is converting the light cruisers Boston and Canberra for missile operations; has four experimental missile ships which could be pressed into service in an emergency; and this year introduced into service three new types of missiles.
- More than a dozen aircraft and industrial plants are now producing guided missiles; at least six missile types have passed the experimental stage and become practical weapons for operational use.
- The coming year will see even greater emphasis on guided weapons; the combined services have been authorized to spend almost a billion dollars to make and test them.

In short, as one military officer told me, "Guided missiles are finally turning the corner they've been 'just around' for years." But—and it's a big but—don't jump to the conclusion that "push-button warfare" has arrived, eliminating the need for armies, navies and planes. It hasn't, and it isn't in the books for the foreseeable future. Today's guided missile is designed to complement, not replace, the more conventional weapons of warfare.

The guided missile also won't ease the taxpayers' burden by providing a cheap way to wage war. On the contrary, missile development and production constitute a heavy added defense burden.

"One reason for the high cost of guided missiles," says Captain A. B. Metsger, Director of Guided Missiles in the Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics, "is that essentially you are building an electronic 'pilot' into an air frame." Moreover, this robot pilot must have not only an extremely clever electronic brain, but superhuman "muscular" reflexes to change the missile's course as it flashes through the air.

"It's true we're pouring a lot of money into this program," says Brigadier General Floyd B. Wood, Deputy for Development of the Air Force's Air Research and Development Command, "but the pay-off will be big. The insurance is worth more than the cost." If the other fellow has guided missiles, General Wood says, we also need them to survive. Russia does have them. After World War II, the Soviets took over the German rocket base at Peenemünde on the Baltic, where the Nazi V-2 was developed, and they are known to be concentrating on guided-missile research and production.

Each of our three services—the Army, Navy and Air Force—has its own guided-missile development program. The programs overlap and there has been some duplication of effort, largely because there has been no sharp definition of each service's field of activity and no real centralized authority to co-ordinate missile work. There have been interservice squabbles and charges that one or another service is encroaching on someone else's field.

Efforts to Curb Interservice Feuds

Nevertheless, co-operation and exchange of information among the three services have improved during the last three years under the prodding of the Office of Guided Missiles, a Defense Department advisory group directed by K. T. Keller, Chairman of the Board of the Chrysler Corporation. The group was disbanded in September—Keller said that, with missile production under way, the work of organizing a system of co-ordination had been completed—but Defense Secretary Charles E. Wilson has since set up a special committee under Trevor Gardner, a former West Coast manufacturer, to study additional ways to curb interservice feuding and standardize missile types. Some Pentagon officials believe a certain amount of interservice rivalry is all to the good; that it stimulates each branch to produce the best possible weapons.

"Actually, of course, each service is working on guided weapons for use in its own field of defense," says Colonel James P. Hamill, Guided Missile Coordinator for the Chief of Army Ordnance. "You can no more compare the Army's antiaircraft missiles with the Air Force's pilotless fighters than you can compare the antiaircraft guns with an interceptor fighter."

We are building four types of guided missiles: surface-to-air, fired from the ground or a ship against an attacking plane; air-to-air, carried aloft by a mother plane and launched against an enemy aircraft; air-to-surface, launched by a mother plane against a ground target or an enemy ship; and surface-to-surface, fired from the ground or a ship against a ground target or another ship.

I found that all three services have surface-to-air missiles in production. The Navy version, known as the Terrier, is built by Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corporation; the Army's Nike (pronounced *nye-kee*) is a joint development of Douglas Aircraft Company and Western Electric Company, Inc.

Both weapons are mainly superantiaircraft shells, with electronic brains to guide them and electromechanical muscles to correct their course as the brain dictates. Launched against a plane, both missiles track the target no matter what evasive action an enemy pilot may take. And when they hit a plane, destruction is complete.

The Air Force has a different type of surface-to-air missile—the Bomarc, built by Boeing Airplane Company and known as the F-99. The "F" designation indicates that the Air Force considers the missile capable of performing almost all the functions of a fighter.

Bomarc's major difference from Nike and Terrier lies in its larger size and longer range. Where the Army and Navy weapons are designed to hit attacking bombers just outside a defended area, Bomarc will fly out to meet the invader and destroy it long before it reaches the target area.

Nike and Terrier are powered by rockets, but rockets alone would not provide sufficient range for Bomarc. A booster rocket pushes Bomarc up to supersonic speed, then drops off as a ram-jet engine takes over. A ram-jet is a flying-stovepipe type of power plant in which air is sucked into the fore section, mixed with fuel and burned, and, thus compressed, exploded out the rear to provide thrust.

The Navy and Air Force also have air-to-air missiles. The Navy's Sparrow, which is built by Sperry Gyroscope Company, and the Air Force's Falcon, built by Hughes Aircraft Company, are similar to the airborne rockets now carried by fighter aircraft. However, they are larger, and instead of being aimed and fired, they are released in the general direction of an enemy plane and guide themselves to a direct hit.

Finally there are the surface-to-surface missiles,

on GUIDED MISSILES?

including the Air Force's and the Navy's pilotless bombers. The Air Force's Matador, built by Martin Aircraft Company, and the Navy's Regulus, a product of Chance Vought Aircraft, are faster than any conventional fighter-bombers and can be directed over hundreds of miles to drop and explode—with atomic warheads if desired—directly on a target. Booster rockets supply power for the take-off, then turbojet engines take over.

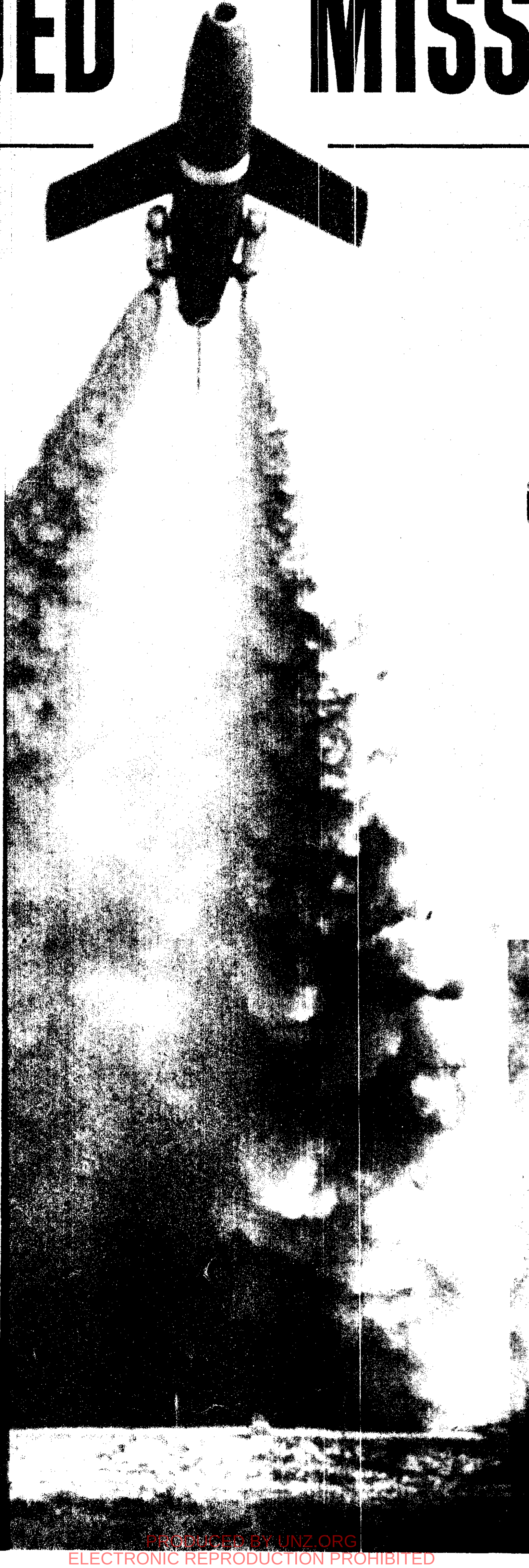
The Army's surface-to-surface missile is the Corporal, a rocket-powered ballistic weapon made by Firestone Tire & Rubber Company. Ballistic missiles—including the German World War II V-2—are fired almost vertically and follow a trajectory similar to that of an artillery shell. In addition to Corporal, the Army has several ballistic missiles on the secret list; some are as tall as a five-story house and fly completely out of the earth's atmosphere at speeds from 2,000 miles up before beginning their descent.

Nike, Terrier, Sparrow, Falcon, Matador and Regulus are already being produced for the armed services. Bomarc and Corporal are in the development stage, along with other missiles whose names are still cloaked in security. Among the firms working on secret missile projects are Northrop Aircraft, Inc., Fairchild Engine & Airplane Corporation, Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, and North American Aviation, Inc.

Probably the most secret work of all is being done at the Wallops Island, Virginia, missile-test range of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics. Small-scale models of futuristic aerodynamic missile designs are tested there. NACA scientists are trying to find out how to make missiles travel faster—perhaps 10 times the speed of sound (6,600 miles per hour).

To find out just how today's guided missiles work I visited three of the busiest, most fascinating military installations in the country: The Army short-range guided-missile base at White Sands, New Mexico; the Navy medium-range base at Point Mugu, California; and the Air Force long-range base at Cocoa, Florida.

My first stop was at the Naval Air Missile Test Center, 60 miles up the Pacific Coast from Los Angeles. I was taken in tow there by Commander David J. Veazey, of Memphis, Tennessee, the test co-ordinator. "My



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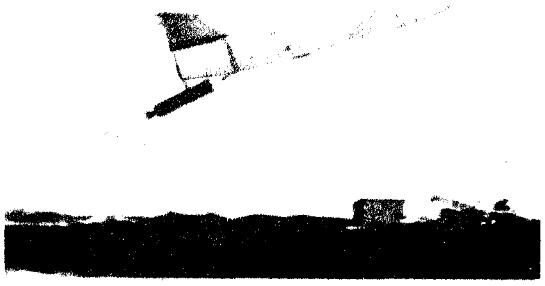
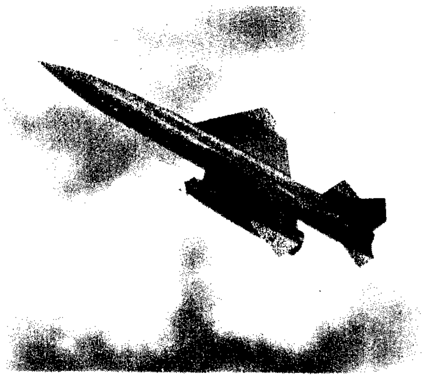


Martin Matador, Air Force's pilotless bomber, could deliver atomic warhead



Boeing Bomarc looks like supersonic jet fighter—and it does the same job

Pilotless bomber Regulus, made by Chance Vought for the Navy, takes off with aid of booster rockets. Once the missile is in air, jet engine takes over

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How far will a guided missile fly? Designers hop

job," he said, "is to make organized chaos out of disorganized confusion."

He wasn't kidding. The testing of a guided missile is an extremely complicated business. Hundreds of details must be checked and double-checked before the firing signal is given. Firing a single missile may cost upwards of $250,000, and if one minor detail goes wrong, the entire sum may have been wasted.

On our way to the missile-launching area, we passed an airfield over which were scattered a number of brightly painted World War II "war wearies" —Grumman Hellcats and Boeing Flying Fortresses. "They're 'nolos,'" Veazey explained. "Drone airplanes, remotely controlled by radio with no crew on board. We use them as targets for surface-to-air and air-to-air missiles." He pointed out another type of aircraft, a standard plane except for the huge loud-speakers mounted in the fuselage.

"We call that a 'Polly,'" he said, "Like the parrot. Those amplifiers are very powerful. With them, a voice in the plane can be heard by people on the ground or in boats, even over the engine noise. We use the Pollies to clear the firing area."

At Mugu, Veazey said, missiles are fired over the Channel Island group, where there are a number of radar tracking stations and powerful motion-picture cameras attached to astronomical measuring instruments known as theodolites; these record a missile's course and performance. Ocean-going vessels frequently cross the range, and small fishing boats also work the area. When a ship is detected in the area near the time for a firing, a Polly flies out, warns the ship of the impending launching and suggests a course to safety.

I found that Mugu's launching area consisted of a group of Quonset huts, each housing a specific operation connected with the launching of a missile. A new multimillion-dollar launching center has been built, bringing together all the units in one building, but it was not yet in use.

In the Central Control Room

Veazey led me to the nerve center of the base: a Quonset containing the central control room. It was a conglomeration of computing machines, radar apparatus, control consoles and telephones. From this room goes the signal for firing a missile when everything is in readiness. A battery of operators keeps in constant touch with all the units which take part in a test firing: the outlying radar tracking stations, the camera theodolite crews, the Polly planes, the nolo operators and the jet chase planes.

Several tracking methods are used to get the utmost in performance data from a missile launching. Each missile (except those of extremely high speeds) is tracked visually by the jet chase planes, optically by the theodolites and electronically by radar sets which record its path on an automatic plotting board. In addition, electronic equipment in the missile itself radios performance data—such as speed, fuel consumption, altitude, temperature, engine performance and so on—back to the central control station; the process is called "telemetry."

From the central control room, we stepped into an adjoining Quonset housing the range safety room. Along one wall was arrayed a series of radarscopes, on which scanners kept constant watch for shipping in the area. On another wall was a huge plotting board on which is marked the position of each ship in the area during the hours preceding a test, and the ship's course.

A few hundred yards from the Quonsets was the focal point of the next test —a Regulus pilotless bomber, resting majestically on its launching pad. Painted a bright red to make it easier to track, the missile resembled a swept-wing, cockpitless bomber.

Haze Lifts in Time for Test

Poor visibility over the test range delayed the launching. When the haze lifted, the launching area was closed to all traffic, and final preparations for the test got swiftly under way.

At the zero hour, a billowing cloud of gray-white smoke enveloped the launching pad, followed a fraction of a second later by a tremendous roar—like that of a hundred subway trains —from the missile's booster rockets. A sheet of flame punched a hole in the smoke. The "bird" was aloft—and gone from sight before the smoke cleared. The rest was up to the tracking crews.

My next stop was at the Army's White Sands Proving Ground near Las Cruces, New Mexico, about 50 miles north of El Paso, Texas.

White Sands is in a vast expanse of desert dotted with mesquite and prehistoric lava. The range proper is about 100 miles long and 40 miles wide, with radar tracking stations and theodolites scattered about its perimeter. The control and tracking methods at White Sands are similar to those employed at Mugu.

The Army flew me around the range in a tiny two-seat L-19 liaison plane piloted by Lieutenant Glenn Bradley, of Fresno, California. Our flight took us over the control center and the concrete blockhouse in which workers shelter during the launching of large missiles to escape the tremendous pressure generated by the rocket engines. Then we passed over a row of launching pads on which a number of Nikes were being prepared for firing.

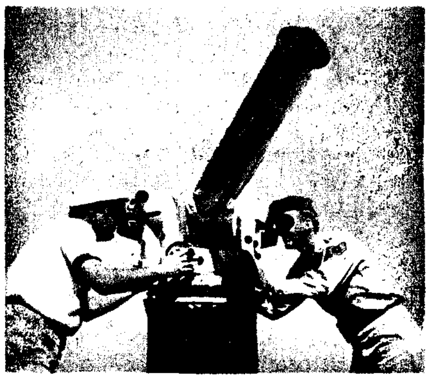
On one of the pads was a larger missile, which Bradley identified as a Corporal. The Corporal is a relatively short-range ballistic missile, but the Army has others in development which can match the range of the pilotless bombers Regulus and Matador. But unlike the pilotless bombers, which have wings and tail sections, ballistic missiles like the Corporal are thin, pencil-like weapons with only stubby protruding fins for stability and control.

From the launching area, we headed for the impact zone, where the missiles crash to earth after test firings. It was dotted with large craters. Bradley set the L-19 down beside one of them, which we measured and found to be more than 20 feet across and about as deep.

"That gives you an idea how fast they're moving when they hit," Bradley said. "This crater was made by an unarmed Corporal." As for Corporal's accuracy, it looked good to me. Bradley pointed out what had been the target, and I made a mental calculation of the distance by which it had missed. Security prevents its publication—but it was close, very close.

From White Sands, I flew to the most elaborate of all American test ranges—the Air Force Missile Test Center at Patrick Air Force Base, Cocoa, Florida. This base was designed to handle the ultimate in guided weapons, the intercontinental missile. Development of such far-ranging pilotless bombers is trailing that of other missiles because of the problems of propulsion and guidance over extreme distances (a range of 5,000 miles is the designers' goal). But one long-range missile is already in early test stages, and there are others —which cannot be identified—not far behind.

The 1,000-mile-long firing course runs southeast from Patrick, over the Bahamas, past the Dominican Republic and Puerto Rico into the South Atlantic. Instrument stations along the way relay their information by coaxial cable back to the control center and the range safety officer at Patrick. Medium and long-range missiles fly close to populated areas, but so long as their guidance systems function properly, there is no danger. If a missile starts to wander, the range safety officer flicks a switch marked "destruct"; it blows a control surface off and the missile drops harmlessly into the water.



Tracking crew follows the flight of missile with camera theodolite

To get a clearer view of what goes on during a missile test, let's follow the launching of a medium-range Martin Matador at Patrick from start to finish.

The actual firing takes place at Cape Canaveral, an isolated area about five miles from Patrick Air Force Base proper. The launcher, a large wheeled vehicle which looks like a railroad flatcar, is locked in position on the shore line. The control center is about a mile to the rear.

It is x-minus-one-hundred-and-fifty. "x" is the firing time; "x-minus-one-hundred-and-fifty" means that it is 150 minutes before the firing time. The Matador lies flat on the truck, so that engineers can work on it; just before firing, the launching slide will be raised at an angle. The engineers swarm over the "bird," checking every component.

Now it is x-minus-one-hundred. Back at the control center, the supervisory crew is checking its instruments. In the center of the room, at a large panel full of switches and flashing red, white and green lights, sits the chief control officer. At similar panels at either side sit his assistants. The lights which are now red will flash green when individual stations spotted all over the range report that they are ready.

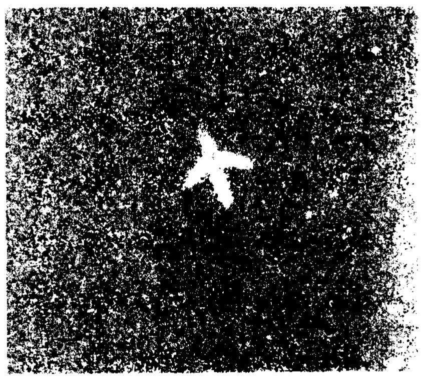
The white lights on the panel are "count down" lights, which show the time remaining to "x" in flashing minutes and seconds.

When they reach zero, or "x," the control officer will flick a switch and Matador will take off.

It is x-minus-sixty. The range is closed to all traffic. In the control center, the range safety crew is checking the range by radar to make sure the area is clear of all shipping. One ship has been sighted entering the range; range safety has dispatched a Polly from Patrick to warn it.

"Attention all stations. It is now x-minus-thirty." The announcement is blared over a loud-speaker to every part of Cape Canaveral, relayed by radio to the down-range observation points, to the Pollies circling in the area, to Patrick, which will ground all planes except the chase planes.

Then come the hated words: "Count down stopped at x-minus-twenty." The Polly has warned the ship in the area, but it has not cleared the range. The radar scanner watches the ship's progress on his screen. Finally, he signals that the ship is out of the danger zone.



This photo of Matador was taken by a camera theodolite 15 miles away

"Count down resumed at x-minus-twenty." There is an audible sigh of relief in the control center. Now the tension mounts.

The flight safety officer gives his equipment a final check. On a desk in front of him is a large chart of the range equipped with an automatic inker. When the "bird" takes off, the tracking radar will actuate the inker and trace a course line on the chart. Outlined in red are the safety boundaries; should Matador veer toward them, the safety officer will take over control of the missile and try to bring it back to course, or "destruct" it if necessary.

X-minus-ten. A siren screams its warning over Cape Canaveral. The engineers working on the missile have completed their final checks; they close all the access doors and retire behind a sand-bag barricade. The launching slide elevates the "bird" to about a 30-degree angle.

In the control center, the bustling activity which has preceded this moment quiets down; each man is tense at his position. All the lights are green now but one; now that one flashes green. The chase planes, a pair of North American F-86 Sabres, have taken off and are circling in position.

X-minus-one. Now the flashing lights on the console start to tick off the seconds, while an officer intones the count down: "Forty seconds. Thirty seconds." A hush has fallen over the room. "Four—three—two—one." The switch is closed.

On the launching ramp, the rocket booster engine roars and bellows a cloud of flame and smoke. Matador lifts, slowly at first, but rapidly picking up momentum. The chase planes zoom low over the launching site, climbing with the missile, one on either side. Now the booster rocket falls off and drops into the ocean; Matador's jet power plant takes over.

The Instruments Go to Work

The white lights on the console continue to flash, but now they are counting up, telling the time the missile has been airborne. The telemetry receiver clacks away, taking coded information from the missile. The safety officer's inker traces the flight pattern; it is on course. Now the down-range stations are tracking, flashing their information to the control center.

Finally, the missile splashes in the water, its mission accomplished. All that remains is the process of data reduction, days of analysis of every move of every component of Matador, to obtain the information upon which tomorrow's missiles will be based.

We have frequently referred to the "brain" of the guided missile, but how does it work?

Surface-to-air missiles usually operate on the command system, the beam-riding system or the homing system.

The heart of the command system is two radar sets with an electronic computer between them. One radar constantly tracks the attacking bomber; the other follows the path of the missile. The computer, fed signals from both radars, electronically determines the corrections the missile must make to maintain a collision course with the target and transmits the corrections to the missile by radio impulses. The impulses in turn actuate the control surfaces on the missile.

For the beam system, a radar path is established and maintained continuously between the missile launcher and the target. The missile is fired along the path; if it veers off the beam or if the direction of the beam is changed, the missile's electronic brain transmits impulses to the control mechanism to get it back on the path.

A "homer" missile, the brainiest of all, carries its own radar, which guides it constantly toward the target until it scores a direct hit. The "homer" is also the most efficient guidance system for the air-to-air-type missile.

Another guidance system calls for installation of a television transmitter in a missile to enable a mother plane or even ground crews to steer the weapon by radio impulses direct to the target. Long-range radio navigation (loran) also may be employed; powerful loran stations beam signals to the missile at timed intervals. If wind or some other disturbance throws the missile off course, the interval between reception of the signals changes and the missile's electronic controls correct its course.

Loran's range is limited, however, and its signals can be jammed by the enemy to throw the missile off course.

For the ultimate in guided weapons, the intercontinental missile capable of destroying a target 5,000 miles from the launching site, military science has devised the most intelligent guidance system of all—automatic celestial navigation, jamproof and with unlimited range. This extraordinarily complex mass of electronic and optical gear provides the missile not only with a brainy, rapid-reflexed "pilot," but also with a superhuman "navigator."

Human navigators of today's long-range aircraft use celestial navigation to determine their position. With an octant, similar to the mariner's sextant, they measure the angle between the plane and a given star. Then by comparing the angle with the position of the star at that instant, they can plot on their maps a line of position (LOP); the airplane is somewhere along that line. To find the exact position of his craft, the navigator shoots a second star and plots a new line. The point at which the two lines cross is the plane's location. For accuracy, navigators usually cross three LOPs.

For security reasons, the system of celestial navigation devised for guided missiles cannot be described in detail. In general terms, however, it works this way:

Two or three automatic octants are mounted in the missile on a gyroscopic navigational platform, each preset to stay trained on a different star throughout the missile's flight. The octants constantly measure the star angle and feed the data into an electronic plotter, which has been "instructed" beforehand as to the correct star angles at given times for the correct course. The plotter then compares the difference between the angles obtained by the octants and the correct angles, and plots a position on an imaginary map.

The Function of the "Brain"

The brain, meanwhile, is "watching" the plotter's work. If the positions obtained by the octants show the missile to be right or left of the desired course line (on which the brain has been instructed), it moves the control surfaces to get it back on course.

When a given point on the course line has been reached, the brain puts the weapon into a crash dive direct to the target.

Fantastic? Of course. But so is the whole business of guided-missile development.

The missile program is costly, no question about it, but it is money well spent if America maintains its position in the arms race. For offensive purposes, the atomic missile is the most destructive method of warfare yet devised. As for defense the advent of high-flying, supersonic bombers makes interception of enemy raiders by fighter aircraft or destruction of them by anti-aircraft guns extremely difficult. The guided missile is the most effective method of stopping an attack; if the attack should come from another missile, it is the only way.

How far the Russians have progressed with guided missiles is a matter of conjecture. But it is reassuring to know that we now have operational missiles and crews to fire them ready for service. The old order "Ready, aim, fire" has become "Ready, fire, aim." ▲▲▲

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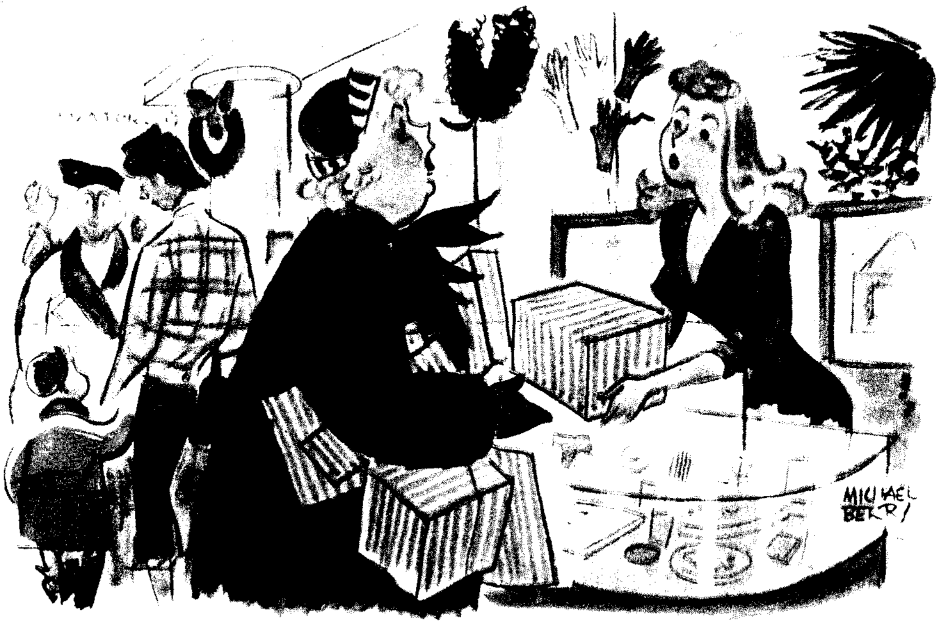
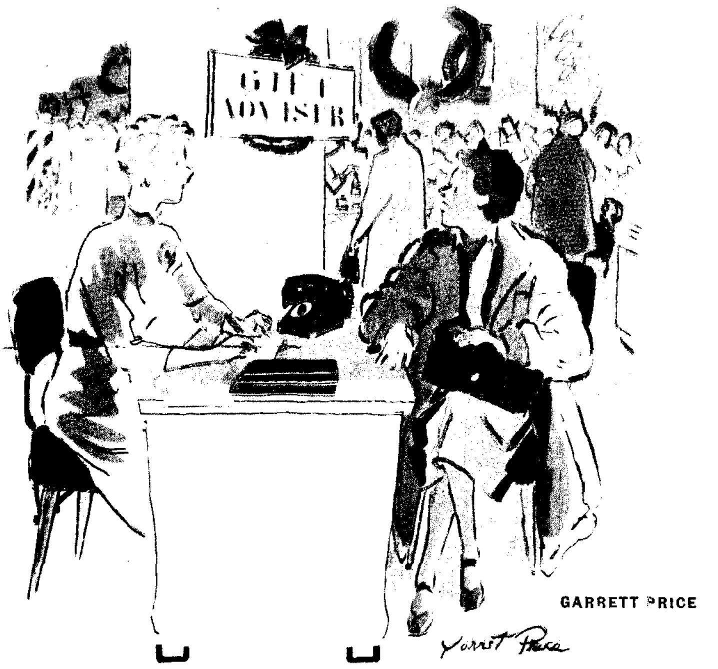


MICHAEL BERRY

"And now, where's the budget department? I have to get a present for my husband"

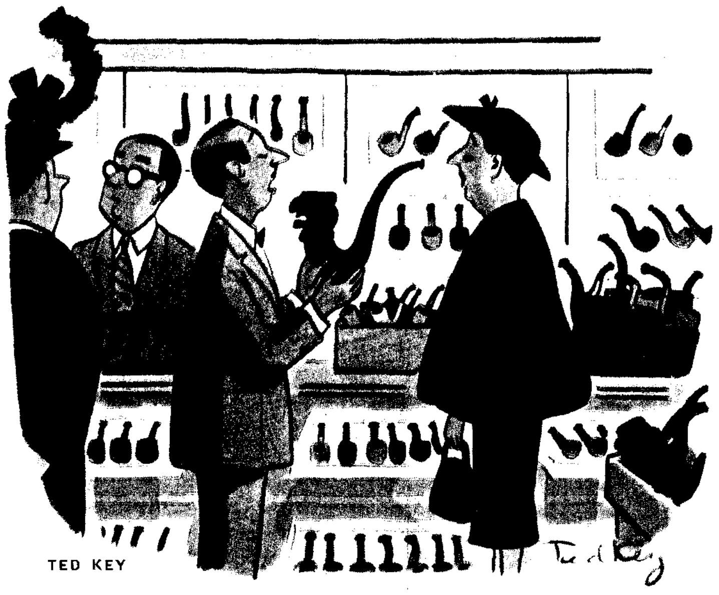


GARRETT PRICE

"The twenty-fifth of December is also his birthday and our wedding anniversary. Fire away"

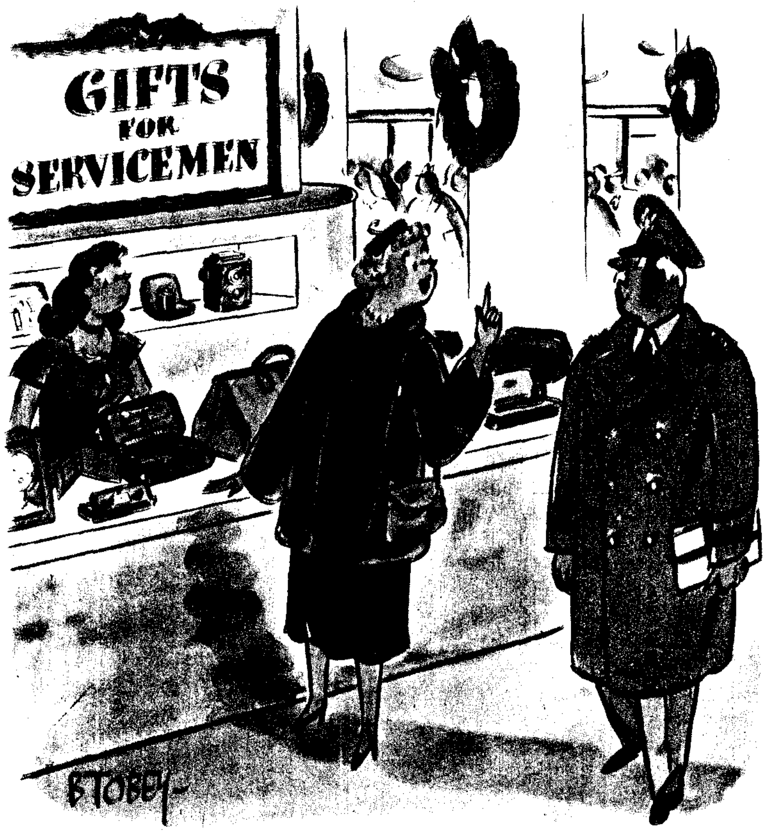
CHRISTMAS MALE

Thanksgiving Day is still fresh in memory, but the question of what to give the human male for Christmas is already being resolved by the distaff side. On these two pages are some cartoon approaches to the perennial problem



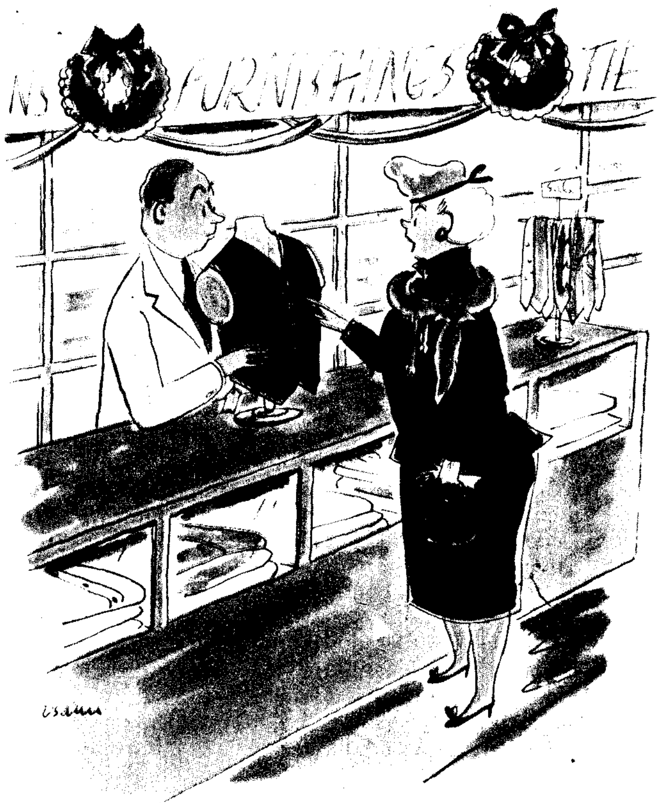
TED KEY

"Yes, I'll gift-wrap this for you but I'll bet we'll see him right after Christmas"



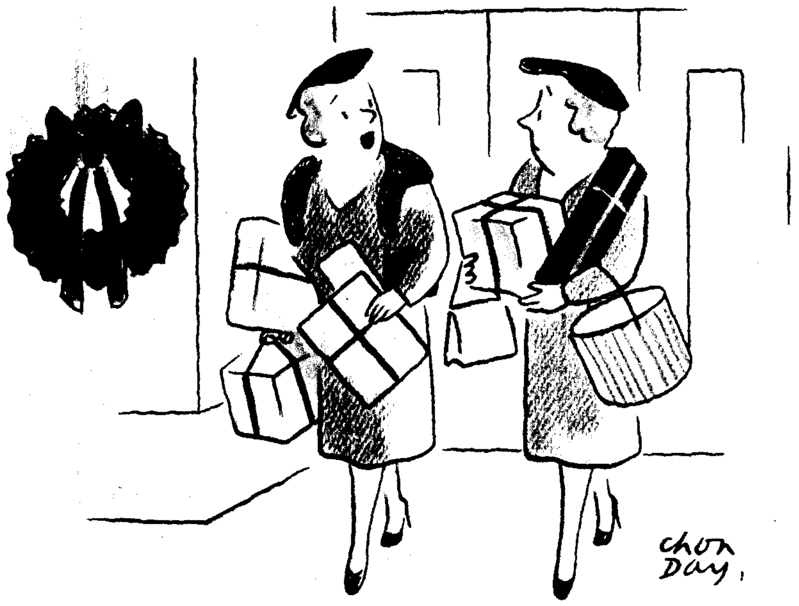
BARNEY TOBEY

"Beg your pardon, sir. Could I get your opinion on this?"



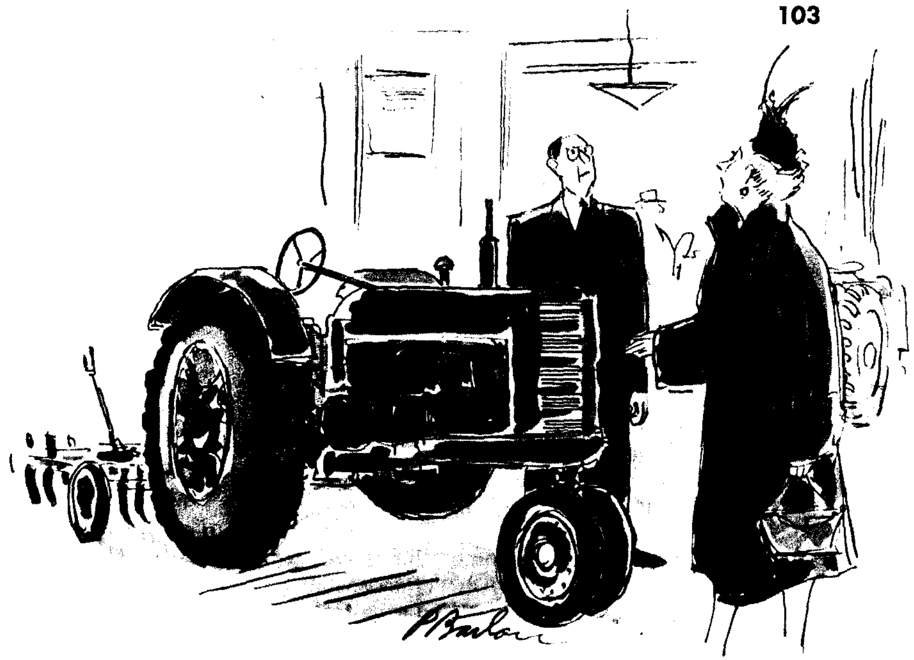
KATE OSANN

"You're sure it won't look subversive in a size 46?"



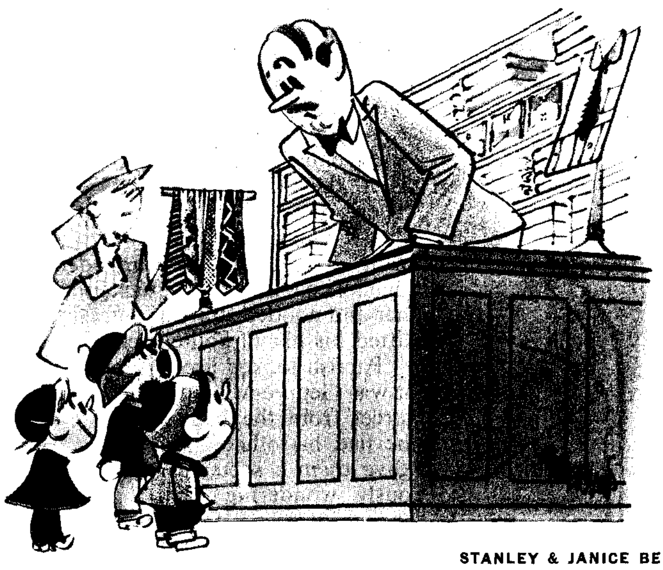
CHON DAY

"I can hardly wait to get home to see what I bought for Fred"



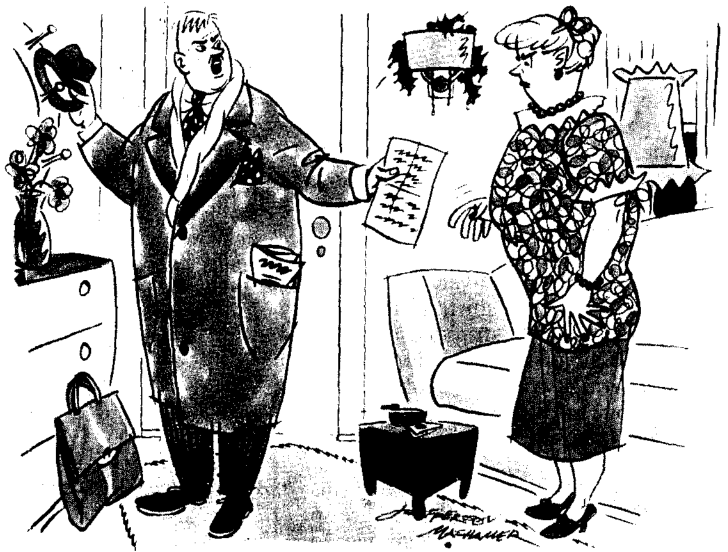
PERRY BARLOW

"Could you have one of your men, dressed as Santa Claus, deliver it to our place about 9:30 on Christmas Eve?"



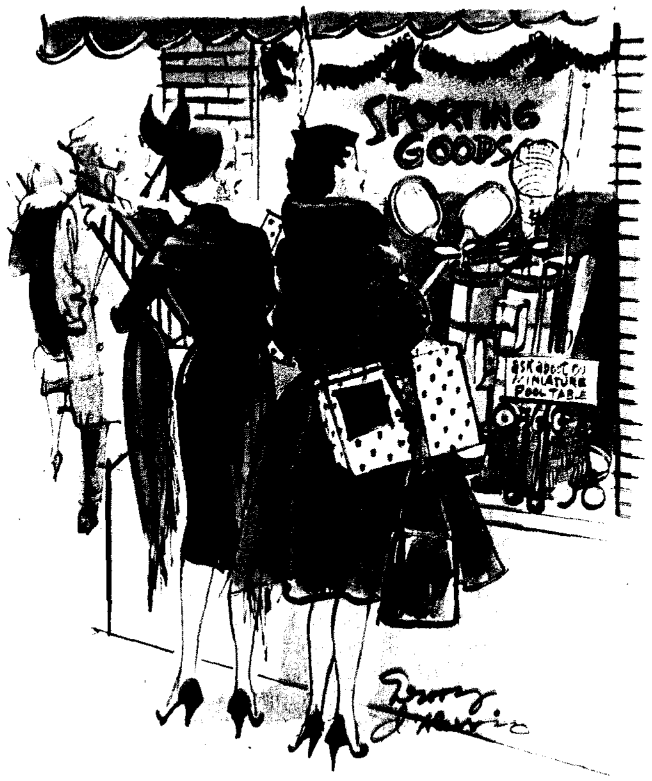
STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

"Instead of us each buying Daddy a gift, we're all gonna pitch in our dimes and buy him something worth while"


Jefferson Machamer

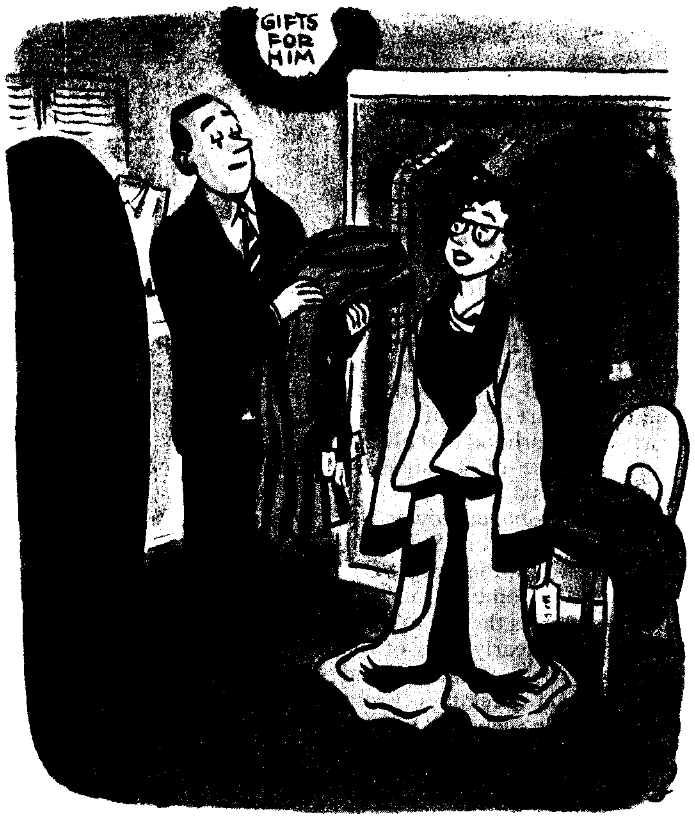
JEFFERSON MACHAMER

"Florence, here's my Christmas list of shop windows for you to look into"


SPORTING GOODS
MINIATURE POOL TABLE
Gregory d'Alessio

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

"Not for *my* husband! He'd never be around when I needed something done in the house!"


GIFTS FOR HIM

ROBERT DAY

"May I bring it back if it doesn't fit?"

Smoky Valley

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

everything he did were obscured—as were the motives of everyone else in this place—by old feuds and loyalties. Local attitudes were based on conflicts that went back to the time cattle had first been brought into the Big Gun River Basin in the wake of the gold rush, and an outsider could never hope to understand them. Now, in 1875, the farmers had formed an uneasy and insecure settlement of sorts near the south end of the valley, and their presence simply complicated an already tangled situation. The only thing that was clear was that the time would soon come when John Parrish, a young man from the East with peaceful intentions, would be wise to get his money out of a ranch that had served his purpose. It would be best if he went back to people of his own kind, leaving these violent folk to settle their differences in their own way.

HE PUT his long-range problem aside. Ahead of him were the riders who had passed him; they had dismounted and were lounging around the stage depot. They were a hard-looking crew, typical of the kind of men the big Anchor Ranch liked to hire. The leader was a thin, dark boy whose clothes and equipment made him conspicuous. He was wearing a black hat and a black, double-breasted shirt liberally trimmed with silver. His boots were as ornate as his shirt, and around his narrow hips was strapped a heavy, carved and silver-mounted double-gun belt supporting two large revolvers with carved-ivory grips.

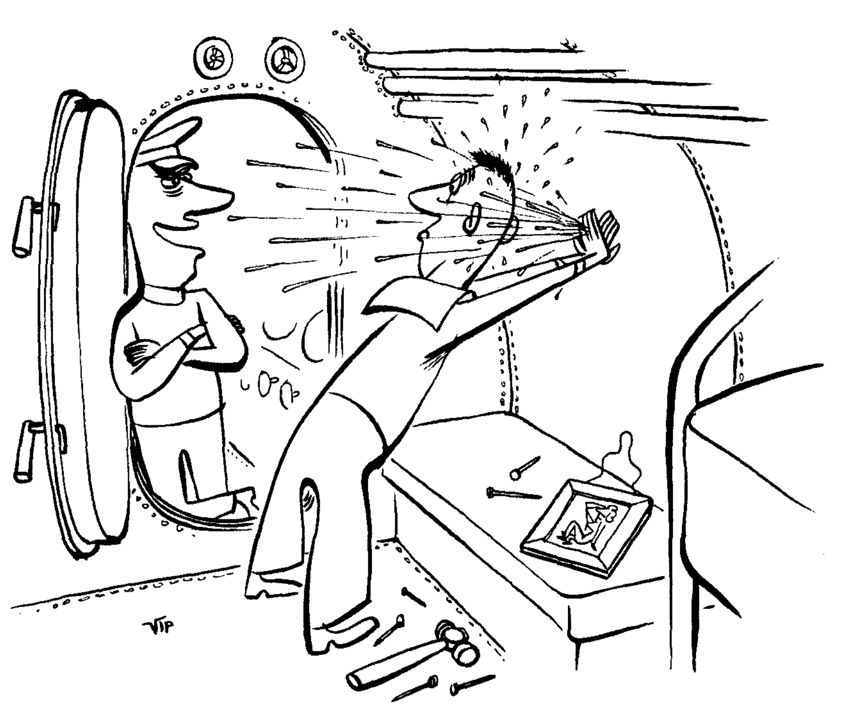
Parrish frowned at the lounging men and at the heavily armed boy in black. He knew that if he continued along this side of the street and passed the group of riders closely, one of them would either put out a foot to trip him or make some remark that he would have difficulty in overlooking. He drew a long, impatient breath; it was always like this of late, and he was finding it a strain on his temper to steer a careful middle course between the kind of senseless pride that would provoke trouble and the kind of caution that, taken for cowardice, would simply encourage further persecution.

He turned abruptly and strode across the street, hearing someone behind him laugh mockingly. Not trusting himself, he did not look around until he had turned the corner at the bank and started up Hill Street. Then he paused and glanced back, half hoping that one of the Anchor riders would appear behind him, but none did. Slowly Parrish's hands relaxed at his sides. He was not a man to nurse his anger long; his good humor returned as he continued toward the upper part of town.

This was a neighborhood that always pleased him, because of its signs of growth and progress.

Logasa was a T-shaped town; the crossbar of the T was Front Street. It was also the stage road that might one day, rumor said, become a railroad. Along Front Street was the old town as it had been since the early days of the country, a rough town of saloons and gambling halls. On weekdays Front Street was a relatively silent, dusty thoroughfare with only the jail, the bank and Southall's Hardware Store showing signs of life. But at night and on Saturday, Front Street awoke, within limits prescribed by Sheriff Coe, and the results could be startling to an Easterner, even one who considered that four years of war had taught him most of what there was to know about the rougher side of human nature.

But when you turned the corner at the bank, or at Southall's store, depending upon the direction from which you were coming, and walked up the incline of Hill Street—the shaft of the T—you were in the newer and more respectable part of town, the part that slept at night and went to church on Sunday. When you left Front Street behind, you were in a town that John Parrish felt he could learn to know in time. Here was a town that resembled the small New England town where he had been born. True, the sun was brighter here; the streets were wider and dustier; and the people were more tanned and wore somewhat different clothes; but there was a noticeable similarity to New England in the frugal, weathered appearance of the stores and the neatness of the small houses, and in the simplicity of the white church.



COLLIER'S "Hanging pictures again, Filstrup?" VIRGIL PARTCH

John Parrish walked up the hill, taking pleasure in the effort required. It had not been too long ago that any slope or stairway had been a tremendous obstacle demanding all his strength and determination. He could remember quite clearly a time when an expedition to town in the ranch buckboard—riding a horse had been out of the question then—had been a major undertaking. Although the change had come gradually, it was still an exciting experience to him to be a well man again.

"Mr. Parrish?"

It annoyed him to be caught daydreaming for the second time in a space of minutes. He looked around and saw the girl who had addressed him standing in the sunshine across the street, as if she had just come down the lane from Judge French's house. He walked over to her, somewhat puzzled.

"You *are* Mr. Parrish, aren't you?" the girl said when he reached her. "You've been pointed out to me."

"Yes," he said. "I'm John Parrish."

"I'm Judith Wilkison," she said.

"Yes, I know," he said, and added dryly, "you have been pointed out to me too, Miss Wilkison."

The girl smiled and said, "I suppose so. We Anchor people aren't greatly loved, are we?"

There was nothing to be said to this, and so Parrish remained silent. This was the younger of Lew Wilkison's two daughters, whom he had previously seen only at a distance. As the girl had said, the people who lived at the Anchor Ranch were not loved, and the Wilkisons led a life separate from that of the Basin. It occurred to Parrish now that it might well be a lonely life. He was surprised at the thought. Resenting the arrogance of the Anchor crew, as did everyone who lived in the Basin, he had never before felt any sympathy toward anyone connected with the big ranch.

She was a fairly tall, straight-backed girl, and her brown silk dress, although stylish and clearly expensive, had a look of fitting neither her figure nor her temperament very well—as if it had been bought for someone older and more dignified. She had a pleasantly shaped face, and her skin was clear, although several shades too dark with sunburn to conform to current standards of feminine beauty.

Regarding her curiously, Parrish became aware that Judith Wilkison was likewise taking stock of him, in a frank and unembarrassed manner; and he saw himself, a little uncomfortably, as it seemed likely that she was seeing him—a man some years older than herself and of not much more than her own height; a slight, red-haired, freckled, still-young man in a good but worn suit of Eastern cut, whose hat and boots would never deceive anyone into thinking him a cattleman. Watching her, Parrish saw in her gray eyes the same not-quite-flattering judgment that he had recently seen in the pale blue eyes of Sheriff Coe. And then he was struck by the oddity of his being addressed twice in one afternoon by people who had shown no interest in him before, and whose only purpose in speaking to him now seemed to be to look him over in a derogatory fashion.

He said, "If there's anything I can do for you, Miss Wilkison . . ."

She hesitated, then said, "Why, yes, you can tell me if the westbound stage has arrived. I was supposed to meet my sister and her husband, but I was talking to Mrs. French and forgot."

Parrish said, "You haven't missed them. The stage is always late."

"Did you see any of Father's men? They were to bring the carriage."

Parrish said coolly, "Yes, I saw them, Miss Wilkison. They're at the stage depot now."

His tone made the girl glance at him quickly. "What's the matter, Mr. Parrish? Have you been having trouble with our men?"

"Well, no more than anyone else in the Basin, I suppose," Parrish said. "But you might tell them to watch where they drive that buckboard. I suppose it's only natural for them to play little jokes on a tenderfoot, like trying to run him down in the street, but it gets tiresome after a while."

Judith Wilkison threw back her head and laughed. "Is that all that happened? Hell, they do that to me!" she said. Then she flushed slightly; it was clear that the habit of profanity was one for which she had been reprimanded more than once. She gave a quick look about her and nodded stiffly as a passing man lifted his hat in polite greeting.

Parrish looked around and saw that it was George Menefee, coming up the street from the bank building, where he had his office. The young lawyer gave them a speculative glance, obviously wondering what had brought them into conversation and—being George Menefee—how he could best use his knowledge of their meeting.

JUDITH looked back at Parrish. Her mood had changed abruptly, and as she spoke again, there was sharpness in her voice that was close to scorn. "If you have any complaints about our men, Mr. Parrish, why don't you take them up with my father—or with the men themselves?"

Parrish said, annoyed: "It's a thought. I'll keep it in mind." He stopped and listened. "The stage seems to be pulling in. Good day, Miss Wilkison." He touched his hat and turned to leave her.

"Mr. Parrish?"

"Yes?" he said, turning back.

"You *look* healthy enough."

"Why, I feel fine, thank you," he said cautiously, sensing either a joke or a threat. "Why?"

"We heard when you bought your ranch that you had come West because of sickness, and that you were planning to return home, wherever that is, as soon as your health would permit."

"That's true enough," Parrish said. "Although I didn't know my plans were public property."

The girl laughed. "There are no secrets in the Basin, Mr. Parrish. We know more about you than you think. Actually, the reason I stopped you is that I happen to know my father is planning to get in touch with you in the next day or two, and I thought I could save somebody a long ride over to Rafter H with the message. Dad was saying that he had heard you were quite well now and that he thought

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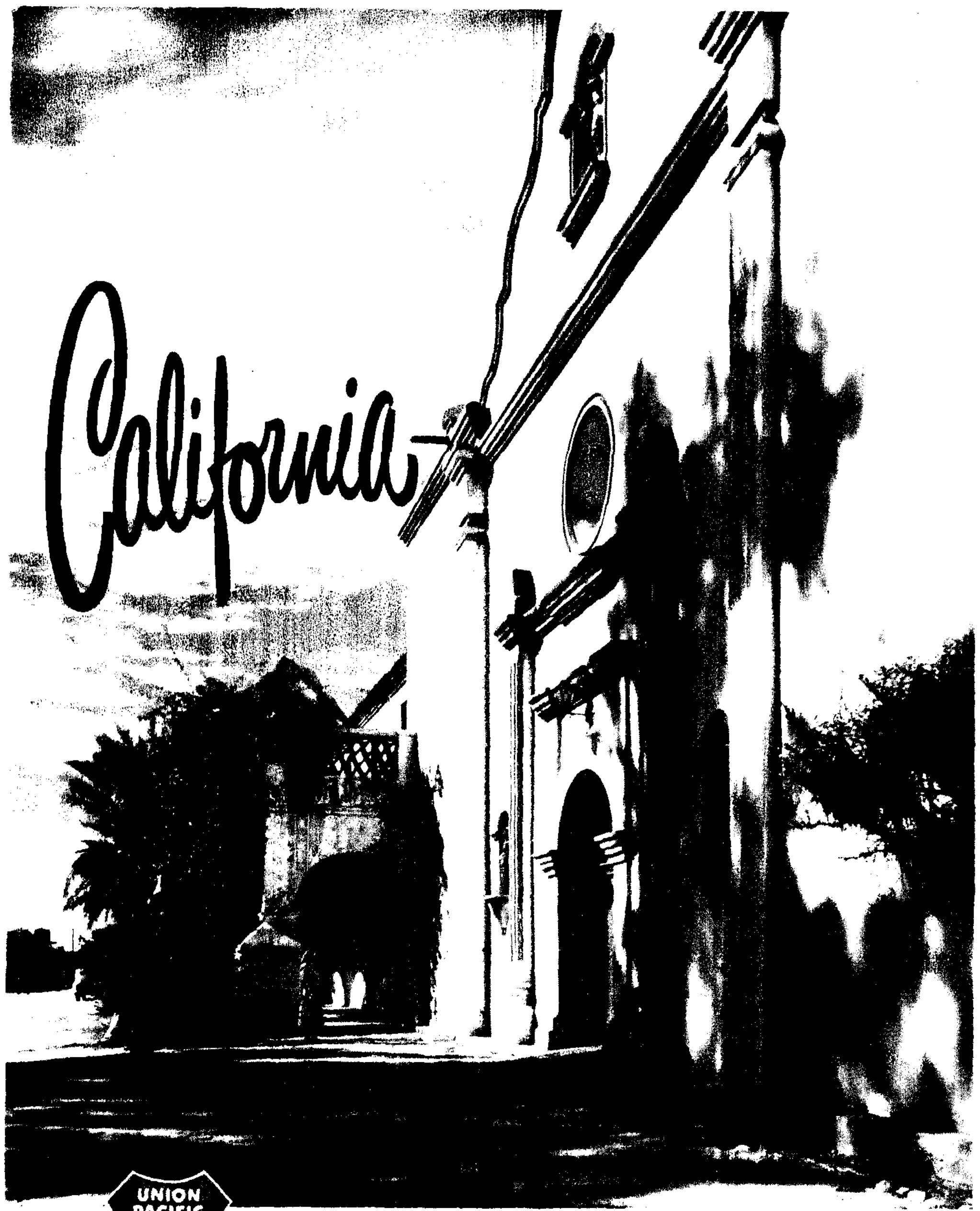

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you would be planning to go back East pretty soon, in which case you might be interested in coming around to have a little business talk with him."

Parrish frowned. There was a faint air of contempt about the girl that he did not like; but what she thought of him, for whatever obscure reason, was not really important. He came to a swift decision and said, "Tell your father I'll be glad to talk to him, although I can't promise that anything will come of it."

"Tomorrow afternoon would be a good time," the girl said. "We'll see that the men behave politely."

JOHN PARRISH was accustomed to think of himself as a businessman, not a rancher. His mother died when he was a child, and he had been brought up by his father, who had no interests outside business. Then, while he had been in the war, his father had died. Parrish had returned to New York after the war as a matter of course—his wound having apparently healed—to take his father's place in the firm of Parrish & Wrenn. It had not occurred to him to do otherwise, although the duties that were given him seemed unimportant after the responsibilities that had been his as a cavalry officer.

But it had not entered his mind to make any change in his way of life; and when acquaintances from the Army, bored and dissatisfied, drifted westward in search of adventure, he had considered it a show of weakness.

Only the gradual deterioration of his health over a period of years, and the seeming inability of the doctors to cope with the disease that had attacked his lungs in the wake of the bullet wound, had driven him to give up, temporarily, the career his father had planned for him. He had come out here to see if a complete change in climate could not accomplish what the medical profession had failed to do. He had bought the ranch through a reliable agent, borrowing heavily against his share in the business to pay for it. The journey by train and stagecoach across the continent had almost finished him before he ever set eyes on the place.

But he still considered himself a businessman temporarily dealing in cattle instead of merchandise; and for this reason it always troubled him that he could not really like Orville Vail, the proprietor of Vail's Drygoods Emporium, which was his destination. Mr. Vail always treated him as a kindred spirit—a man with an interest in business and a sturdy respect for the dollar. Now as Parrish entered the store, Mr. Vail turned from a conversation with George Menefee to greet him.

"She's in back, Johnny," the older man said. "Go right on back, but I warn you, you'd better be ready to duck, ha-ha."

The warning and sly laughter meant nothing to Parrish for a moment, and then he glanced at Menefee, whose heavy, handsome face displayed an expression of sympathy.

The lawyer laughed ruefully and said, "I'm sorry if I've made trouble for you. I guess I spoke out of turn."

Parrish nodded and went on through the store, threading his way among the counters to the door that led to the rear. The Vails had lived here during their first hard years in the Basin, right after the war, but Orville Vail was a shrewd man and now the Vail residence was a white frame house up the hill; and this portion of the building served as a warehouse for the store.

Parrish found Caroline Vail struggling to remove a bolt of cloth from a high shelf. She was small and he easily reached over her head to pull it down for her. She turned quickly. The light was poor back here, but he could see that her efforts had brought color to her cheeks and caused a wisp of her fair hair to tumble over her forehead, giving her a prettily disheveled look.

"Oh," she said curtly, "I didn't know you were here." She reached for the bolt of cloth. "Mrs. Irey is waiting."

"Let her wait."

Caroline shook her head, unsmiling. She was a girl who always made it quite clear to a man when he was out of favor, although sometimes the reason was not immediately apparent. She tried to take the cloth from him again.

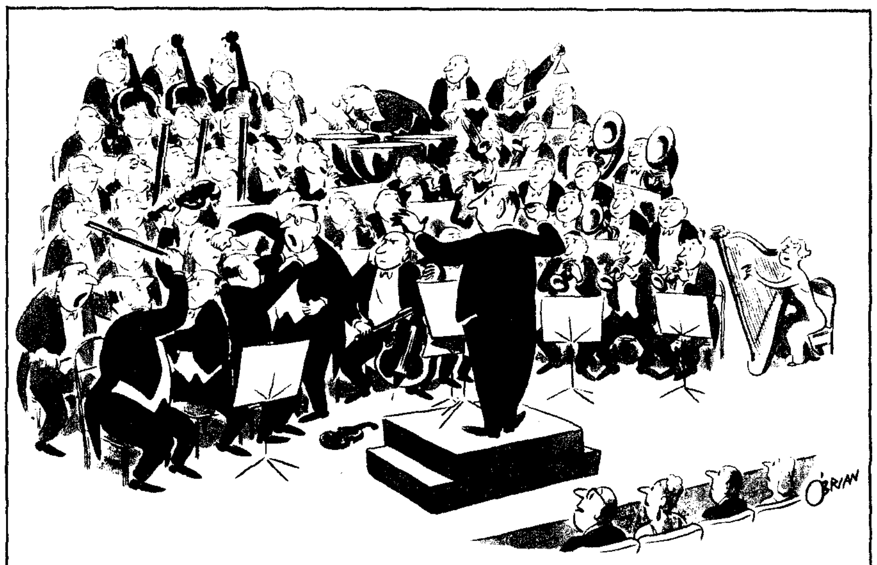
He said, "I'll carry it."

"If you wish."

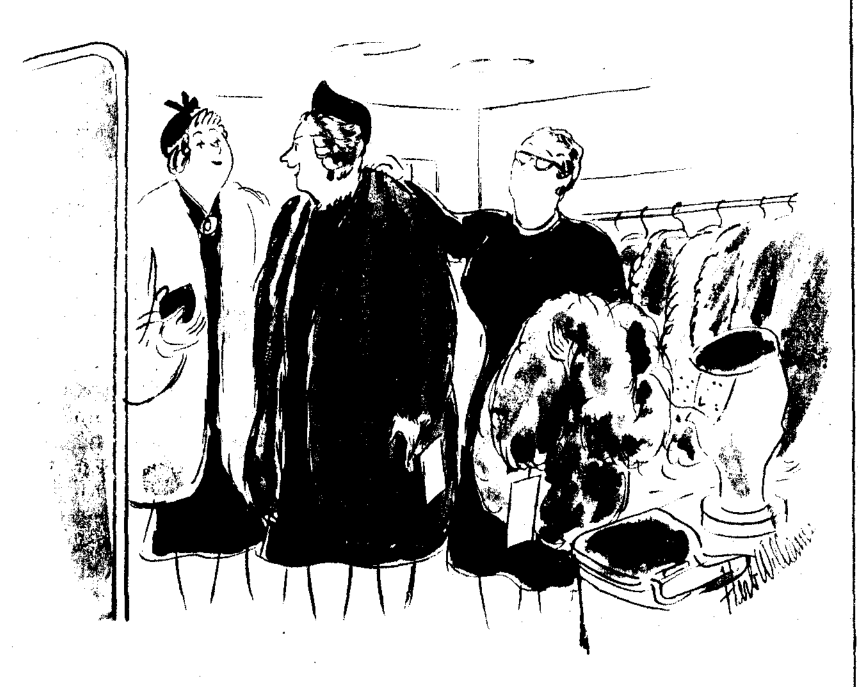
She turned away. He followed her into the store, laid the cloth on the counter, and withdrew a short distance while she completed the sale. He stood there, a bit annoyed at the knowing smile with which Mrs. Irey greeted his presence. As Judith Wilkison had said, there were no secrets in the Basin.

When the sale was finished, Caroline stepped forward to greet another customer. Parrish thought wryly that there had been a time when this treatment would have wounded him deeply, but now it only made him impatient with her for acting like a fool. He turned away and went back to Mr. Vail, now alone.

Caroline's father laughed and said,



COLLIER'S "He just *doesn't* have Toscanini's superb authority with the strings!" WILLIAM O'BRIAN



COLLIER'S "Fensworth was simply furious when I learned to read the financial pages" HERB WILLIAMS

"Don't ask *me* to make your peace with her, Johnny."

Parrish smiled. "Just what the devil did Menefee tell her?" he said.

"Oh, just that you seemed to be real friendly with the younger Wilkison girl, laughing and joking with her like you'd known her for years."

Parrish said, "One day somebody is going to get tired of George Menefee."

Mr. Vail said, "Ah, you can't blame the boy for being jealous, Johnny. After all, he used to see a little of Caroline before you came; and he hasn't given up hoping, I guess."

Parrish glanced at Caroline, who was chatting gaily with an older woman at the far end of the store. "Well," he said, "if she asks, tell her I've gone down to Dr. Kinsman's office, and that I'll see her at dinner. That is, if I'm still wanted."

MR. VAIL laughed quickly. "Why, of course you're wanted, Johnny. Caroline's just temperamental, like her mother. We're looking forward to having you. Mrs. Vail was saying only this morning that she always feels better on the days she knows Johnny Parrish is coming to town; it's so seldom one gets to talk to a civilized person out here.

"By the way, I hear that the Mahoneys are moving away. Mrs. Mahoney was in a little while ago to say good-by. That doesn't leave you many neighbors out there, does it, John? Just Silas Purdue's Box Seven and those small ranches back in the Hills. I don't suppose you count the nesters as neighbors, and they're well south of your place, anyway."

"And Anchor," Parrish said. "Let's not forget about Anchor."

"I guess a lot of people would like to do that, ha-ha," Mr. Vail said, and seemed a little startled by his own temerity in making such a joke. He went on quickly, "Well, I can't stand here all day gabbing; that's no way to get rich, eh, boy? We'll expect you tonight." He hurried down the aisle.

Parrish looked after him, frowning. His lack of warm feeling for Mr. Vail always left him with a sense of guilt that was intensified by the little man's friendliness, and by the memories of everything the Vails had done for him. It had been to their house that he had been brought after being carried off the stage, three years ago.

The driver had brought him clear to Logasa instead of putting him off at the ranch, since he had obviously needed a doctor's attention. The Vails had looked after him for weeks then; and later in that first bleak winter, it had been Mrs. Vail and Caroline who, hearing from his neighbors that he had had a relapse, made the journey out to the ranch through the cold and snow and nursed him back to life a second time. He owed these people a tremendous debt; it was something he could not allow himself to forget.

The sunshine struck him, hot and bright, as he came outside again. He walked down the dusty slope of Hill Street, stopping at the corner for a moment and noting that the stage had pulled out again, and that the Anchor carriage had departed. The buckboard was now standing in front of Southall's Hardware Store, and as he passed the door he caught a glimpse of Judith Wilkison inside talking to Mr. Southall. Some Anchor hands had apparently stayed in town; he recognized the familiar brand on several of the horses waiting in front of Pat Morgan's saloon diagonally across the street.

At the corner he turned into the alley, opened the door in the side of the building, and went up the dark stairway to Dr. Kinsman's office above the store. He closed the waiting-room door behind him firmly enough to let the doctor in the inner office know he was there. Then, after a moment, he crossed over to the window and looked out.

The window afforded a good view of Front Street, from its lower end at Bickford's Livery to its upper end at Bushmill's Warehouse. After that the road went on up the canyon to a pass through the Big Gun range, which he had never crossed. It occurred to him now that he really knew very little of this country, even though he had lived in it three years. He knew the town and the road; he had some acquaintance with his own ranch; and that was all. Anchor was a name; the Big Gun Mountains were a jagged purple wall behind which the sun set each evening; the San Luis Hills to the east were a lower, less rugged barrier above which it rose again in the morning. He had come through the hills on the stage, but he had no memory of them. He would see them for the last time on his way back East; and then this whole episode

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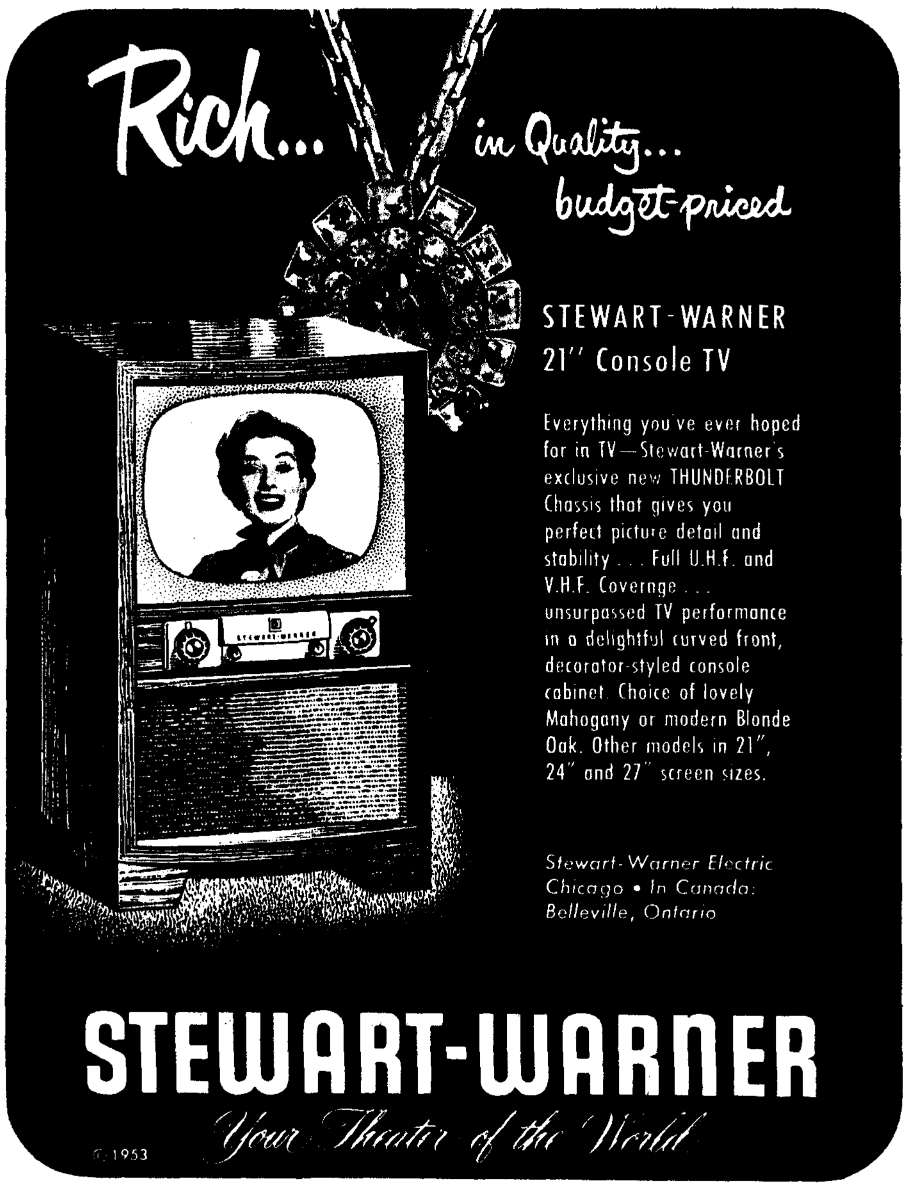

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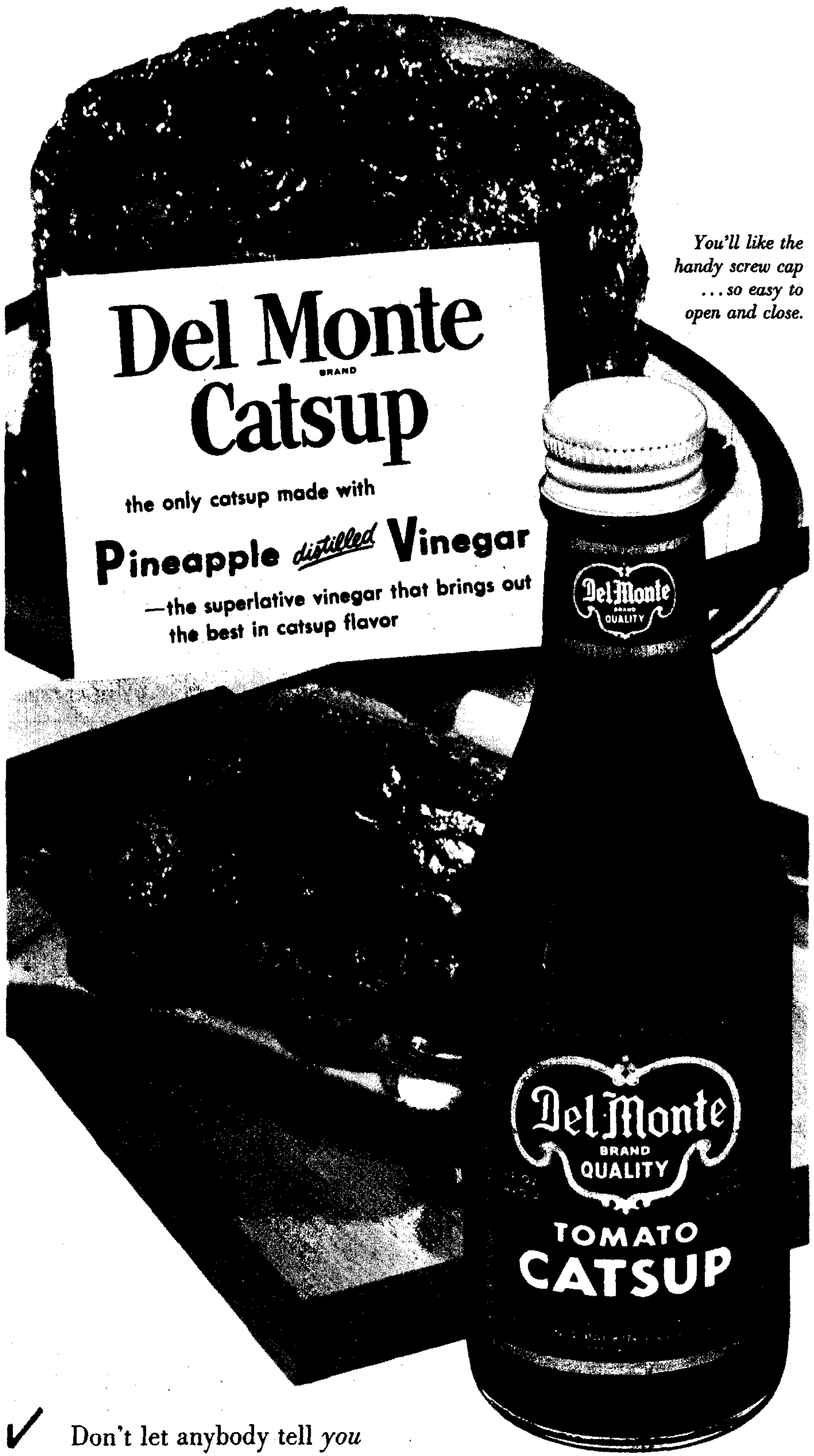

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would become a memory, kept alive only by the fact that he had come here single and would leave married . . .

"I get half my gossip just standing at that window," Dr. Kinsman said.

Parrish glanced around quickly. A small gray man, Dr. Kinsman had an interest in the doings of his fellow men that he made no effort to disguise. Now he leaned forward to watch Judith Wilkison come out of the store below, followed by Mr. Southall carrying a keg of nails. The storekeeper placed the keg in the rear of the buckboard and both of them went back into the store.

DR. KINSMAN said, "Did you see the happy couple arrive on the stage, John? It appears everyone is getting married these days. I'd say, from Martha Wilkison's expression, that it had not been a very successful honeymoon. Hansen, on the other hand, looked as if marriage agreed with him. He had reason to feel satisfied, I'd say. A year ago he was nothing but another in the series of Lew Wilkison's hard-bitten foremen; the old man must have had a dozen of them in as many years, each one tougher than the last. I must say I was startled when I heard this one was going to marry into the family. It used to be a rule out at Anchor that any man that so much as looked at either of those girls was beaten and kicked off the place."

Parrish said, "That might be difficult, with Cole Hansen. I wouldn't want the job of beating him, either with fists or gun."

The doctor glanced at him, clearly a little disconcerted. Parrish was again reminded that out here it was considered unmanly to admit you weren't quite certain of your ability to beat the stuffing out of any man in the country. It seemed a curious affectation. He, John Parrish, had no illusions about how he would stack up against Cole Hansen. Lew Wilkison's new son-in-law was a big man who had brought with him to the Basin a reputation for violence, and it had not diminished in his time as Anchor's foreman.

Dr. Kinsman laughed and said, "Well, I guess he does outweigh you some at that, John. Well, come on into the office and take your coat and shirt off; although I'm damned if I know why I bother to listen to your chest any longer. It's taking money under false pretenses." He went on as they walked into the examining room: "It's a shock to think of those girls being old enough to marry. I well remember the first time I saw them."

Parrish laid his clothes aside and turned to the doctor. "How so?"

"Well, it was a time no one in the Basin will likely ever forget—it was the bloodiest episode in the feud between Anchor and the small ranchers. I'd had no occasion to visit Anchor before and when I got there that morning, the mother greeted me looking like a ghost. The big house was full of dead and dying and wounded men. Carlotta Wilkison was trying to care for them all with the aid of the cook and the two children; the riders who were still on their feet were posted around the place, expecting an attack on the house—but you've heard the story, John."

"Never all of it," Parrish said. "It's not a subject people seem to discuss freely with strangers."

"After three years you can hardly call yourself a stranger, boy. Take a deep breath. Now exhale. Well, there had been night riding and occasional shooting for months. I won't try to say how it started; you'll get varying answers, depending on whom you ask. I won't say who was in the right, either. It's my experience that after a little time the right and the wrong of these things tend to get lost in the dust of the fighting. Here in Logasa, which wasn't much of a town then, we could see the showdown coming, and the betting—I won't say the sentiment, but the betting—favored Anchor to win. But the small ranchers were led by Walter Hard, the man you bought Rafter H from, and there were considerably more of the small ranchers than there are now." The doctor looked up. "Don't judge Walter Hard by the glimpse you may have got of him when you came here, John. He was a tough, canny man back then. He whipped the others into line with Silas Purdue's help. All right, turn around. Take a deep breath. Exhale. You're lucky that ball went clean through you. If they'd had to go in after it they'd have killed you."

"What happened?" Parrish asked.

"Why, they set a trap out in the San Luis foothills, baited, I think, with a herd of stolen Anchor cattle. That's a guess; I don't know the details. As far as I know, no man who was involved ever spoke of it afterward. But Lew Wilkison took the bait, whatever it was, and piled into the ambush with thirty riders. I doubt that Walter Hard expected the result he got: six men dead, ten wounded, and Lew himself crippled so that he never walked again. That was the end of the Big Gun Basin war: Lew in his wheel chair and Walter Hard turning to the bottle, perhaps to drown out the memory of that night. It's a war that looms larger in the minds of these people, John, than the one you fought in."

After a while the doctor went on: "I had known them all before, those who took part in it, and they were never quite the same men afterward: Silas Purdue and Walter Hard and Jack Mahoney, and the Peterson brothers, and several others who have since left the Basin. Carlotta Wilkinson died a few months later, apparently from the shock and exertion of that morning. Lew Wilkison has hated the rest of the Basin ever since, as only a lonely man tied to a wheel chair can hate. As I say, it's taking money under false pretenses," the doctor went on in a different tone, slapping Parrish on the back. "You're a damn' sight healthier than I am. You'll live to bury us all."

PARRISH picked up his shirt. "Can I go back East safely, Dr. Kinsman, or will I be taking a risk?"

The doctor glanced at him. "Thinking of leaving us? I understood that the ranch was doing pretty well."

Parrish said, "Well, it depends on Caroline, of course; but I had never meant to make cattle my life-work."

Dr. Kinsman frowned. "I'd be sorry to see you go, John—and so would quite a few others; you have friends here. You'd have more, if—"

"If what?"

"Well, if you'd settle down and decide to stay. It's hard for people living here really to take to someone who makes it so damn' clear that he wouldn't have come except for his health, and that he plans to get out as soon as he possibly can." The doctor cleared his throat. "Medically, I can see no reason why you shouldn't go back if you want to, John. Certainly there's some risk in going back when you're doing so well here; on the other hand, I've noticed that an unhappy man seems to get sick a good deal quicker than a happy one, for reasons we doctors haven't yet been able to figure out. So if you really feel you belong back—"

He stopped speaking. Through the window came the sound of angry voices from the street below. Dr. Kinsman went quickly to the window to look out. Parrish paused to put on his coat.

"It's over at Morgan's," the doctor said over his shoulder. "The Anchor bunch has got somebody—"

A man's voice, thick with liquor and shrill with fear, cried, "I didn't mean . . . I was only joking, I tell you!"

RECOGNIZING the voice, Parrish stepped to the window. On the sidewalk in front of Morgan's saloon, four Anchor riders had a fifth man backed against the wall. The victim was a stout, elderly man in a cheap, dark suit, who held his hands in sight in front of him to indicate that he had no intention of reaching for his gun.

"Why, that's Jack Mahoney," the doctor said. "The damn' fool! If he had to get drunk, why pick Morgan's to do it in?" Parrish started to leave. Dr. Kinsman caught his arm. "Where are you going," he said.

Parrish said, "He used to be a neighbor of mine, Dr. Kinsman. His wife was very kind to me when I was ill."

He pulled himself free, strode through the waiting room and ran down the stairs, feeling a helpless anger pull at the muscles of his jaw. There was nothing he disliked so much as stupidity, particularly drunken stupidity.

It did not occur to Parrish to wonder what he was going to do when he reached the street. In administering Army discipline he had learned that quick action was the first essential in breaking up a threatening fight and that these situations had a way of making themselves clear as they went along. Nevertheless, he paused for an instant at the corner of the building to survey the group across the street again.

Jack Mahoney's voice reached him, fearfully eager. "Sure," the fat man gasped. "That's right. I wasn't complaining, boys. Sure, Anchor gave me a fair price, more than the place was worth. I wasn't complaining, I tell you! It was only said in a joking way."

Parrish started forward. Front Street was filling up now with curious spectators, interested but ready to seek shelter in case of shooting. Parrish cast a quick glance toward the doorway of Southall's store, but Judith Wilkison was not in sight, and it was unlikely that she could influence the Anchor riders, even if she wished, which in itself was questionable. Parrish walked swiftly toward the saloon, conscious of a definite sense of apprehension, not because of any fear of what might happen here—he had dealt with this kind of trouble before—but because any action he took in Jack Mahoney's behalf would inevitably make Anchor his enemy, and there was no telling where that would lead. It was with relief, therefore, that he saw the crowd make way for Martin Coe.

The sheriff came down the street deliberately, walking with the long, easy stride of an old plainsman. As he came up, he glanced briefly at Parrish. "Get off the street, son," the sheriff said curtly. "One damn' fool is enough to have to take care of. What do you think you can do without a gun?"

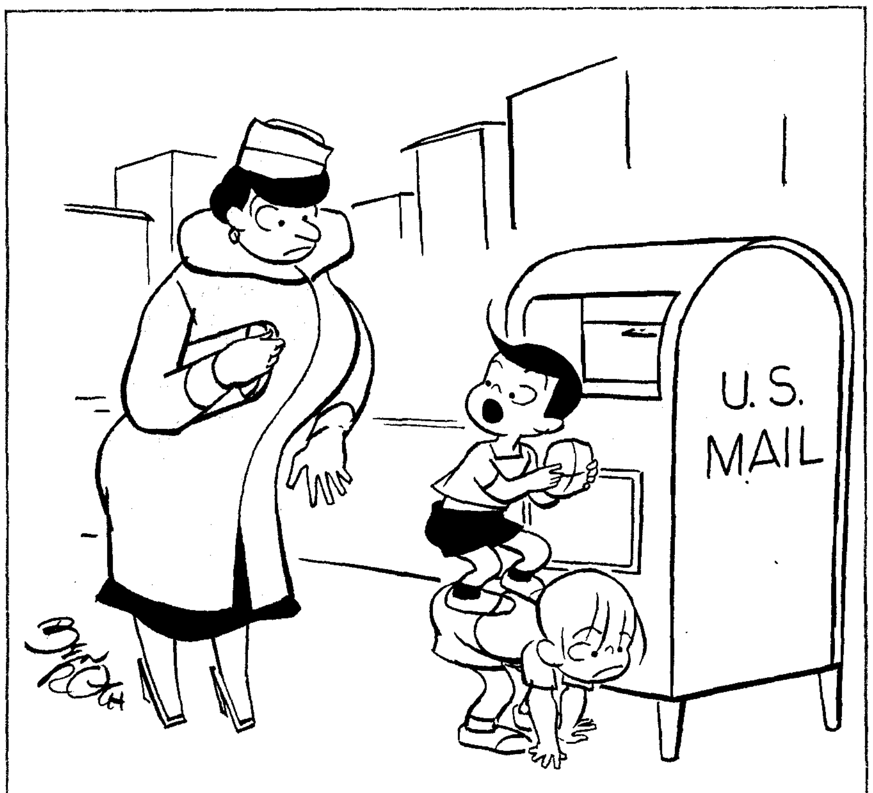
Coe walked on without waiting for an answer. At the same time Jack Mahoney's voice came, high and terrified, "I didn't say that. You heard me wrong, I tell you. No! I won't do it! You'll shoot me before I—it's murder, I tell you, murder. I'm an old man and I haven't used a gun for—" The sound of the blow was solid and painful even at the distance.

"All right, boys," Sheriff Coe said. "That's enough."

THE four Anchor riders turned to face him, leaving the fat man huddled against the weathered wall of the saloon. To Parrish, watching from across the street, there was something disturbing in the synchronized movement; it was as if the four men had been awaiting this interruption.

"Get out of here, grandpa," the slim, dark youth in the center of the group said. "This is Anchor business."

Martin Coe said, "Anything that happens in this valley is my business, young fellow. Now get back to your cards and liquor or get out of town, one or the other. And you, Jack," he



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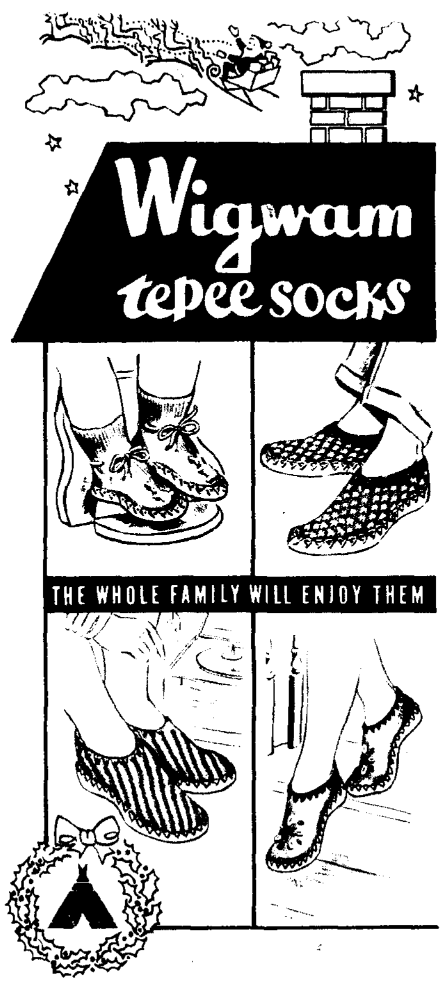
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said, "you get the hell back to your wife and kids. For a man old enough to know better you pick the damnedest places to do your drinking."

Jack Mahoney did not move and the boy with the two guns did not look around. "Stay where you are, fatty," he said. "We're not through with you yet."

Martin Coe looked at the boy for a moment, and there was a noticeable change in his voice when he spoke again. "Son, you're all primed and cocked for trouble, aren't you? A man might even think you'd been sent here to do a job. Lew Wilkison has been wanting me out of the way for a long time; it seems he's forgotten I saved his ranch for him once, after he'd got himself and his crew shot to pieces with his bullheadedness. Now he wants me to run this valley for Anchor, and he doesn't like it because I keep in mind that a few other people had a hand in voting me into office." The old man took a step forward. "Well, go to it, son. Either pull those guns or take them off and throw them down."

He took another step forward, regarding the boy on the sidewalk coldly; and Parrish, watching from across the street, saw the youth's self-confidence crack before the older man's matter-of-fact approach. One moment the slender figure had been ready, crouched and deadly; and in that moment the sheriff took his gun out of the holster. Belatedly, the boy on the sidewalk made a gesture toward his own weapons, then checked it abruptly when he saw that he was already covered.

Martin Coe spat into the dust. It was a signal that the episode was over.

"I'll take the guns, boy," he said.

THE dark youth started to speak, looked at the revolver aimed at him, and unbuckled his belt and let it fall.

"Kick them over here," Martin Coe said. When the boy had obeyed, Coe picked up the belt and said: "I'll keep them for you, over to the jail. You can stop by and pick them up on your way out of the Basin. I have a hunch you'll be leaving us pretty soon. In fact, I recommend it."

Mahoney pushed himself away from the wall. He gave a quick and furtive look about him, as if estimating the number of people who had witnessed his disgrace; then he stumbled away.

The sheriff looked at the knot of riders on the sidewalk above him and holstered his gun. "All right, boys," he said. "Have fun. The town's still open."

He turned deliberately away; and in that moment when his back was fully turned, the dark-haired boy's left hand reached quickly down toward the holster of the man beside him and came up again. Some instinct, or perhaps the quick, startled scattering of the people in front of him, made Martin Coe stop short, reaching for the gun he had put away. He had the gun in his hand when the first bullet struck him, dropping him to his knees. The boy on the sidewalk fired again, and then a third time, and a fourth. The sheriff pitched forward onto his face.

Mrs. Vail was a small, graceful woman with a worn, pretty face and dissatisfied eyes. She always acted faintly annoyed when she found it necessary to leave the table to attend to something in the kitchen, as if to call attention to the fact that she had been reared in an environment where servants took care of such details. Returning to the table now, she glanced questioningly at her husband. He said, "We were discussing Martin Coe."

"This terrible country!" Mrs. Vail said. "Does anybody know how it happened?"

"Johnny can tell you," Mr. Vail said. "He was there. It was that fancy young fellow who works for Anchor—the one who calls himself The Pecos Kid. He seems to have got the job of foreman, now that Hansen's become a member of the family."

MRS. VAIL sighed. "I suppose he'll go free, with Anchor behind him. Mr. Coe was such a nice man, too."

"Free?" Parrish said harshly, and checked himself. He went on in a normal tone, "He's free right now. Some deputy named Magruder came up afterward and asked a few questions and let him go."

"But how—"

"Witnesses," Parrish said, "there were witnesses who testified that the sheriff goaded the boy past the point of endurance, and then turned away just to trick him into a false move. They said Martin was reaching for his gun, and The Kid had to defend himself."

Mr. Vail said smoothly, "But if that's the case, John— Old Martin did tend to be a bit highhanded at times."

Parrish said, "No, it was a planned job. They deviled Jack Mahoney just to bring the sheriff over; they weren't interested in Jack. They were after Martin Coe, but he faced them down. So The Kid waited until the old man was looking the other way, and then he shot him four times in the back with another man's gun."

The memory of the incident was bitter to him. And I, he thought, I stood there and let them talk the murderer free, because it was not my business.

He glanced at Caroline, whom he had been avoiding, partly because they were playing a game, a game they had played before. She had received him coolly when he arrived, and had not spoken to him much since; but the slight pressure of her fingers when she greeted him and the fact that she had changed her dress and done things to her hair was, he knew, an indication that she was prepared to forgive him later in the evening, if he showed himself suitably contrite. After three years he should have known her moods well enough to play his part perfectly, but tonight he could not keep his mind on this game, not after watching the murder of a brave man.

When he looked at her, grim and questioning, he saw her watching him with an uneasy speculation that was not a part of their little drama of reconciliation. She glanced quickly away. He studied her reflectively: she was truly lovely tonight, with the kind of sparkle that made him, as always, wonder how this small, bright, temperamental person could be Orville Vail's daughter. There seemed to be nothing of Mr. Vail about her but her diminutive size. Her fair hair was smooth and shining. Her dress had the demure and schoolgirlish look of all her clothes; the square neckline was, however, cut quite low, but any suggestion of daring was instantly belied by the crisp, small sleeves, the pretty ruffles and the unsophisticated material—some thin pink stuff, dotted and edged with white.

Caroline stirred under his gaze. "I declare, I think you must be imagining things, Johnny," she said a trifle sharply. "Why, you're saying that Mr. Wilkison sent those men to town to—" She checked herself, and laughed. "Why, that's silly!"

"Is it?"

Mr. Vail said, "Caroline's right, Johnny. You're just upset from seeing a shooting; you mustn't go around talking this way. If Anchor got wind of it, it might get you in serious trouble."

Parrish laughed abruptly. "Mr. Vail, I saw too many men shot in the war for another to upset me very much, and I tell you, this wasn't an accident.

"Consider this: in the past few weeks this big bully Hansen has married into the Wilkison family. And that fancy lad with the two guns, who apparently doesn't know as much about cattle as I do—which isn't much—has been made foreman of the biggest ranch in the Basin. There have been rumors that the farmers to the south have been having trouble with unidentified riders who tear up their fences and—"

"Well, that's true enough," Mr. Vail said reluctantly. "I've talked to some of them in the store. But that's going to happen to those people any time they try to settle in cattle country."

"Perhaps," Parrish said. "But I know that none of my six hands have been doing it; and I doubt that Silas Purdue's three have time for any night riding, much as old Silas dislikes the sight of a plow— But I wasn't at the end of my list: a few days ago, Jack Mahoney sold out to Anchor, apparently not quite voluntarily. Today Hansen comes back from his honeymoon, the sheriff is killed, and I'm invited out to Anchor for a little business talk. It adds up, doesn't it?"

Caroline said, "I didn't know that."

"What?"

"That you'd been—" She checked herself, and color came into her face.

PARRISH said calmly, "Yes. Miss Judith Wilkison stopped me on the street this afternoon and told me that her father wanted to see me." After a moment he added, "I stopped by the store to tell you about it, but you were quite busy, remember? I'm surprised George Menefee didn't mention it; he passed us while we were talking."

Caroline looked down, and there was a brief silence. Mrs. Vail, sensing something amiss, spoke quickly: "What did you tell the girl, John?"

"I said I'd ride out tomorrow and hear what Mr. Wilkison had to say."

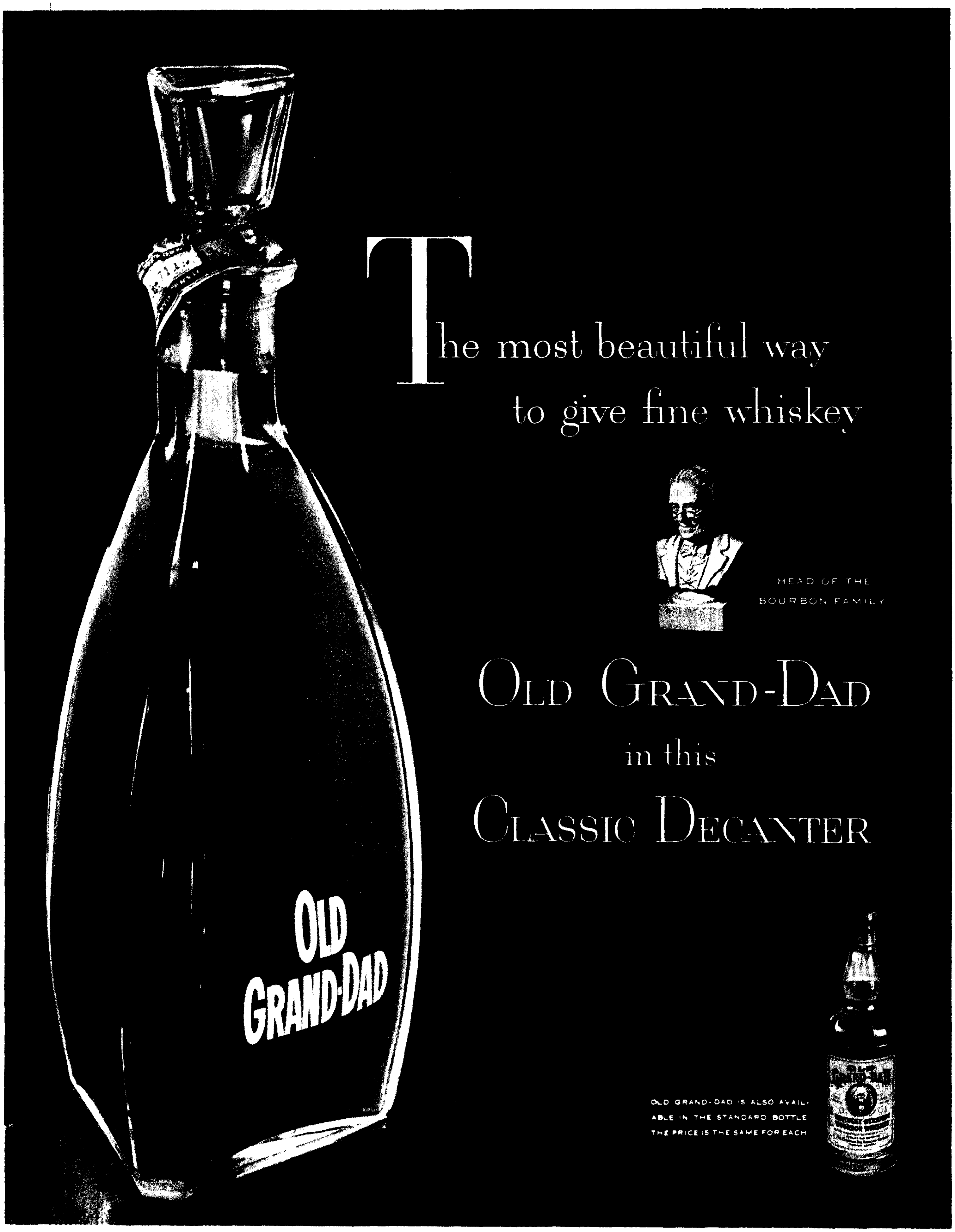
"Why, it's what you've been waiting for!" Mr. Vail said eagerly. "You've been talking about selling as soon as Dr. Kinsman thought you were well enough to leave; and certainly Lew Wilkison can afford to pay a better price than anyone else around here."

"That's true," Parrish said. He hesitated, and went on: "But I'm not quite sure I want to deal with anybody who'd send four killers to shoot one old man in the back." There was a harshness in his voice. He said, "If he wants my ranch, he can come to me for it, cripple or not. I am getting just a little tired of stepping lively whenever the Anchor brand shows up."

"That's childish!" Mr. Vail protested. "Just because Martin Coe got himself killed is no reason you have to pass up a chance to make a profit."

"Think of Caroline," Mrs. Vail said. "You wouldn't want some silly small-boy pride to stand in the way of her happiness, would you? Anyhow, I can't see how your pride is involved."

This, he thought ruefully, was why, coming to the Vails' for dinner these days, he always opened the white gate with a certain reluctance: the Vails were so eager to get their daughter safely married and on her way East with him that it was a little embarrassing for Caroline as well as for him. They had been at him for months to



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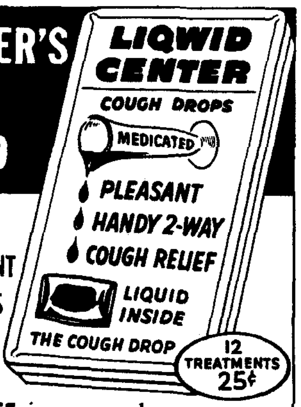

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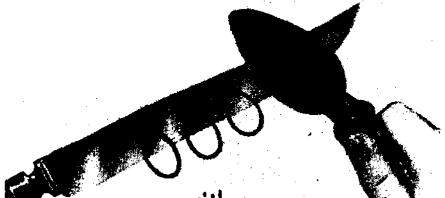

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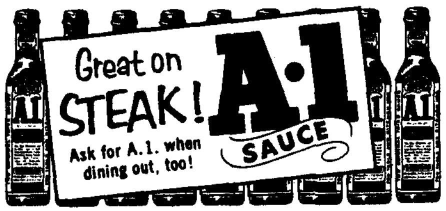
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take the final step of offering the ranch for sale. He could not help resenting their interference. It was not fair to Caroline, and it certainly showed little faith in him. In fact, her parents being in such a hurry to hustle the two of them into marriage and out of the country had helped to rob their relationship of its dignity and sweetness.

Usually Parrish managed to keep his feelings concealed, but tonight he could not. He was overcome with the anger that a man must feel when he has stood by, weaponless and ineffectual, and watched another man *killed* in a cowardly fashion, and the killer turned loose unpunished. But after all, that's why you don't wear a gun, he reminded himself, so you won't get involved in any local squabbles. This isn't your country, and these aren't your people; you haven't the slightest intention of making their quarrels your own.

But when he put it like that, it seemed a little like resigning from the human race. Throughout the rest of the meal he spoke in a curt and preoccupied tone that *did nothing* to clear the strained atmosphere. Afterward he refused a drink and, as soon as he decently could, made his excuses on the ground of the long ride home.

Mrs. Vail said, "But, John, I thought you'd stay overnight. You always do."

Parrish said, "I'm sorry, but I really want to get back. Something's brewing over at Anchor, and I want to make sure my men stay out of trouble. My foreman's all right, but I've got a couple of hotheads in the crew."

"Well, in that case I suppose you'd better go," Mr. Vail said. "You certainly don't want to have any trouble with Anchor, no matter how you feel about Martin Coe. But, frankly, I think you're making a mistake—"

"It's possible," Parrish said. "I'll *think it over between tonight* and tomorrow. Good night."

IT WAS pleasant to get out of the house into the cool darkness. Parrish stepped down from the porch and walked slowly down the path between the parched flower beds. He paused at the gate for a moment, breathing deeply of the clean air. Out here there were no cooking odors or lamp fumes or taut emotions. A glow in the sky over the houses to the east promised *moonlight for his ride home.*

He did not realize he was waiting, but of course he was; and presently he heard the opening and closing of the front door behind him, and the whisper of Caroline's dress on the grass as she came along the path to him. It was a victory of sorts. He had not planned it and he was not very proud of it. He turned to look at her.

"Honey, you hurt Mother's feelings, leaving like that," she said. It was only a trial shot, he knew, to establish whether or not he could be intimidated. After a moment, seeing that he did not intend to yield, she laughed softly and said, "They are kind of silly, aren't they? I declare, the way they keep at us, I get provoked with them myself."

It was time for him to make a concession, and he said, "I guess I've just got out of the habit of taking advice, Caroline. I've been running my own affairs since I joined the Army."

"That old *Yankee* Army!" she said lightly. "The way you talk about it, anybody'd think it was the only big thing in your life."

"Why, maybe it was," he said, "until I met you."

She laughed and said, "Honey, let's take a walk. I don't want to go back in the house right now. You don't really have to get back to your old ranch this minute, do you?" He said he didn't, and opened the gate for her; and she took his arm, walking close to him.

"Honey," she said presently, "I'm sorry about this afternoon. I don't know what makes me act like such a little fool sometimes." He felt the quick pressure of her fingers on his arm. "Is she pretty, John?"

"Who?"

"Why, Judith Wilkison, of course."

Parrish shrugged. "You've seen her."

"Oh, men are so closemouthed! I want to know what *you* think."

"She's just a child. Maybe she'll grow up to be a handsome woman."

"Silly, she's as old as I am," Caroline said. After a moment she went on: "Honestly, I feel real sorry for her. Think of being a big clumsy girl like that and living in the same house with someone as lovely as Martha. You'd think, though, that she'd learn *something* from watching her older sister. The way she dresses is a disgrace, considering the money she has to spend. And it's positively embarrassing to watch her in those ridiculous expensive frocks she comes to town in, striding around as if she had boots on. I declare, rich as they are, you'd think they'd hire somebody to teach her how to walk properly."

PARRISH said carefully, "Well, she certainly doesn't know how to dress; even a man can tell that."

Caroline glanced at him, and seemed to sense from his voice that he had had enough of Judith Wilkison now. She sighed and glanced around. Their walk had taken them up the street past the last houses and out into the open. There seemed to be more light here. Ahead of them rose a sparsely grassed ridge, dotted with twisted junipers.

Above the dark mass of the foothills, the towering peaks of the Big Gun range to the west were faintly silvered with moonlight. Parrish felt her touch his sleeve and turned to look at her; he was startled when she came abruptly into his arms. He heard her sob, her face pressed against his coat and he held her, waiting for her to look up. When she did so, he kissed her, and was rewarded with the quick, eager, almost wanton promise of her lips and body. This always shocked him a little, even as it intrigued him, since it was in such marked contrast to the prim and dainty prettiness of her outward appearance. After the kiss, he held her close. He felt her tremble and realized that she was crying.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "What's the matter, Caroline?"

She shook her head. After a moment she got out a small handkerchief and dried her eyes.

"I'm s-sorry, honey," she said. "I declare, I don't know what's g-got into me tonight." She tucked the handkerchief away and managed a smile. "Let's not go back just yet. Let's walk out there a ways. I get so sick of this town, I could scream!"

He glanced at the dim slope of the ridge above them. Although there had been no Indian troubles in the Basin in the ten years since the war, he had never considered it advisable to wander about this country afoot, particularly after dark; but it seemed unromantic and a little cowardly to say so. He said, "Your dress—"

"Ah, it's just an old one; I don't care what happens to it." Doubting the *truth of this statement*, Parrish glanced at her quickly. She said, with sudden

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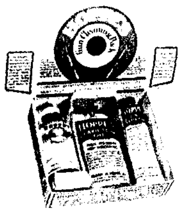
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Next in Collier's

December 25 Issue on Sale December 11

A Merry Christmas

Please Come Home for Christmas

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

It was Christmas Eve, a time for faith and love. But Jeff Hale was afraid, afraid of his family, afraid to test their love—afraid they might fail him now when he needed them more than ever before

and A Happy New Year

The Babe I Delivered to the Stork

By MAX SHULMAN

It's crazy, I know—but I love girls. And I love them best on New Year's Eve. That is partly why I got so involved at the Stork Club this year, and found myself buying champagne for Lana Turner . . .

sharpness, "Of course, if you're tired of my company, John Parrish, you're free to take me home."

He laughed and took her arm. After a moment the anger went out of her, and she giggled at her own temper and leaned against him briefly; it was her way of indicating that all was well between them again. Near the end of the lane they had to pause, so that she could gather up her ruffled skirts which kept catching in the low growth.

Then they passed the top of the nearest rise and, on the other side, paused for breath. Caroline glanced about her and walked toward a spot where two of the desert junipers made a sheltered place. Parrish followed, watching her as she seated herself. "It's a good thing it's dark," she said, her voice softly laughing. "I must look a fright."

He had never been alone with her like this before in all the three years he had known her. It was too dark for him to make out even the color of her dress, but he could distinguish the whiteness of her bare arms and throat.

"Johnny," she whispered, "honey, you'll do it for me, won't you?"

"Do what?" he asked, sitting down beside her.

"Ride to Anchor tomorrow and talk to Mr. Wilkison. Please!" She caught him by the shoulders, leaning close to him. "You don't know what it means to me," she said. "I hate this country, honey; I just hate it so! If you—if you'll take me out of it, I'll be grateful all the rest of my life. I'll see that you never regret it for a minute."

She was not usually a humble girl and the unwonted humility of this declaration disturbed him. He could think of nothing suitable to say, and instead of speaking he drew her to him. She put her arms about his neck, and her lips were urgent and possessive against his. The last vestige of restraint seemed to leave her then. At last she flung back her head to look at him. Her lips were parted, her eyes wide and dark. "Honey," she said, "we mustn't—"

The hypocrisy of this, coming from her who had brought him here, angered him unreasonably; but he was prepared to retreat and apologize at the first sign of displeasure from her. Then Caroline responded to the pressure of his lips, and they were alone for a period of time in a breathless, rushing darkness that had no stars.

WHEN they returned to the end of the street, they stopped to give Caroline another opportunity to make repairs. "Honey, I'm a sight!" she whispered. "I hope you're ashamed of yourself, hear?" She clung to him for a moment. "You'll go to Anchor in the morning, honey?"

"My invitation was for the afternoon," he said dryly. "Yes, I'll ride to Anchor tomorrow, Caroline."

"And you *will* sell, if he wants to buy?"

"I'll accept any fair price he offers me," Parrish promised. They walked down the street to the white gate. He kissed her again. "Should I come in with you, darling?"

She shook her head, smiling, and pressed his arm lightly before releasing him. He watched her go up the path to the house.

Then he turned away toward Front Street, feeling suddenly light and free. He was committed now. Two decisions had been made for him: he would marry Caroline Vail, and he would sell his ranch, so that he and Caroline would be free to go back East.

—DONALD HAMILTON

(This is the first of four parts)

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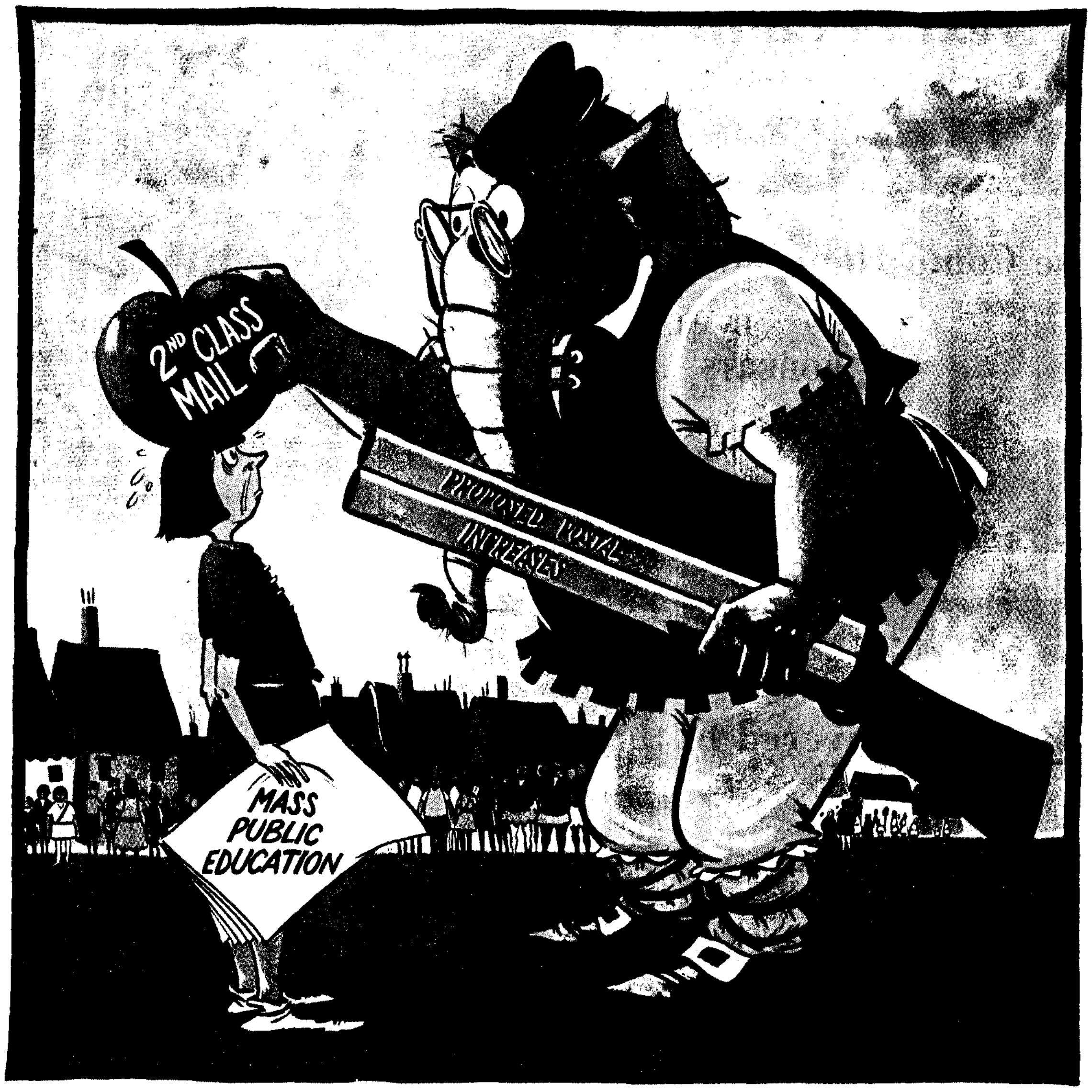

JOHN FISCHETTI

A Little Logic Needed Here

ONE OF THE EARLY ITEMS of business scheduled for consideration in the January session of Congress is a rise in postal rates. The proposal has the support of the Postmaster General and apparently of the administration, which is pledged to an attempt to cut government deficits and balance the budget.

We certainly approve the administration's laudable aims. But, in the case of the proposed postal increases, we are far from convinced that a hike in the cost of delivering mail is a logical means of attaining a desirable end.

There is a lot of talk about the Post Office Department's "deficit." This implies that the department operates in order to make money. But is that its primary function? It seems to us that the postal system exists to serve the public. That is the function of all the other Cabinet departments. Nobody talks about the "deficit" of State or Commerce or Agriculture or the other agencies which serve the people of this country. Yet Postmaster General Summerfield seems to think that his one branch of government should be run as a paying business.

Well, the Post Office Department is not a business, in the usual sense of the word. For one thing, its operation is influenced by considerations of politics and patronage. Its rates are arbitrary, unlike other government "businesses" such as housing construction and power distribution, because there is no private competition to afford a comparison as to what is a fair charge for its services.

Much of the department's so-called "deficit" is a matter of bookkeeping. For example, the next federal budget should show a drop of about $1,500,000 in that "deficit" because the Congressional franking privilege has been revoked, and the cost of congressmen's free mail will henceforth be paid directly by the Treasury. But there are surely other ways besides figure-juggling to make reductions in postal costs.

Suppose that the delivery of mail was assigned to a regulated private monopoly. It is difficult to believe that a private concern, with any technique of efficiency, would maintain the 41,000 post offices that we have today. It is difficult to believe that the present antiquated methods of handling mail, with all their wasteful and wearisome arm work and leg work, would not be mechanized and improved.

It seems to us that Congress and the Post Office Department should decide whether the postal system is chiefly a public service or a commercial enterprise before the question of rate rises is considered. We believe that the history and very nature of the department will show them that public service is its basic function. And we do not think that it is wise or just to pass along an increase in postal costs to the public without first making some effort to cut down operational expenses.

Education by Mail

QUITE NATURALLY, we are concerned in particular with the proposed postal increases as they affect newspapers and periodicals. Some supporters of a higher rate for second-class mail have said that the preferential rate—which by next April will have increased 30 per cent since 1951 and which would rise another 37 per cent under the suggested increase—is a "subsidy" to the publishers.

That is a misapprehension. It is the reader, not the publisher, who is "subsidized" by a system which permits him to buy reading matter at a moderate cost.

The whole publishing industry, and the buying habits of its readers, are geared to the present postal rate. Mail costs, of course, are only one item in the total cost of publishing. But mail costs are a major factor which, if increased, would not only mean a general increase in expense to readers, but could also be a life-or-death matter for some publications.

The publisher of 13 small farm papers in Iowa told the House Post Office and Civil Service Committee that if the proposed rate increase went through he would have to cease operating. The added postage cost, he said, would be four times the profit that his papers made last year. And surely this testimony was neither an isolated nor unique forecast.

It is no accident that newspapers and magazines receive preferential postage rates. More than 150 years ago Congress established those rates to foster "the widest possible dissemination of intelligence." It is scarcely necessary to emphasize the contribution that publications of both general and special appeal have made, and continue to make, toward preserving the liberty of the American people and keeping them alert, informed and progressive.

As Senator Frank Carlson, chairman of the Senate Post Office and Civil Service Committee, has perceptively put it: "Second-class is traditionally the great educational category of mail. To provide the American people with information of record—information which is essential if we are to remain a nation of free, knowledgeable men and women—there is no substitute for the newspaper and the magazine. And there can be no substitute. It costs taxpayers billions a year to educate our children in the schools. I cannot see that it is out of line if the great adult-education operation of the Post Office Department, through second-class mail, is made possible at a moderate cost to the taxpayer."

We agree completely with the senator from Kansas. Sound judgment, tradition and necessity dictate the merit of keeping the information provided by publications within the reach of the American people at a low postal rate, and of encouraging those sources of information to stay *in* business, rather than threatening to price them *out of* business.

We trust that Congress and the Post Office Department, during the coming session, will agree once and for all on a postal policy of public service. And we hope that they will give earnest thought and effort to solve the problems of streamlining and improving postal service, and de-emphasizing its political aspects, within the framework of present or even lower costs. These jobs need doing, and we believe they can be done.

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